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LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XV.—No. 1.

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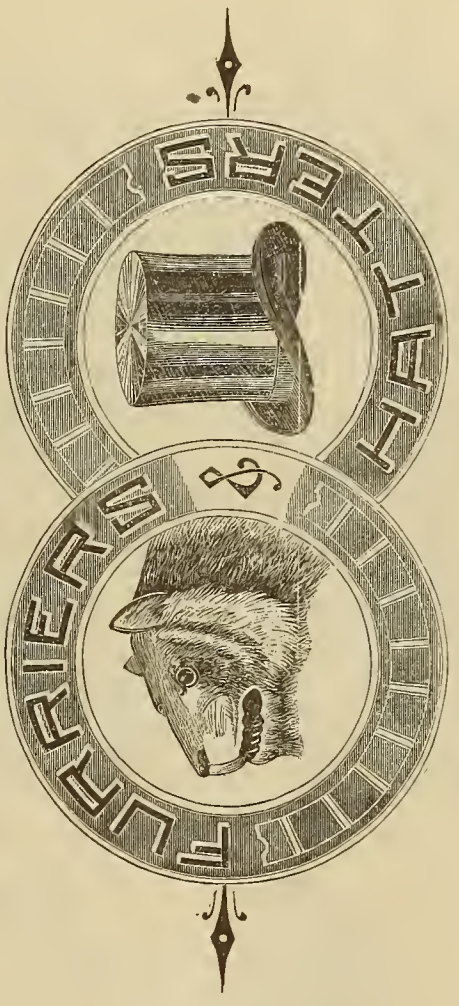
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CAN it be that the long vacation is indeed a thing of the past? We hardly realize it; and it is only when we come to prepare our lessons for each day that we can understand we no longer have plenty of leisure at our disposal. Still it is pleasant to be back among our friends; and we are not sure but that it is a relief to know that each day is marked out for us. There is such a thing as too much leisure, and while "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," all play and no work makes Jack anything but a bright boy; and what is true of Jack, alas! is true of Jack's sister. So we do not regret that our year's work is fairly begun, for the experience of former days has taught us that "life at Lasell" is not altogether without its bright side. We know that moments may come when we shall not take so hopeful a view of the situation as at present; but we are certain that when our school-days are at length ended, and we look back over the time we have spent here, we shall not think of it as spent in vain.

These are the most important days of our existence, for in them we are laying the foundations of our future lives, and upon our work now depends the position which we are to take in society. Just in proportion to the education which we obtain now shall we be of use and of value in the world. Then let us improve every moment of the nine months before us; for if we do not make the most of our opportunities, there are others who will; and if we equip ourselves but poorly for the battle of life, we must expect to fall behind, and to see others fill the places for which we aim. Is it not a pitiable sight to see one who might have done better occupying a secondary position in life? Oh, let us try to do for ourselves the best that is in our power; let us strive to keep up with the age in which we live; let us endeavor to turn every moment to our advantage, that when

we come to more mature years we may not find ourselves crippled and maimed intellectually, but may be able to take our place among the educated thinkers of our day!

VERILY, verily, the pathway of the editor is like unto a hedge of thorns. She seeketh out from among her friends those who do seem of an amiable countenance, and in pleading accents requesteth them to write an article for the paper. She saith unto them: "It is exceeding hard to get material enough, and verily my soul is heavy within me; now, therefore, arise, and come nobly to the rescue, and lift from my shoulders the heavy burden of responsibility which weigheth me to the ground." But, behold! the friends do not arise, and come nobly; they do fly into violent rages, and do revile the editor, and look askance at her. They utterly refuse to write a word; they do utterly decline to let the rays of their brilliancy shine forth upon a benighted world. Then verily the despondent editor goeth to her sanctum, and attempteth to "grind out" a few *choice bits* for the next issue; she sigheth and groaneth because of the task before her, and writeth and rewriteth until the night is far spent. But at length her eyelids droop from very weariness; sleep seeketh her out, and for a few brief hours her trouble is forgotten. She saith, with Sancho Panza, "Blest be the man who invented sleep."

WE wonder who is the wretched man who first conceived the idea of inducing amateurs to attempt photography. How his conscience must trouble him! And yet we can hardly believe a person guilty of such an atrocity who was possessed of a conscience calculated to make him very uncomfortable.

Now, while we have never considered ourselves transcendentally beautiful, we did think our looks passable; so when one of our friends, who is attempting photography, requested us to sit for her, we consented without the slightest hesitation. It took a long time to get things arranged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, but we finally struck an uncomfortable attitude, rolled our eyes in a fine frenzy, and tried to look happy and natural. The result was declared to be "quite divine," to use the language of the base and heartless wretch who was so soon to rob us of all peace of mind. We spent several hours trying to see what method of posing was most becoming to our peculiar style of beauty, and then departed, to await the developing of the plates. Oh, why were they ever developed? Why did we not retire from the pitfall laid for us before it was too late? No tongue can fitly portray the anguish which filled our hearts when the proofs were at last handed to us. Our self-complacency vanished into thin air, for the awful figure before us resembled, more than anything else, a composite picture of all the heroines of Haggard's wild extravaganzas. We have not dared to encounter a mirror since; our faith in humanity is shaken, and we feel that never again can our nature be so simple and unsuspecting as in days of yore. Who can wonder that our thoughts of the author of all this misery are anything but complimentary?

THE LASELL PIN.

GIRLS, after all the enthusiasm about a Lasell pin, one unique, peculiar to us, by which a Lasell girl might be known to a Lasell girl the world over, just fifty-eight have been taken! There are over a thousand girls who have a right to that pin. One might think that some of you don't want to be known the world over.

We are not selling them at a profit, we are selling at cost, as your own committee knows, which chose the design and made the bargain. Wake up, Lasellians, and mark yourselves, you who are worthy! I wish your old mother Lasell could afford to give you each one. She would do it if it were not for the new organ, and art gallery, and chapel, and music building, etc., etc., etc., which she needs.

THE Lasell daughters are kind enough to remember their cherishing mother when the time comes for entering into matrimony. They send cards in due form, and enable us to rejoice with those that rejoice; but afterwards, when we want to communicate with them, we find nothing to show their local habitation. Will the girls remember to tell us their place of residence, as well as their new names?

THE POET'S EVE.

Yes, my subject is Eve, — poor Eve! — talked of and written about until we have lost all interest in our common mother, who, we too often forget, dared so much in pursuit of knowledge.

In the Garden of Eden, that ideal, first home of mankind, where she found ample opportunities for acquisition, we can fancy her treading those pretty paths, no modern geometrical curves in concrete, but the simple beaten tracks made by her own busy feet, in and out among the flowers.

Oftentimes, while she pursued some winding path, a most enchanting view would be exposed to her searching eyes; far in the distance were the hills, standing now in bold relief against the silver clouds, which dotted the pale, blue sky, then again lost their identity, the hills and clouds appearing as mist. Against this background she saw the tall, majestic trees stand forth in all their beauty of perfect foliage, and, with the help of glorious tropical plants, relieve the broad meadow of its barrenness; she also caught sight of birds, with the most gorgeous plumage, flitting from tree to tree and from branch to branch, glorying in their beautiful surroundings, and filling the air with their praises.

Such a home as this Eve enjoyed. Eve — perfect in every detail — was in strict harmony with all her surroundings. Her figure was one which the ancient Greeks long sought for, but, with all their attention to athletics, never attained. Every movement was full of grace, — not that which is acquired by pursuing it as an art, but the simple, winsome grace which was born in the woman, making her movements as free and simple as the running water, never showing where the motive commences or where it ceases.

"Beautiful she was and fair." In walking among the flowers she seemed as one of them, her fair face tinted with pale pink, rivalling the Catharine Mermet; her teeth as clear as the water which she drank; her eyes were of the deep blue which carries one's thoughts with them as they wander in quiet absorption from object to object; overshadowing them was a long dark fringe, relieving them from the bright rays of the sun, as it shone in its noonday splendor, and casting a pretty shadow on the eye itself. Crowning all this loveliness was a wealth of golden-brown hair, hanging in graceful ringlets over her sloping shoulders, and showing, in a quiet way, the beautiful outlines of her unequalled features.

In all this loveliness of the mortal body, we have neglected to notice the depth of soul, which shone out in every movement. How careful she was of everything, taking the utmost pains never to harm the tiniest thing; even the flowers, instead of trying to close in order to defend themselves from an attack, threw all their beauty out, trying to vie with her in her loveliness as she passed. In her eyes, especially, we noticed what a depth of character there was; no shrinking, no deceit, but an openness born of a noble disposition.

What a thirst for knowledge she displayed! What an understanding, as well! Pity it is that we cannot be benefited by the fruits of such an intellect; that the labor of a mind so superior to our poor, crippled ones should be lost to us. We, with our minds blunted through ages of misapplication, have many advantages, which, at Eve's disposal, would have made her far excel any of our present masters.

She had no intercourse with any one aside from Adam, and he, having had no more advantages than she, could not help her in any difficult problem. There was no one but him to confirm or refute her opinions, and so her own mind was her only resource aside from nature. But what a force there is in nature! The more she studied it, the deeper could she penetrate, and the more find to study. Would that we had the key to it which Eve possessed! What a grand age of revelation this would be!

It was while she was out trying to satisfy this thirst for knowledge that she met her tempter and made that fatal mistake. Still, she was not to blame, it cannot be laid at her door, for as she was part of Adam, so this great fault came from him as well. She, not knowing her weakness, could not arm herself against it, and in the fatal moment succumbed to the circumstance which proved to be her downfall and that of the human race.

H. B. S., '91.

The usual quiet of an Auburndale Sunday was broken by the alarm of fire on the 6th of October. It proved to be Mr. Eager's barn. But slight damage was done.

A REMINDER.

A VERY depreciating view of the heroism and bravery of our people has been nurtured by a large class of pessimists.

They think of the heroes of past ages and decades, but when reviewing their own time they pass this subject in silence, or perhaps say, "We produce no heroes in this our nineteenth century." True, we have no necessity of martyrs, for in this day of broad liberal views and wide culture, we name no heretics; we have no fair Helen to reclaim, hence we need no Æneas; there are no more hemispheres to discover, so we call to our aid no Columbus; but surely we must grant that nearly every year reckons with its close the end of many a home martyr's existence, — a martyr to circumstance, a hero in that he bore bravely what he could not conquer. Yet, since his death is not sealed by agony at the stake, since he has made no desperate attack upon an enemy and conquered though dying, the average class pass him by, and only remember him as a good man, and look ahead for an ideal hero, or spend their precious moments in recalling the forms of men whose deeds have long since crumbled into dust.

We will not attempt to set before this class the true hero of the nineteeuth century as we find him, but simply to call more vividly to their attention a most thrilling example of genuine heroism, in which it is to be hoped they may discover many great characteristics combined, which, distributed singly, they may note among their fellow-men.

The world to-day should stand awed in the presence of a love which was undaunted and strong in the face of the greatest curse placed upon quivering human flesh. Not ignorantly did our hero claim his title (not for self-laudation), for he knew that the disease to which he voluntarily exposed himself is deadly, fatal, loathsome; not for self-laudation, for no man yet ever had the moral or physical courage to encounter awful suffering and utter isolation for mere worldly praise. Again, it is seldom the world can find a praiseworthy subject amid such surroundings.

But to my illustration. Amid the sunny group of the Hawaiian Islands lies one which the light of joy and hope never illumines. The inhabitants have no more intercourse with the outside world than if Pluto held them in his grim embrace, — nor so much, perhaps. 'T is naught, in fact, but a city of the dead; for who can be numbered among the living who is cursed by the most loathsome of all plagues, leprosy?

Here our hero employed his strength and years by ministering to the physical as well as the spiritual comfort of a vast band, numbering sixty thousand, of men, women, and children, gathered from all lands, to spend their weary lives, isolated from all men, lest they should again plant the curse.

What claim had they on a young, strong life, you ask? *None whatever*, as men in general understand "claims"; none, save the claim that human suffering and want and death ever make upon a human heart and life.

Father Damien, for such is our hero's name, felt this claim his claim, and forthwith obeyed the summons, which at the same moment sounded his death-knell. His allotted work in the Catholic Church was in Honolulu; but in 1873, when the fearful condition of the lepers became known to him, he left his less important work with others and went to the lepers. He found them in a most degraded and loathsome condition. They had no comforts, no religion, no help. Upon applying to the British government, he arranged that sufficient food and clothing should be left upon the island at regular intervals. Having thus secured all the outside help it was possible to obtain, he devoted himself to the elevation of these unfortunates. They were living in miserable huts, he helped them build comfortable cottages; they devoted their miserable days to debauchery of all kinds, he opened schools and taught them to read, and thus opened to them new sources of occupation and interest; they left their land untilled, but he taught them to love order and beauty in surroundings, so they cultivated their lovely island home. He founded hospitals and churches; and, having relieved their physical suffering as far as possible, he devoted himself to their mental and spiritual comfort. Thus he spent eleven years, till, in 1884, he was stricken with the dread malady; but he worked faithfully until 1888, when he was compelled to abandon all active work. Still, he served as priest; and many are the times he must have gathered around him his suffering subjects, — for such his devotion to them had

made them, — and taught them what seemed to him the true way of life.

Thus he died for his fellow-men ; and when his epitaph is written, no greater truth, more nobly illustrated, can be placed upon it than this : "Greater love hath no man than *this*, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Since he gave his life not once but many times, through his fearful sufferings, since he died not for one, but for many, what must his love have been? Surely, it is not to be measured by man's feeble imagination, nor by words, nor yet by comparison, but by the Great Love of the universe.

MARRIED.

A MIDSUMMER wedding was that of our dear friend and graduate of '83, Ava Eugenia Lowe, now Mrs. C. Henry Stimson. She was married at her home, in Norristown, Pa., where she will continue to live.

It is impossible, in the small space permitted, to give any description of this elaborate and perfect wedding, the beautifully decorated house, with its many testimonials of Prof. Lowe's rare ability and success as an inventor, the lovely bride and bridesmaids, the flowers, the many rich gifts, and much else. It made us wish more than ever that we too could have been there.

AUG. 5, Miss Sarah M. Corey to Rev. Henry E. Bray. After a delightful trip to the White Mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Bray have settled into their home, at Wareham, Mass., and are devoting themselves to a life of usefulness. Mrs. Bray is greatly missed at Lasell, where she was ever ready for every good word and work. She has entered a new sphere, for which she is admirably fitted. She cannot fail to be the best of helpers to her husband, — a model minister's wife. She inaugurated the "Y's" here.

ANOTHER midsummer marriage was that of Louise Crane Richards, of Hinsdale, Mass., to Mr. Theodore L. Pomeroy, of Pittsfield. This was a very brilliant wedding, at home, and in the presence of many friends, every appointment being elegant. Among the bridesmaids was Miss Daisy Lloyd. Mr. Pomeroy is already successful as a woollen manufacturer. They have an elegant home in Pittsfield.

THREE hours to Middletown. The light of a great conflagration split into great jagged flashes from a cloud of thick blackness hurrying up the river. An hour more on a slow train, and Mr. Reynolds's hearty greeting gave us welcome to "Goodspeeds."

A good supper, bed, and breakfast at the "Champion Hotel" gave us courage for the great event of Oct. 2, the marriage of J. Adelaide Johnson to Dr. M. W. Plumstead at high noon.

The brisk fall day was all that could be desired, the wedding breakfast and decorations, the presents elegant and rich, the friends plenty and friendly, the bride and groom fair and handsome, the ceremony strong and earnest.

We enjoyed every inch, every bit of it, in the delightful home which owes so much to Addie and Tassie. But I did n't get "Charlie," though I suppose he will be forthcoming. We had the company of Dr. and Mrs. Plumstead to Saybrook, whence they went to Philadelphia for a brief visit, and of the father, mother, sister, and brother of the doctor to Boston (they live in Lynn), and of the officiating clergyman, Dr. Nutting, to East Greenwich. Blessings on the new life so auspiciously begun !

LAURA M. DAVIS was married to Joseph C. Godfrey, Sept. 4. At home, Oct. 16 and 30. They will live at 3267 Vernon Ave., Chicago.

MARRIED, Oct. 2, at Harrodsburg, Ky., Martina Grubbs to Lafon Riker. Our hearty congratulations.

IN the Congregational Church at Auburndale, Sept. 25, 1889, Miss Hattie Batchelder was married to Mr. W. Franklin Spooner. Once a pupil at Lasell, Miss Batchelder has been for some time a teacher in the public schools. Mr. and Mrs. Spooner will live in Auburndale.

MISS LUELLA KINMAN PEARCE was married to Mr. Wilmer Black, Sept. 16, at St. John's M. E. Church, Madison Ave., Baltimore. Miss L. K. P., or, rather, Mrs. Black, is a cousin to Etha Pearce, who was "best girl" on the occasion.

SECOND ADVENTISTS IN CAMP.

About twelve years ago, the Second Adventists, while searching for a suitable place in which to hold their annual camp-meeting, discovered a little village on the west side of the Connecticut River, about fifteen miles from its mouth.

The few scattered homes which comprise it are quite a distance back from the river, and a person passing the place on the railroad would see only the station, the station agent's house, and two other dwellings.

Finding that the place was readily accessible, both by boat and by rail, and that there was a fine grove, they determined it was entirely suited to their purpose, and accordingly leased the ground for a term of five years.

At the expiration of that time the lease was renewed, and when it again expired, which was one or two years ago, the Association bought the ground, and six of the members have erected cottages. During the past summer they added another large tract of ground to their possessions, and more cottages will be erected. These are not cottages containing forty rooms, and costing forty thousand dollars, but are built merely because they are commodious, and afford more protection from the weather than do tents.

The regular camp-meetings last but one week, but many of "the campers," who enjoy the quiet rest among the pine-trees, come early in the summer and remain until September.

The meetings are held in the open air when the weather will permit, but it not infrequently happens that it is extremely unpleasant. Always on Temperance Day there is certain to be a plentiful supply of cold water.

The preacher's stand occupies a central position, with the seats arranged in regular rows before it, while there is a covered building at the side, to which they resort when the sun does not smile on them.

Around the auditorium is the circle of tents, and the occupants may sit under their own "vine and fig-tree," and usually hear every word of each discourse distinctly. There is very little difficulty in hearing the speakers; indeed, in the evening, persons on the opposite side of the river have the full benefit of some worthy brother's address.

Although the series of meetings last but one week, there are enough crowded into this short time to occupy the entire time of one who attempted to attend all of them — almost as many each day as one can count on his fingers. One must indeed be an early bird to catch the first one, which is held at 6 o'clock A. M. Then others follow in quick succession all day long.

There are preaching services, prayer-meetings, young people's meetings, praise services, mothers' meetings, and every other kind of meetings. At 9.30 P. M., a bell rings, which warns all outsiders that the time has come for them to tear themselves away. After 10 o'clock, quiet is expected to reign on the camp-ground, although it is not necessary for the lights to be extinguished at that time.

There are always a great many present on Temperance Day, for the speakers are among the best that can be had; but the last Sunday is, in common phraseology, the "big day." From up and down the river, and from both sides, the people come flocking together, — by boat, in carriages, and, until the last two years, by train. It proves an irresistible attraction to innumerable people from all portions of wayback. It is delightful to go out on the bluff and look down on the river, where small boats of every description may be seen plying back and forth, up and down the stream; the passengers in them are all bound to the same destination, but with what different objects in mind. Some come to hear the discourse and to learn the doctrine taught, some to say they have been, others merely to wander aimlessly around and consume peanuts.

The immersion of the new converts is usually held at the river, about 8 A. M., but sometimes it is deferred until afternoon. The last prayer-meeting, at 8.30 P. M., closes the series, and the next morning the tents begin to come down.

Some stay for a week or more afterward, but they find it much more lonesome that at first, when the crowd had not yet made its appearance.

The people on the east side of the river regret to have them go, for they miss the lights at night, which show that the place is inhabited, and they gladly welcome them back each succeeding year.

G. P. R., '93.

PERSONALS.

MARIE MOGER spent the summer at Chautauqua.

MRS. SUE MILLS KINSEY is keeping house on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GRACE DYER called on Miss Chamberlayne and the old girls, Sept. 30.

FLORENCE FREEMAN is attending Miss Brown's school, in Cleveland, Ohio. Lizzie is in New York.

JENNIE AND ALLIE GARDNER have organized an orchestra, and expect to do wonders this winter.

LUCILE WYARD is travelling in California.

ALICE WILLIAMS and Stella Toynton visited Lucie McBrier this summer.

ISABEL LOMBARD and Mattie Hall made Millie Swan a visit during the summer.

THE engagement of Miss Grace Amelia Van Buskirk, of West Stockbridge, and Mr. William Davis Field, of Shelburne Falls, is announced.

LILLIE E. EDDY sends her subscription to the LEAVES, and declares herself homesick for Lasell. She has laid out a programme for home study, like the old school pattern. She has the kindest words of gratitude for Mr. Bragdon; she and the other New Bedford girls were delighted to have a glimpse of him in the summer. She says Annie Bushnell has been in Florida, and Harrie Joy has been at Mary Hathaway's home. We are indebted to Lillie for the account of a musicale, given by the Xenia (Ohio) *Daily Gazette*. It was held at Judge Munger's home, and our two girls, Laura Munger and Jennie Ninde, were among the chief performers, who charmed an audience of sixty guests for the space of nearly two hours.

WE quote an extract going the rounds of the press: "Kansas is said to have lost 58,000 in population since last year, owing to crop failure in 1887 and 1888. The population, as returned by the assessors, is about 1,480,000. In 1880 it was 996,000." We give the above without comment. It will have force and meaning to some readers.

MISS GRACE I. C. PERLEY, of Portland, Me., died Aug. 10, 1889. She was a graduate of Lasell in '76. There are only a few here now who knew her, but those will remember cordially and with affectionate regret that she was cut off so early in a life of activity and usefulness. After leaving school she made a special study of elocution, and read in public with, we understand, much success.

ANNIE GWINNELL writes that she has been for some time head nurse in a home where there has been much illness. The experience has done her no harm. She meets Grace Spellmeyer now and then, also Harrie Joy.

ANNA BAKER JEBB has moved from Buffalo to Waukegan, Ill., and writes very happily of her husband, baby, and beautiful home.

FLORENCE DURFEE much regrets that she cannot return to school this year, because of her sister's continued ill health.

GERTRUDE SMITH sailed very late in August with some friends for a short trip in England, France, and Germany. She wrote from the steamer going across, and was having a very smooth, charming voyage. She had recently seen Florence Fuller and Edith Ellis. She wears the Lasell and S. D. pins, hoping to meet other wearers of the same, and be recognized thereby.

DR. HELEN F. PIERCE is somewhat better in health, and goes out of doors a very little in the wheel-chair given her by Jennie and Jessie Flint. She says the Baldwinsville Hospital has collected the million of stamps towards which the Lasell girls assisted. Now an old lady is to be helped into an Old Ladies' Home.

MRS. MARY HAVEN THIRKIELD, with her three bright, restless chicks, have been at Lasell with her brother from Malden. Her husband, Rev. Mr. Thirkield, is of Gammon School of Theology, in Atlanta, Ga.

THE Squirrel Island *Squid* registers at the Willow Cottage, last summer, Mr. James E. Fuller and family, Florence E. Fuller, Edith A. Ellis, and Rev. C. W. Bradlee, of Concord, N. H.

CLARA MALTBY STEVENS has four boys to keep out of mischief.

In July, the ladies of St. Paul's Church, Evansville, Ind., held a musical *fête*. Evansville is Sade Hollingsworth's home, and she was one of the chief performers. The local papers speak in high praise of her success and predict much for her future. She has also begun to take some pupils in voice culture.

Dr. Grace Preston is still at Northampton. She has had the rent of a good house near the college added to her salary. Her sister keeps house for her, and it is their home. She hopes she is not forgotten at Lasell by her old friends. No, indeed! All who knew her here keep a very warm place in their hearts for this gifted, noble, and very sweet woman.

Alice Mayo Hicks writes from Needham, where she is helping to arrange the Public Library, of which she is a trustee. She is otherwise useful and busy, but has time to remember Lasell cordially.

Belle Fitzgerald Kerr has a home in Birmingham, Ala. Her letter is full of affectionate remembrances of the school, Mr. Bragdon, Miss Carpenter, and the trip they took to Europe in '82 together.

Inez Bragg is not well enough to come back to Lasell, but is coming East, and may be here for a call. She says Genie Converse Mathews is training her girl for Lasell. Georgia Hatch Jones has moved to Kansas City. The letter is from Gunnison, Col.

Dr. Stilwell and daughters, from Fremont, Ohio, made a short call at the school. One of the daughters is Mrs. Jno. T. Lanman, of Newton. These are connections of the family of dear Julia Miller.

Genevra Griswold has another daughter, and Hattie Hamner Robbins a son now nearly four months old.

Helen Gilbert reports that she and Helen Underwood are teaching in a mission school.

Bessie Harwood and mother have been through Scotland and Ireland.

Clifford Warnock has read three German books the past summer.

Ada Marsh has gained in health. She has been with Blanche Pruyne, Grace Huntington, and Kittie Totman. At the Thousand Islands she saw Lizzie Freeman, and once caught sight of an S. D. pin, whose owner vanished into a railroad train before she could be identified.

Miss M. Ransom was camping during the summer at Nippeno Park, and won much admiration by her expert and graceful bathing. She floated from Crane's Island to the Park, a distance of one mile.

John Hugus Caldwell, son of our Nellie Hugus, was born Aug. 7, 1889, — another grandchild of ours.

Mrs. Wm. P. Kennard, born Alice Miller, made Lasell a brief visit Sept. 20. She is enthusiastic over the improvement in the school since she was here in 1882. We are grateful that she had her charming husband with her. Come again, Mr. and Mrs. Kennard. You are always welcome. Their home is in Sterling, Ill.

Mamie Colson, Mrs. Edward Curtis, has her home now at Machias, Me.

Susie Brown's address is changed to 116 North Seventeenth Street, Philadelphia.

Sadie Smith, now Mrs. Prof. Schofield, has a very flattering notice in *The Ink Bottle*, in which she is styled "the finest specimen of art in Prof. Schofield's collection."

Mrs. Dame (once Lou Fribley), from Columbus, Ohio, paid us too short a visit. Much the same may be said also of Mr. William Smith from the same place.

Ruby Blaisdell is superintending the moving of the family to Springfield, Mass. She has secured a good position and intends soon to teach.

One of the Lasell teachers was at Bethlehem, N. H., in early September, and met Annie Holbrook, now Mrs. Derbyshire. Her husband leaves his business in Lowell to his partner, who is his brother, and for the summer carries on the Howard House. Three years of this change has restored him to health. Cora Flint (Mrs. Anthony) was with Annie in July, but Lucy Curtis was not able to go because of ill health.

ALICE BROWN (Mrs. Perry) is living in a nice home of her own in Portland, Me, and is well.

MRS. ATWOOD, who was Miss West, never looked better than now. She grows younger.

ROSA BEST, of Portland, it is whispered, will soon be married.

ROSA U. BEST was in Littleton, N. H., during the summer, with her sister Louie, Mrs. Comstock. She figured charmingly in the coaching party at Bethlehem, N. H., in August. We mean Rosa, *not* Louie.

JESSIE B. RUER sailed for Europe in June, to stay one year. She is now in Berlin.

HARRIE JOY is just starting for the Pacific coast. She sends a dollar for the LEAVES.

IT is through Sue Brown that we hear of the marriage of Kathleen Ziele to a Baltimore gentleman. Name not given.

SOME are at Lasell who remember Bertha Harris, now Mrs. Armington, of Providence. She sends for the LEAVES. She is not keeping house, and so has time to paint, read, and study. She writes that the gentleman whom Laura Place was engaged to marry has recently died. It is a sad blow to Laura. Bertha often sees Mollie Davis, who is a very successful teacher of a kindergarten.

GEORGIE PRICKETT, now Mrs. Burrowes, of New York, is the mother of a little daughter, not yet named. Her husband writes that both are doing well.

ABBY GOODELL was here in the summer.

GRACE HUNTINGTON uses a Remington typewriter, and writes all her father's letters.

EARLY in the summer, Edith Gale brought a friend out to see LASELL. Glad to see them.

MR. C. M. SITES, of Washington, D. C., was here with his sister, and spent a night, during the summer. Mr. Sites's father is a well-known missionary in China.

A PARTY of insurance people who were having a dinner at the Woodland Park Hotel in September made Lasell a critical visit of inspection. As they came with their wives, in a number of carriages, it made quite a display. They professed themselves much pleased.

ON Sept. 22 somebody of taste decorated the table, etc., in front of the pulpit in the Methodist Church at Auburndale with fall asters, golden-rod, etc. Only weeds, but the effect was exquisite.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL will study the kindergarten system.

MISS MARION GILMORE has taken a position as preceptress of a school in California, and is said to be making a marked success. She always does everything well. She went to California mainly hoping, by the change, to build up her health, which we hope will be the result.

SEVERAL of the waiters in the dining-room at Lasell went to the Province House, Cape Cottage, but being required to serve liquors at table, they left at once. Plucky and high-principled girls!

WHEN speaking of Anna Baker Jebb, we should have mentioned that her sister, Jennie Baker, is studying in Europe.

TWO "cute," yet earnest faces are those of the baby girls of Annie Kendig (Mrs. Pierce). They are welcome to their place among the grandchildren.

ALSO the beautiful little boys of Emma and Bertha Hax, — Louis Hax Smith and Benard Forman. The former lives at St. Joseph's, Mo., and the latter at San Diego, Cal.

MRS. JOSIAH LASELL, of Whitinsville, made a pleasant call at the school with her friend, Mrs. James Tucker, teacher of elocution here under Mr. Lasell.

A NEW picture for the album of grandchildren is little Allan Mason Dumas, taken a month ago, aged three months, Sephie Mason's boy.

MR. BRAGDON had a call this summer from Mr. J. C. Thomas, assistant of Dr. Buckley, and an old college mate. The *Christian Advocate* (New York) owes much of its method and system to this assistant editor.

EDITH HAX visited Manitou and Denver this summer; while in Denver she was entertained by Carrie Brown and Lucie Sampson.

LUCIE SAMPSON visited Edith Hax, in St. Joe, this summer, where she enjoyed the hospitality of her pleasant home and many friends.

Louise Burridge and Nellie Hefflefinger are at school in New York City.

Amy Hall visited Nina Burr this summer.

Some one met a relative of Hattie Haskell, and heard very pleasantly of her. We all know she is a happy matron in a home of her own.

Helen White, '88, has been West during the summer, visiting Annie Gage and Florence Bailey, '87.

Josephine Bogart, '89, expects to spend the winter in Toronto, Canada.

Mary Packard, '89, made us a short visit in September.

Helen Gilbert, '89, spent the summer at Neenah, Wisconsin.

Winnie Belle Ewing, '89, made Mame Binford and May Church a short visit this summer.

LOCALS.

The halls resound with "have a good time this summer?" and many thrilling, awe-inspiring tales are going the rounds.

Teacher. — Name Tennyson's best poem?
Girl. — "Marble Faun."

Sept. 23. Lasell girls stormed Bunker Hill.

The S. D. Society received the school in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, Sept. 21. With dancing and refreshments, the evening soon passed.

Oct. 2. The Ruggles Street Quartet gave a concert at the City Hall, West Newton. It was well attended by the Lasell girls.

The posts have been removed from the natatorium, and it is greatly improved.

We have heard a wild report that there are twenty-three Juniors. Four are all that have materialized; where, oh, where, are the others?

Teacher (*in History of Art*). — Miss J——, tell some of the symbols placed n the catacombs.
Pupil. — Well, the four Evangelists were represented by the four beasts, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Why is the expressman like the letter *R*?
Because he makes *Ginn Grinn.*

The Senior Class has received the welcome addition of two new members.

Dr. Champlin, who took Dr. Pierce's place in '87, is again at Lasell, — this time as the regular physician.

Quite a number of the girls attended Jenness Miller's lecture in Boston, Oct. 8. They are very enthusiastic in their praises of her, and we hope to see her out here during the winter.

Miss Ransom held a reception in the natatorium, Wednesday evening, Oct. 9, from 8 to 9. This was the formal opening of the natatorium for the year.

The old girls are in the minority this year, most decidedly. Following is a list of the new pupils: Misses Ackerly, Ames, Anderson, Arnold, Ashley, S. Baker, Ball, Bond, Brown, Bryant, Birdie Burr, Carll, Chapin, Clarkson, Cole, Collins, Cooke, A. Corre, Davis, Dodds, Edgerton, M. and S. Englehart, Fisher, Goodell, Hall, Hamilton, Hamner, Hartridge, Hood, J. Hubbard, A. Hubbard, M. Hubbard, Johnson, Keith, Kilgore, Lamson, Littlefield, Lord, Lothrop, E. Lowe, J. Lowe, Maloon, Medsker, Merrill, Milliken, Morrison, Ninde, Northam, Ostrander, Pfau, Rice, Roper, E. Rowe, S. Rowe, Rucker, Russell, Sage, Shaw, M. Shellabarger, G. Shellabarger, Sherwood, Sidway, D. Slavens, M. Slavens, Smith, Snyder, Soule, Sternburgh, Stevens, W. Stowe, V. Stowe, Swift, Towle, Warren, Watson, Westcott, White, Wilder, Woodbury.

ART NOTES.

The Russian sculptor, Kamensky, one of the most noted of Russia's artists, has come to America.

M. J. Tissot, the French artist, is engaged upon a series of water-colors, representing the life of Christ. They will number over three hundred.

A genuine picture by Messonier was lately sold at auction in Paris for $20, the appraiser being ignorant of its value. It was immediately resold for $3,600.

Ross Turner sailed for Antwerp on the 11th of September, and will spend the greater part of his time in Venice and Florence.

No fewer than nine eminent German sculptors are at present engaged in designing monuments for the late Emperors William I. and Frederick III.

Maurice Sand, the son of George Sand, was an artist as well as an author.

One of the most important artistic contests that have taken place in the United States is that for the design of the Protestant Cathedral of St. John in New York. It is still undecided.

Mr. T. H. Bartlett, the Boston artist, is at present in France, preparing for publication a large number of letters by Millet.

Mr. J. J. Enneking has found some very choice bits of scenery at Bridgton, Me., and is going back there this autumn to finish an outdoor picture which is three fourths completed.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The contest between the parties in the new States promises to be very severe. The Republicans claim Washington, and it is not unlikely that there will be a considerable majority of votes in their favor. In the other States it is impossible to tell what the result will be, but the Dakotas seem to have adopted prohibition.

Word has been received at the Navy Department, from Rear-Admiral L. A Kimberly, that he arrived at Honolulu, Sept. 20, from Samoa by steamer "Alameda." At Apia a dinner was given him by the residents, principally English and Americans. At this the most friendly sentiments were expressed toward the United States. Mataafa and the other chiefs of the government called, and presented him with gifts, all of which were made in different parts of Samoa.

The delegates to the International American Congress spent Thursday, Oct. 3, at West Point. The ceremonies were especially interesting, as on that day occurred the presentation to the Academy of the portraits of Gens. Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. The delegates were sent back to New York City on a man-of-war, and from there they proceeded on their five-thousand-mile journey.

At the recent election in Montana the Australian system of balloting was used with great success. The voting was done quickly and quietly, without disturbance or confusion

Several thousand Jews who have been expelled from Russia intend to go as colonists to the Argentine Republic, in South America.

The treaty of commerce between Russia and Japan alters the tariff in Japan. Hereafter duties will be levied on all articles separately, instead of on gross bulk, as before.

The Swiss government has adopted smokeless powder for the army.

The anniversary of Mexico's independence was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

"The poppy forms a network of roots that cannot be exterminated without great difficulty. French engineers are sowing newly constructed railway embankments with poppies, with a view to prevent their destruction by heavy rains."

The use of celluloid plates instead of copper for sheathing ships' bottoms is an experiment made in France. It is found that the plates are free from marine growth, which was abundant on all other parts not so protected.

A phenomenon observable in some rivers is their apparent disappearance. Capt. John Page, of the Argentine navy, says that the Upper Paraguay, although lost from sight for many miles, has been known to flow beneath a firmly matted covering of living and dead vegetation several feet deep. In 1858 one of these coverings broke loose and drifted for about two thousand miles to Buenos Ayres. Many animals and reptiles were found in it.

The use of crude petroleum as fuel under steam-boilers is receiving increased attention in New England. At East Everett a system has been adopted which proves to be both successful and economical. The oil is burned under a fifty-horse-power boiler. The average consumption a day is about one hundred gallons, and the total cost $2.75 per day. Before this, almost twelve hundred pounds of soft and screened coal have been used daily, costing about $4.80.

EXCHANGES.

Once more the editors of school papers throughout the land are hard at work, and a general call is instituted for scattered wits. In many instances the call has been promptly obeyed, for the exchanges are teeming with productions which show even sharpened wits. The Lasell Leaves once more will endeavor to compete with these able papers, and criticise and be criticised with thorough good-will.

The general complaint seems to be lack of exchanges, and empty tables in consequence.

Not so with us; the material is more than we can deal justly with; but we welcome them all, and shall, in all probability, recognize their worth in due time, if they fail not.

The June *Ogontz Mosaic* deserves special mention for its interesting work, before it sinks into oblivion as past efforts of '89.

The fall exchanges seem especially poetical, and Williams need have no fear of a falling away in this line, if other papers are at all prophetic of theirs.

We note the difference of opinion of two writers upon the subject of woman. The *Geneva Cabinet* gives us a stirring account of woman's work, and exclaims, "Can a true, brave-hearted woman be silent?" While the Dartmouth *Literary* ends an article, "O, the awful powerlessness of woman!" The difference is certainly marked, and provokes argument. We can heartily protest against the latter, at least.

The latest departure at Williams seems to be navigation on the lawn. Success to them.

President Seely, of Amherst College, left on Monday for Europe, ill health incapacitating him for work, for a year. — *Ex.*

In the Bowdoin *Orient* for June is a pen picture of exceeding delicacy and wit. Written simply, but effectively, in its quiet undertone, it will suggest many another "face and fancy."

A new college opens in October, in New York, the first woman's college whose graduates are entitled to a university degree. It is called "Barnard College." — *Century.*

The college notes in the *Brunonian*, October, are very interesting, if one happens to find them. By a diligent reading of the advertisements you may chance upon them by and by.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER.

In old Berkshire, when the summer
Casts abroad the sunlight's gold,
Near a forest dark and lonely
Roses bloom in wealth untold.

Like a garden fair and sunny,
Glow those roses brightly red;
But the planters of that garden
Long ago have died or fled.

Crumbling stones in desolation
Mark where once the homestead stood;
Now the roses are the only
Relic of the fair and good.

Roses, roses, tell me, tell me,
Whither have your old friends fled?
To the westward? To the eastward?
Are they living? Are they dead?

Where are blushes once as ruddy
As the beauty of your bloom?
Where are voices once so tender?
Silent are they in the tomb?

O my native, dear New England!
Must thy homesteads come to this?
Must the altars of our fathers
All respect and memory miss?

What avail the hoarded millions
Wrung from Labor's tired hand?
Men, not money, are the making
Of our State and all the land.

Yet again, deserted homestead,
Pilgrims' sons shall raise thy walls;
Fear of God and love of justice
Shall re-echo through new halls.

Yet again, my loved New England,
Thou wide sovereignty shalt claim,
Foremost still for God and freedom,
Foremost on the scroll of Fame.

MUSICAL NOTES.

In answer to the question whether Patti is to retire, Martha L. replies, "Patti has recently signed a contract covering the next five years." That doesn't look like a withdrawal from the stage!

Georg Henschel laid the solid foundation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Wilhelm Gericke has built a grand superstructure.

Tamagno, the tenor, will be in Adelina Patti's company through its American tour next season, but will sing on alternate nights; it is reported that his contract with Mr. Abbey calls for $100,000, for fifty nights.

London audiences dote on Handel.

Paris has thirty-four streets named after famous musicians, from Beethoven downward.

Mme. Carlotta Patti is dead.

Christine Nilsson was in London a few days since, evidently enjoying the best of health. Italian newspapers mention as possible the engagement of her and Marie Van Zandt for an American tour, to begin in the fall of 1890.

Verdi is reported at work on an opera, the plot of which is based on the story of Beatrice di Tenda.

Gerster has sung recently in Berlin, and the critics write that her voice was in very good condition.

Dr. Louis Maas died a few days ago in Boston.

It is hinted that Mr. P. S. Gilmore is desirous of forming an orchestra for the performance of symphonic works.

Emma Abbott states that she shall be unable to bring out several spectacular operas until the Interstate Commerce Law is repealed.

Another woman composer has made her mark, — Mme. Helen Manletell, whose opera, "Florence," has just been brought out with fair success at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm.

Gossip says Mr. Abbey has been compelled to cancel the engagement with Mme. Albani for his Italian opera season in this country, because Tamagno refuses to sing with her, and Patti says Mme. Albani will bring her ill luck.

It is rumored that the Bostonians are to yield to a widespread demand, and revive "Pinafore" upon a most elaborate scale next season.

Mr. T. Adamowski has been joined by his brother, Mr. J. Adamowski, who will be 'cellist of the quartet. Three concerts will be given by the organization in Steinert Hall on Monday evenings, Nov. 18, Dec. 9, and Jan. 6.

A CARD.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Shepherd wish to thank the young ladies for the very beautiful roses presented to them, Oct. 9, the wedding-day of Mr. and Mrs. S.

GIRLS' BIRTHDAYS.

[*From Harper's Drawer.*]

An old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl, according to the month she is born in, as follows: —

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, likely to be good-looking, and studious of fashion-plates.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and devoted to attractive garniture.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects.

VENUS AS A SISTER WORLD.

WHILE watching those graceful windings of the planet, we naturally inquire as to its real condition. Readers are familiar with the idea that it is a world like our own earth, travelling in a smaller but otherwise almost similar orbit around the sun. On more minute inquiry, we find that the likeness between it and our earth, in some points, is very great; greater, in fact, than in the case with any other planet. In the fundamental element of size they are almost alike, our earth being 7,900 miles in diameter, and Venus 7,500. The force of gravity on the surface of the latter is very nearly nine tenths of what it is with us. Its density is almost the same fraction as that of the earth.

These facts show that if transported to the surface of Venus we should feel more at home, so far as some essential features of experience are concerned, than on any other planet known to us. We should weigh just about nine tenths our present weight, and should find distances bearing much the same ratio to our muscular power of walking that they do in this world; while in all probability the surface rocks and earth, if such be formed there, would be compacted and constructed like those we daily see around us. This would be the case on planets so much smaller than the earth, as Mercury or Mars, or so much larger, as Jupiter, Saturn, or Neptune. Again, the year on Venus would be about two hundred and twenty-five days in length, a good deal more like what we have on the earth than in the case of any other planet.

In the length of the day we should find a still more homelike experience, as the difference would be imperceptible except to careful observation. Venus rotates in twenty-three hours, twenty-one minutes, twenty-three seconds, and the earth in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds. The day, of course, depends a little on the motion of the sun in the sky, but the difference between this as seen on our earth and from Venus would not appreciably affect the similarity of the days in each. These likenesses to the length of our day and year, and to our world's density, would cause similarity, in all probability, in mountain form and vegetation. In fact, so far, Venus is nearly the twin sister of our world.

THE ENGAGED GIRL.

HAVE you ever noticed what a difference there is in a girl's manner when she gets engaged to be married? She flirts as much as ever, of course, and even a little more, for it seems as though a semi-appropriated damsel has more charms for the male flirts than those whose hearts have not capitulated. The difference lies in the manner to other girls of the engaged one. Even the gentlest and nicest assume slight airs of superiority, as though the problem of settlement in life having been settled for them, they were now competent to guide and advise all other young women.

If the *fiancé* be young and handsome, they are generally too much absorbed in him to pay much attention to any one else; but if he be middle-aged and very rich, they find abundance of leisure to place at the disposal of their friends. This they employ principally in discussing their own prospects, settling what color their liveries shall be, and in arranging the various details of their establishment.

But a little egotism is pardonable at such a time, and they are seldom so wholly occupied with their own concerns as to forget to quietly patronize their girl friends. "You must marry well, Lucy. You shall come and stay with me, and we will see what can be done." Or, "Mary, you must give up young Browne: he will not be able to give you a carriage for years and years, if ever." "I shall have dark tan-colored liveries picked out with crimson," etc.

Then, if anything occurs to break off the engagement, and the girl sinks back into the ranks of the unengaged, her position is all the more disagreeable if she has put on a lot of style during her betrothal. But, perhaps, the girl who is slavishly in love with her *fiancé* is the greatest bore of all. "Has not Edmund glorious eyes? Have you ever looked deep into them? Have you ever noticed the way his hair curls just above his ears?" Or, "Is not my George's voice charming — so musical and well-bred?" One gets very tired of this kind of thing. We have had an engaged girl staying here for the last week, and, though we have never seen her young man, we all detest his very name, so incessantly does she chatter about him. "My Archie" is dinned into our ears all day long. I should often like to hit that girl.

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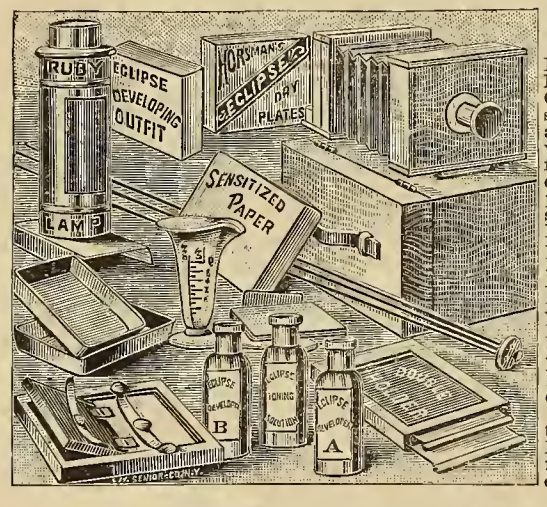
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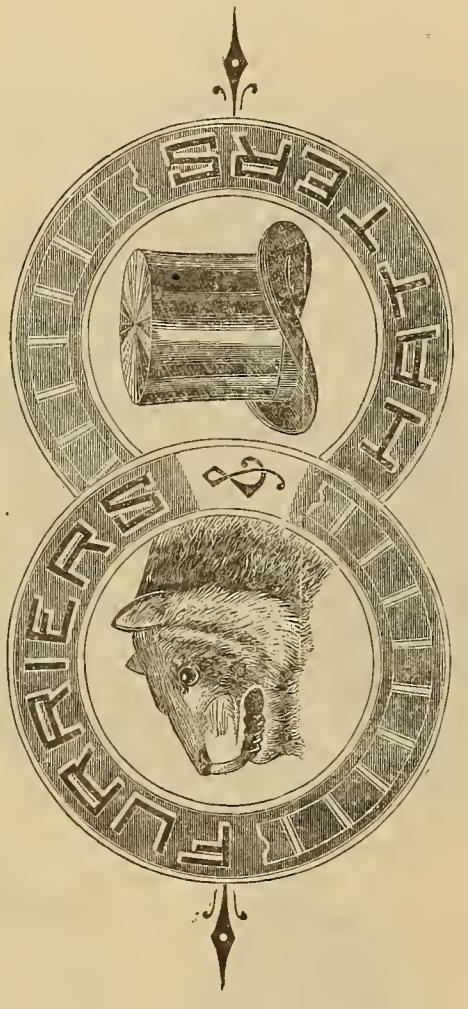
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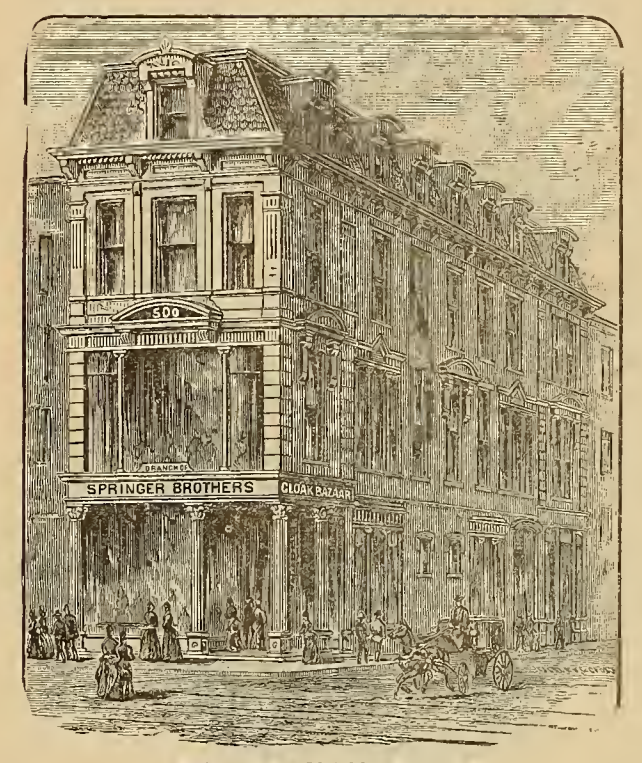
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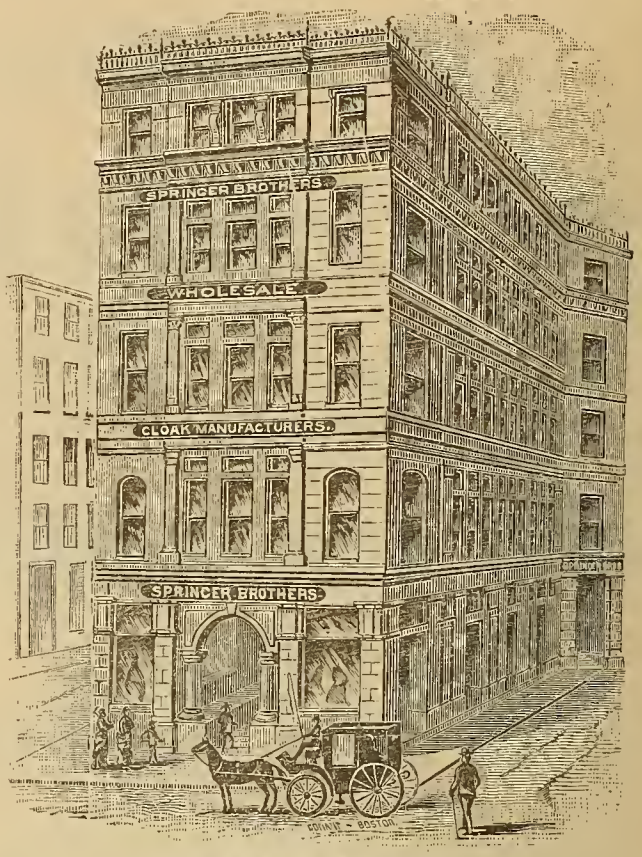
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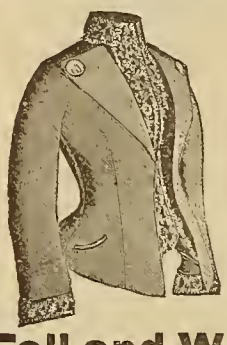
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We are almost inclined to believe that the ancients, when they made out the list of the deadly sins, omitted the chief of them all; for is not curiosity entitled to a place by the side of idleness, envy, wrath, and all the rest? We claim that there are eight deadly sins instead of seven, and that curiosity is the most abominable of them all. Think of the misery and of the annoyance to which that one vice has given birth, even from the days of our common mother, Eve. Perhaps you do not agree with us that Eve's fall was due to curiosity, you would prefer to lay it to ambition; but did ambition lead her in the first place to listen to the speech of the serpent? Was it not rather a desire to find out what he intended telling her, and how he would make his thoughts known? Do you suppose Eve stopped to consider what benefits would accrue to her from the eating of the apple? The very argument of the serpent is conclusive proof that to Eve's curiosity and not to her ambition an appeal was made. The fear of death had sufficed to keep her from approaching the tree, but when the serpent said to her, "Ye shall not surely die," her curiosity was roused, and she paused to consider whether what the serpent had said could be true.

They say that when a woman hesitates she is lost; and this case proved to be no exception to the rule. Prudence whispered to her, "Do not disobey the command of the Creator," but curiosity urged her on to the fatal act.

But to return to our own nineteenth century: does not each day present countless instances of the sway which this vice has acquired? Who has not lost his claim to amiability, who has not felt a strong desire to disobey the Sixth Commandment, when at the mercy of some inquisitive friend? The curious seem never to reflect; they have no tact, no delicacy; they "rush in where angels fear to tread"; and the thoughtless-

ness with which they wound even their best friends is truly surprising. Their number is legion; and we feel that it is safe to say that there is not one of us who, at some time, has not been tormented by these slaves of curiosity. We do not mean to condemn all forms of curiosity, for as we all know, there are many things about which we should desire to be informed. But a curiosity that prompts us to ask imprudent and offensive questions surely cannot be too strongly condemned. What does it matter whether Mrs. A's sealskin sack cost five dollars or fifty? Of what importance is it whether Mr. B is twenty years, or a hundred? Such petty forms of curiosity really tend to weaken the intellect, and they make us appear mean and small in the eyes of those around us.

This has been a trying month with us; things have not gone at all as they should, and therefore it must be confessed that we are not in our most amiable mood. We feel just like growling at every thing and every body, and for once we mean to relieve our pent-up feelings. We have been reflecting upon a variety of grievances for some days past, and now we feel that the time has come to make our meditations known. Well, to begin, we have been wondering why some people will insist upon shouting at us, as if they thought us afflicted with chronic deafness; why the young lady who has something of great importance to tell her roommate cannot wait until she reaches the privacy of her own room, instead of shrieking from the most remote end of the corridor "O Jo! Jo! I've got something to tell you." We wonder why it is that she seems to forget that the fact may not be of so great interest to all the others in the hall. Then, again, there are the girls who talk not only when you would prefer to study but also when the "shades of night" have fallen, and you are thinking of resigning yourself to the arms of Morpheus. Do they, can they, know the anguish they inflict upon us? We wonder why the girl who cannot play the banjo will insist upon attempting it. Oh! how often have we been tempted to wish that every string would break! We tremble when we think of the dark thoughts which have possessed us when the breezes have borne to our ears the wails and discords which she causes to proceed from the tortured instrument. The girl who plays waltzes in four-four time, in the room below us, also comes in for our consideration, and those who waylay us on our way from recitation in order to tell us, under the pledge of strictest secrecy, things which are not worth the telling, and which we most decidedly do not wish to know. There is also the girl who stations herself just outside the library door and proclaims to an interested world all about her private affairs; then, what a soothing effect she has upon one's nerves, when she finally enters the library and begins a whispered conversation with a friend on the opposite side of the room! How conducive this is to quiet and peaceful reading! Ah, well! perhaps all these have their mission in the world; we do not dare to assert that they have not; and if, as an old minister once said in regard to his sermon, they teach us how to be patient, perhaps they have not lived in vain.

The one object which brought the Leaves into existence was the building up of a fund to aid deserving students. The past history of this paper is one in which all Lasell girls may take pride. During thirteen years it has proved a success, from both a literary and a financial standpoint, and the outlook for its future is bright. To further the efforts of the Leaves and to increase the "educational fund" more rapidly, why cannot we establish a *Lasell* "Annual"? The management of it could be placed in the hands of one of the two upper classes, or, what seems more feasible, under the control of the two literary societies. The sale ought to more than pay expenses, for we can furnish our own artists, — a heavy expense in such a publication when outside help is used. Not only might it be made a financial success, but it would serve also as an impetus to good literary work. Let every Lasell girl consider the *pros* and *cons* carefully, and then report her decision to the editor.

Friday evening, Nov. 1, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson gave a lecture on Queen Isabella of Spain, in place of Miss Kate Sanborn, who was expected to lecture on "Newspaper Wits."

THE CHINESE THEATRE.

THE Chinese theatre was founded by Wing Wang, an emperor who reigned about the middle of the fourteenth century.

Wing Wang, so the story goes, had a dream, in which he visited the moon. There he saw strange sights and heard strange sounds, and beautiful beings danced before him in costumes unfamiliar to his eyes. When he awoke the dream remained with him, and he decided to reproduce it for his wife, whom he loved very dearly. A temporary structure was erected in his pear garden; the performers were selected from the younger sons of the nobility, and, therefore, to this day, in China, amateur actors are called "Younger Brothers of the Pear Garden."

It is probable that Wing Wang's efforts were not appreciated in his own time, for the taste for theatrical performances died out soon after his reign, and were revived only by the talents of the three great dramatists of China, Tin, Tan, and Chung.

Although very little is known about these men, it is probable that they arranged not only the plots but also the costumes, gestures, and stage fixtures, and that, as a result of their labors, the drama became popular among the Chinese. The festival of this trio of authors is celebrated once every year in the principal Chinese theatres of San Francisco.

It is two o'clock on Saturday afternoon in the Jackson Street theatre of that city. The performance has not yet begun, and a drum beats monotonously, to allay the impatience of the expectant crowd of Chinese assembled there. The box above the stage is thrown open for the occasion, and is brilliantly illuminated. Far within can be seen an altar heaped with offerings, and smoking with incense and a thousand candles. The women's gallery is full to the top and picturesque with many bright colors.

With the sudden sound of fire-crackers on the left of the stage, the performance begins. One after another, the eight angels enter and take their places on the stage. After giving their names, the chief angel gives the whole plot of the play, by simply saying: "It is the birthday of the Goddess of Mercy: we will all go and congratulate her." After the eight angels have filed out, the King of the Monkeys enters. He and the rest of the tribe are climbing the mountain in quest of a peach that has the power of conferring immortal life, which they intend as a present for the Goddess of Mercy.

Upon this slight thread is constructed an acrobatic ballet, which is performed by men arrayed in gay costumes. The director stands in full view of the audience, and as the performance is given only once a year, many disputes arise, which are settled then and there with much squabbling. Pyramids of twenty and even thirty persons are formed, one litte fellow carries valiantly around the stage six others larger than himself, etc. The concluding event of this part of the entertainment is as follows: The acrobats are arranged in two long opposing rows, holding one another by the hand. At the farthest end, just in front of the musicians' alcove, stand two men, one on top of the other. At a given signal they fall headlong from the height upon the cushion of hands below.

The monkeys now assume the shape of a dragon and vanquish the guardian of the peach. Then, with banners, fans, a d gauze hats, they form a procession, and proceed with their prize to the Goddess of Mercy.

Enter forthwith other divinities, also on their way to congratulate the Goddess, — the Goddess of Flowers, the Eastern Goddess, and the Western Goddess. After they have shown themselves, a shrimp, an oyster, and a turtle, presents from the four Kings of Ocean, take the stage. The culminating point, however, is the entrance of the Goddess of Mercy herself. She is attended by two standard-bearers, each of whom carries a banner bearing her motto. When she is fairly seated on her throne, the Goddess of Flowers and the Eastern and Western Goddesses enter, and make obeisance.

"What do you come for?" asks the Goddess, in kindly tones.

"It is your birthday, and we come to congratulate you."

At the invitation of the Goddess, the visitors sit down to a banquet which she orders prepared for them. Next come the Kings of Ocean, who are questioned, and answer in the same manner. Next, the King of the Monkeys arrives, with the wonderful peach, which he begs the Goddess to

accept. As all of the seats at the table are taken, she graciously invites the monkeys to be seated on the floor. This they do immediately.

After some preliminaries, the King of the Eastern Ocean begs that the Goddess will go through some of her marvellous transformations

Then follows an interlude, in which she transforms herself into eight different characters, ending with that of a scholar who has received the highest degree at the imperial examinations.

The scene is then changed to the Temple of Mercy, where, by a staircase ingeniously devised of chairs, the whole party are enabled to ascend to the actors' box, which has been draped in white, to represent the gates of heaven. Presently, the Chinese God of Cash enters, and presents to the Goddess cash in great quantities, while the orchestra imitates the clinking of gold and silver. It is then thrown broadcast into the audience.

The peach, miraculously opening, displays a beautiful boy holding in his teeth this symbolical motto: "A thousand grandsons, and still a thousand more, and so on to eternity." Thus ends the festival of Tin, Tan, and Chung.

It is safe to say that no stage is or ever has been so completely incrusted with conventionalities as that of the Chinese. Even to Chinamen who have not been educated up to the theatre from their youth, a dramatic performance must be merely a dazzling spectacle of color and light; for all of the characters in the drama, except, perhaps, the comedian, who may, to save his joke from falling flat, occasionally drop into the vernacular, speak a dialect unfamiliar to the mass of the audience. Then, too, all of the costumes are taken from an early period of Chinese history.

Moreover, with little scenery, other than a few tables and chairs, and, perhaps, a little strip of painted muslin, the representation of everything is attempted, from the building of a bridge to the storming of a castle or the apotheosis of a saint. All this, of course, cannot be done realistically, so they are obliged to fall back on a stock of stage conventions. For instance, a man who throws his leg into the air is supposed to be mounted on horseback.

A change of scene on the Chinese stage is inclicated by the whole *dramatis personæ* walking rapidly three times around the stage. In San Francisco, however, they have ceased to notice a division into acts.

"The Chinese," it has been said, "walk with their feet on earth and their heads in heaven"; and throughout their plays we find the strongest evidence of this spiritualistic tendency. The being about to receive the first degree at the imperial examinations also holds a prominent position in their drama, and, in the mind of the Chinese, every play is conceived to be a portion of their own history. Although all of their plays were originally historical, seven different classes, or elements of plot, are recognized. These are briefly: the historical play or tragedy, the comedy, the Platonic-love play, the court play, the chivalry play, the persecution play, and the merit-rewarded play. The last three may be classed under the head of the Melodrama.

In these forms of the melodrama we get our first true insight into the moral and political life of the Chinese. The instances of official outrage, where the machinery of the law is invoked to the injury of the innocent, form the foundation for the persecution plots.

A man of inferior family is, in China, practically debarred from all of the lucrative and honorable pursuits; and though promotion through merit is the law of the merit-rewarded plays, nothing in reality is so unusual.

The chivalry plays would not be thought melodramatic at all on our stage; but from the extreme rarity of the occasions on which one Chinaman helps another, they are, perhaps, entitled to that term. This play deals chiefly with, if such a term be possible, negative chivalry: not doing a man an injury when you might, and doing him a kindness when it is no very great inconvenience to yourself.

The strength of a Chinese play lies in its ingenuity of plot and strength of character. It cannot be said to excel in conversation, because the Chinese life is peculiarly barren of great themes. Nobility of thought and Shakespeare's subjective search for the secrets of the heart are nowhere to be found. Besides, most of the Chinese plays are the merest outlines, the dialogue in most cases

being left almost entirely to the improvisation of the actor. In spite of the fact that there are often five or six actors on the stage at the same time, no actor interferes with another, and the whole performance has the deliberate air of preparation.

A curious feature of the Chinese stage is its minutely divided cast. Every actor has his particular "line" of characters, from which he seldom departs. This makes it necessary to have very large companies, which adds little to the artistic side of the performance and greatly to the expense.

Not only are the costumes worn by the different characters effective on the stage, but they bear the test of close examination, the most costly gold-cloth being picked out, and brightened by innumerable silk threads of many different colors. They do not vary much in general cut, and are for the most part distinguished from each other by some difference in the head-dress or by some minor ornament.

The most distinctive of all of the costumes is the general's. In his head-dress are four dragons rampant, and on the flap in front a lion's mouth. In time of action his sleeves are rolled up, and he wears around his waist a sash of light-blue silk. An enormous butterfly laps over and partly covers the side pieces that protect his thighs. His boots are high-soled, and add much to his stature. Two long feathers sweep from his helmet behind. As a symbol of power he wears four flags in his back, and as a token of strength a cockade of black silk on his forehead.

All barbarians are represented with painted faces. This distinction serves in place of a difference in costumes, and is about the only way in which the Chinaman recognizes on the stage the existence of any nationality other than his own. The painted face is also used to denote moral or physical ugliness.

An important part of the organization of the theatre is the orchestra, which is composed of a leader, who plays the ox-hide drum, a fiddler, a banjoist, a gong player, and a cymbal player. The cymbal player is sometimes very expert, and is the only one of the orchestra who does not remain always at his post. As he is inspired, he moves about, often throwing up one of the cymbals and catching it on the flat side of the other. As the Chinese cymbal weighs upward of ten pounds, the difficulty of this feat can well be imagined.

Everything necessary to his existence the actor finds within the four walls of the theatre. There he has with him his barber, servant, wife, and household gods. He seldom leaves the theatre, except for a walk or to take dinner at a restaurant. He does not have to leave it even when he is married, for his wife comes to him.

There is no stage manager in the Chinese theatre. When a new play is to be produced, the author, who is generally an actor, superintends the rehearsals as well as the performance. No parts are given out; the author merely tells the actor in a general way what he is to do. A Chinese actor, therefore, must be a man of intelligence, good education, and ready wit. He must also possess an accurate knowledge of the history of China, and of the etiquette and ceremonial of the Imperial Court as it is popularly understood. He must be suitably dressed, and his action must conform as much as possible to the character of the personage he represents, who is often historical, and well known to the audience.

The salary of a Chinese actor ranges from two hundred to seven thousand dollars a year. On the other hand, he occupies in China the lowest plane in the scale of caste. He is incapacitated from holding any position of trust under the government; and this rule applies with all its rigor to his sons and grandsons as well.

The Chinese theatre is rich in sign literature, and signs of all descriptions exist, suited to all needs, and addressed to all intelligences.

In closing, it may not be inappropiate for us to notice the advice given by one of the signs in the Jackson Street theatre of San Francisco: —

"*Neighbors all, observe with your eyes, and listen well with your ears. Be as one family, exceedingly happy and contented. In heaven above and on earth below, things great and small are judged, and immediately receive their reward. You see before you the whole story of life. Consider well what ye shall choose, the reward of the good, or the reward of the evil.*"

L. H. R., '91.

LOCALS.

Oct. 28, being a rainy Monday, spoiled another day's pleasure. A trip down the harbor to Fort Henry had been planned for the new girls. Pleasant Mondays are, so far, a rarity.

Edmund Spenser must have foreseen Miss Call's concentration when he wrote the following line: —

"Poured out in looseness on the grassy ground."

The officers elected for the ensuing term in the S. D. Society are: —

President	Miss Peabody.
Vice-President	Miss Corre.
Secretary	Miss N. Woodbury.
Treasurer	Miss Soule.
Critic	Miss Sutton.
Usher	Miss B. Burr.
Musical Committee	Miss Fisher. Miss Hamilton.

Girl. — What *is* the name of that college in Baltimore, begins with G? Oh, of course, Johns Hopkins.

Echoes from cooking examination. — Tripe is a small fish. Veal is flesh of a sheep. *Entrées* are entrails of animals.

Scene, *front room;* Time, *calling hour Monday.*

Fresh. (*awful fresh*) to Senior. — Has Art come?

Senior (*using pet expression*). — Yes, he approached on horseback.

Fresh. (*after few moments of meditation*). — Where did he leave his horse?

Senior. — I suppose in front of the Sem.

(*Fresh. rushes wildly to the window and discovers the "horse" is on her.*)

Wednesday evening, Oct. 30, a large party of pupils attended a concert in Boston given by the Ruggles Street Quartet and others.

We hear that B–nn–e Y–u–g is the Lasell girls' Apollo.

One of our friends has an idea that Psyche is pronounced *fish.*

The election of officers in the Lasellia Club resulted as follows: —

President	Miss Julia Hubbard.
Vice-President	Miss Tichenor.
Secretary	Miss Clarkson.
Treasurer	Miss Gardner.
Critic	Miss Brown.
Guard	Miss Shaw.
Executive Committee	Misses Paine, Smith, *and* Northan.

We happened to see the note-book of one young lady who is attending the art lectures at Newton. We copy a few lines from it: —

Who was St. Peter?

Who was Raphael?

What kind of metal is mosaics?

Was Pompeii in Rome?

Saturday evening, Oct. 26, the annual "Harvest Festival" was held in the gymnasium, which Mr. Shepherd had very prettily decorated with fruits and vegetables. The programme was as follows: —

Piano Solo	Miss Hutton.
Song	Miss Sutton.
Recitation	Miss Brown.
Guitar Solo	Miss Snyder.
Piano Solo	Miss Sargeant.
Song	Miss Peabody.

Refreshments were then served, and the affair ended with a general jollification.

'91 elected Miss Lucy Sargeant, president.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Owing to the numerous rainy Mondays we had no school Oct. 17, and the new girls went to Concord.

Miss X. to Miss Y. (*who is singing Schubert's Serenade*). — Who is the *author* of that song?

Miss Sutton was unanimously elected president of '90.

Prof. —— (*teacher of history class*). — Miss C., you may read "Plutarch's Lives" for the next lesson.

Miss C. (*after much meditation*). — Did he have more than one, Professor?

Who is Annie Smith P——y, anyhow?

MARRIED.

At Holyoke, Mass., Oct. 22, Harriet Webber to Dwight Goddard. At home, after Dec. 30, 26 Essex Street.

Nov. 5, at Rockland, Me., Rose Marie Welt to Ernest Clifford Davis. At home, Tuesdays after Dec. 1, 72 Middle Street.

Oct. 30, Georgie E. Meyers to S. Christy Church.

Nov. 14, at St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Col., Lulu Wells to Robert S. Brannen. At home Fridays in January, 1042 Clarkson Street.

DEATH.

[*South Boston Inquirer.*]

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clerke (Emma Cardell) have been suddenly bereaved of their youngest daughter, six years old, by that dreadful disease, diphtheria, after an illness of only four days.

The oldest daughter, Ethel, was first attacked, and she had hardly recovered when on Sunday last little Marion became similarly affected. The best medical skill was employed to save the darling child, who was the idol of her parents and beloved by all who had come within the circle of her home, but neither professional zeal, parental love, nor friendly endeavor availed, and she died on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Clerke are overwhelmed with grief, and their said affliction has elicited expressions of the deepest sympathy.

PERSONALS.

Georgie Lamme has entered the Freshman Class at Wellesley.

Maude Oliver, '89, and Lina Jones, '88, made us a short call Saturday, Oct. 19.

Aggie Batchelor is visiting Lyde Curtis, in Hoboken.

Amy Harris spent Sunday, Oct. 20, with Anna Staly.

Millie Swan, Mattie Hall, and Bessie Towle called Monday, Oct. 21.

Nelia Churchill spent Monday, Oct. 14, with Nina Burr.

Mr. Paine, Anita's father, holds a mammoth Bible-class every Saturday at the skating rink in Cambridge. It is for children, but many adults come in showing an eagerness to be taught. Some one describes the meeting one rainy morning: When the gong sounded at half past nine seven hundred little ones came in, most of them dripping wet, but all bright and cheerful. They are well trained in singing by skilled leaders, and are learning fast. They listen respectfully to Mr. Paine's explanation of the lesson of the day. Over eleven hundred of the children have been photographed. Seven hundred have been finished and are excellent likenesses.

An address by Dr. R. L. Walston, of Decatur, Ill., before the Y. M. C. A. of that place, deserves careful reading. Dr. Walston, by the way, is the father of two of our "old girls." The address treats of the "Care of the Nervous System," and shows that the groundwork of nervous disorders is often prepared in the young child by lack of physical care, by severity, and by inspiring fear.

One of the old girls writes Miss Blaisdell in high praise of the last Lasell catalogue.

A letter from Rouette Bowen Baker, of Plattsburg, N. Y., begins by saying that she is "lonesome to-day for Lasell" — after all these years! She was here when Miss Parloa taught the cooking, and remarks that her instructions were "a great help when I began housekeeping." She was then expecting to see Grace Garland Etherington. She (Rouette) has three children, two of them girls, whom she means to send to Lasell by and by, and hopes herself to come here next June.

Mr. B. A. Goodridge, once a teacher at Lasell, is for a time at Cambridge. His home is in the South, and he is the editor of a Southern paper.

Inez Bragg was about starting for the East early in October, when her father was taken ill, and has been for some time in a very critical condition. There are now hopes of his recovery, but the family are still in great anxiety and distress. It was a case of overwork affecting the brain. Dear Inez has all her energies heavily taxed in this emergency. May her father be restored to health!

Maude Mathews has been in Boston for some time. "Busy," she says. But we all want to see her here.

Nora Gibson is making herself useful at home to a sick mother and others. She finds some time for study. She hears from Annie Alexander, and of Betty Aston, and Florence Fuller, who goes regularly to Portland for music lessons, from her home, in Augusta, Me.

Jessie Wilson is a "cadet" in the Chicago public schools. She expects a position to teach in January.

Nettie Libbey Fulton writes from Minneapolis one of the warmest of letters, about Lasell and

old schoolmates. She keeps up a little in correspondence with some of them, Ella Morrison, May Bailey, Lina Maynard, but complains that they stop writing after they get married. When she goes back to her father's home, in Oshkosh, she sees Jessie McMillan Snow, Eva and Kate Morgan.

Rev. Dr. Liston H. Pearce, father of our Etha, has resigned his position as pastor of St. John's Madison Avenue M. E. Church at Baltimore, to accept the pastorate of the Hedding M. E. Church at Elmira, N. Y.

Mary Hazlewood is at home in Grand Rapids studying, and making herself useful to her family. She thinks of Lasell and the prayer-meeting on Tuesday nights, and remembers the good she got there.

Susie Garfield Blodgett is not very well. She lost her youngest child in the spring. She has our hearty sympathy. Her mother and sister have been with her lately.

Hearty thanks to Grace White Gould, of Albany, N. Y., for the pretty photograph of her little daughter for the school album. She, like most of the old girls, in their letters, sends her subscription money for the Leaves.

Marietta Rose is happy in teaching at Abington, Mass., and invites her friends to call on her. Lena Jones also likes her teaching. She has been visiting the school.

Sadie Ransom Hazlet has been visiting Lasell with her baby for several weeks, staying with her two sisters. Her husband came for her early in November with their little boy.

Ada Marsh is going West in December. She will go to St. Joseph and perhaps Denver and stay several months. Hopes to see Gertrude White. Ruby Blaisdell and Blanche Pruyne are to visit Ada in November, and the latter may possibly go West too. She thinks Mary Beach has been East this summer.

Nellie Brooks Bradley sends the card of her little son, Arnold Brooks, born Sept. 21, weight, eleven pounds. He gladdens a home in Portland, Ore. Our congratulations and thanks.

Blanche Merrill has been at the school; also Edith Gale, both looking well and happy.

Annie V. Kelly Adams, of Haverhill, came in October with her husband to visit Lasell. It was a true enjoyment to have her here, looking at everything with the interest of an old-timer. Also a pleasure to meet her husband and a regret not to see their six children.

Ava Lowe Stinson appeared last month by mistake as Mrs. Stimson. Hattie Hanmer Robbins had her middle name given as Hamner.

In the October paper it should have been said that Mrs Alice Miller Kennard now lives in Waukegan, Ill. Her husband is a partner of Anna Baker's husband, Mr. Jebb, in an extensive manufacturing business.

Lou Fribley is now Mrs. Dann — not Dame, as it was made last month. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were here with her in the summer.

Mrs. Louise Best Cumnock may not be pleased to see her name given as Comstock in the October Leaves. And Jessie Reece has her pretty name changed to *Ruer*. What a list of disasters! One of Dickens's characters says she does n't mind being called "out of her name, if only it is considered in the wages." We fear our friends get no such compensation.

Mr. Bragdon would be glad to know what Lasell girl, wearing a Lasell pin, came with her father, from Nantucket, in late July or early August of this year.

Just a few left of the beautiful Lasell pins, the most unique college pin in the world, fitly signifying what each Lasell girl is to those she loves.

The last welcome addition to our Grandchildren's Album is of Grace Perkins Patillo's dear little ones, — one of Carlton, the brave, bright boy, who was early gathered home and is safe in heaven, and one of Alice, the sweet seven-months-old girlie, who gladdens the home. Sadie Ransom Hazelet made Grace a little visit, and was charmed with her home and all its ways. Sadie and Grace had a great time, you can imagine, talking over times old and new. How delightful are the reunions of school-girl friends! Some of the pleasantest friendships of life are made at school. Go and see each other oftener, girls: it is time and money well spent.

Mrs. Grace Perkins Patillo would like to hear from Mrs. Eva Bragdon Judd.

ART NOTES.

The number of living French artists who have been decorated with the Legion of Honor Cross is three hundred and sixty-nine, or about one per cent of the whole legion. Meissonier is one of the grand officers.

The museum at Nuremberg has bought the Prince Sulkowsky's collection of arms, one of the best in Germany; as well as a very fine portrait of the school of Dürer.

There is at the Paris Exhibition a three-fourths-length portrait of Meissonier, painted by himself.

J. M. Munday is probably the only blind sculptor in the country. He has nearly finished a fine statue of a soldier. Its progress is necessarily slow, as he has to work entirely by feeling.

Among recent additions to the British National Gallery are a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte and one of a young man by Gainsborough.

It is said that a large picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," by Rubens, has been discovered in England.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Lilian Russell is one of the best comic opera singers now before the public. In fact, she and Miss Laura Bellini are at the head of that field of stage vocalism in this country.

Mme. Minnie Hauk has purchased a villa near Lucerne.

Never in the whole history of music in Boston has there been anything more ridiculous or unjust than the manner in which the tickets for the Symphony concerts have been sold.

Gustav Lange is dead.

Mr. Leandro Campanari has returned to Boston from Milan.

Nilsson says she is n't deaf.

The Yale Glee Cub purpose making an extended concert tour next season.

An amateur brass band at Millerton has determined to give satisfaction at all hazards. It has resolved to disband.

EXCHANGES.

The articles in the *Vassar Miscellany* are tritely written, for such a paper. The exchange column is very bright and fresh.

The placid looking *Tuftonian* arrives, and asserts its good qualities with its usual equanimity; no barbaric customs, full subscription lists, *et cetera*, but we are surprised to note that "college politics" and "petty jealousies" can have cropped out and marred the serenity.

Of the small sheets sent us to peruse, the palm must undoubtedly be given to *The Princetonian*. It contains the every-day news, yet finds some space to interest its foreign reader.

The extreme brilliancy of a recent article in the *Colby Echo* is seldom surpassed, and, we hope, never equalled.

The *Brunonian* and *Dartmouth* have, at the same time, written in brief upon the question which has been discussed so much. But listen to what they say. The *Brunonian:* "After all, we come to college not so much for tennis or base-ball as for study. Athletics are undeniably important and valuable, but the four years that we spend within these walls are primarily intended for the training of the mind." The *Dartmouth:* "To make young men familiarly acquainted with letters is not the sole object of this or any other college. While a student should always endeavor to attain a *satisfactory* standing in his studies, he should not neglect that physical training, which is so necessary," etc. The speech of the latter seems to be the speaking of the general voice, and the good writing in college papers consists largely of vivid descriptions of the many branches of athletics. More than a *satisfactory* standing is expected there, too.

As was once said of Satan, by one who was was never known to speak ill of any person (a lesson here for us all), that he was persistent, at any rate, so may we speak of the *Daily Crimson*. It is doubtless of much value in the college, and even we, at this distance, can glean from it now and then.

The *Yale Record* is unusually bright, and offers much sparkling wit to its many readers.

THE first two chapters of the talked-of "Kismet," in the *Dickinson Liberal*, have appeared. Some of the ideas contained are painfully realistic, but it is written in an easy manner. In this same paper we notice a prominence of one Miss Mallelieu, and if M. after "Kismet" does not stand for the same, we shall look for her to figure upon the editorial staff.

The Tech, with its brilliant covering, prophesies bright things within; and we are not disappointed. We accord it a high place in our list of exchanges.

Is it not surprising, that strikingly noticeable fact that in all our papers it is necessary to write long articles urging our students to subscribe for their school papers? But few papers have not found it necessary to do this this fall. What is the matter? Are we becoming lazy, or are our members too retiring to come forward into their literary spheres of school life? Let us hope that the account books may be helped to balance, and let us all be more loyal with our aid, both by funds and literature; then the editors will have to bewail the loss of one subject for their editorials.

THE *Wesleyan Argus*, though lacking somewhat in interest, contains a beautifully and skilfully written sketch of Edward Rowland Hill.

Too much can hardly be said of the *Ogontz Mosaic* as to its high literary standard, systematic compilation of the volume, and general interest.

VARIETY is the spice of "life," we will admit, but, notwithstanding we appreciate the frequent appearance of love stories amongst the college literature of deeper calibre, still something is undoubtedly lacking in the sentiment of the writers, for the stories are vapid and tiresome, for the most part. Let them be sprightly, if they must appear.

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE members of the Parnellite party who have been travelling through Australia have finished their tour. They have collected $100,000 to advance the Irish cause. They will now go to New Zealand.

THE proclamation setting apart Thursday, Nov. 28, as a day of national thanksgiving was issued by President Harrison, Nov. 1.

THE Swiss government has prohibited the holding of meetings by the Salvation Army and has closed the halls occupied by the Salvationists.

A LETTER from Honolulu states that Albert Loomens, one of the leaders in the insurrection last July, has been sentenced to be hanged the first week in December.

THE strike of the coal-miners in Belgium has collapsed.

Strikes have spread even to Egypt. The Cairo cigarette makers are the first to introduce this Western system into the land of the Pharaohs, having struck against some very strict regulations enforced by their employers.

THE municipal elections held throughout Italy on Sunday, Nov. 3, resulted in victories for the liberals and radicals, and defeat for the clericals.

THE payment of the debts of the late king of Bavaria will not be completed until 1905. They are now being paid off out of the Bavaria civil list, at the rate of £55,000 a year.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A BOTANICAL garden has been established in the Alps of Valais, at an elevation of more than fifty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is situated on a cone-shaped knoll, about two hundred feet high, and is composed of a number of natural terraces, planted with *Pirrus cembra* and larch. It faces north, east, and west; on the summit is a plateau facing south, on which will be a little *chalet*, containing the library and herbarium of the garden.

THE Emperor of Brazil sent a telegram to the Paris Academy of Sciences announcing an observation of globular lightning on Sept. 16.

A TRAM-CAR line is being constructed in the Argentine Republic which will connect Buenos Ayres with the surrounding towns, and will, when completed, extend over two hundred miles. The cars are to be drawn by horses, which are cheap and plentiful in South America; while fuel, both wood and coal, is scarce and expensive.

THE deepest bore-hole in the world, claimed at different times for a number of places, is, accord-

ing to latest accounts, at Schladebach, a small German village near Leipsic. It measures about 5,735 feet.

A COMPANY is now putting down a shaft into Grand Avenue Cave, four miles from Mammouth Cave, for the purpose of bringing up the air and putting it into the rooms of a large hotel which they propose to build, both as a pleasure resort and a sanatorium.

A SUBTERRANEAN river has been discovered in the Department of Lot, France. The discoverers worked their way down stream for two miles through a succession of wonderful grottos sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on their way, and had to shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids.

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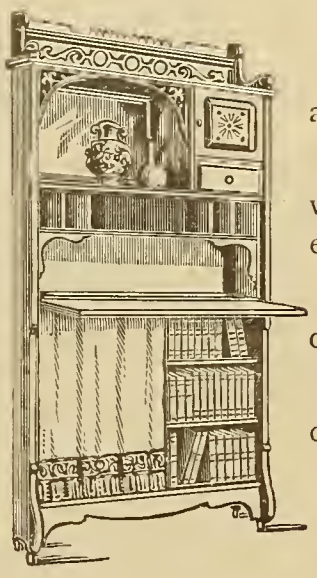
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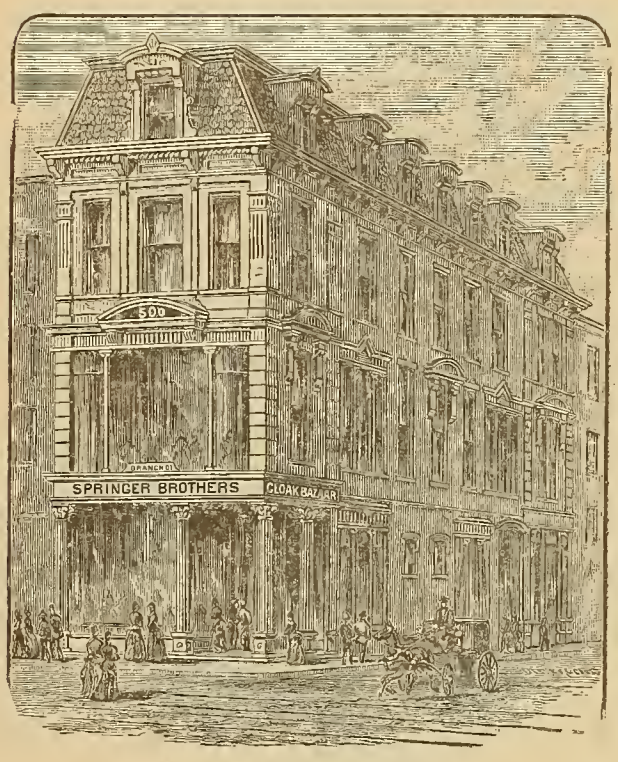
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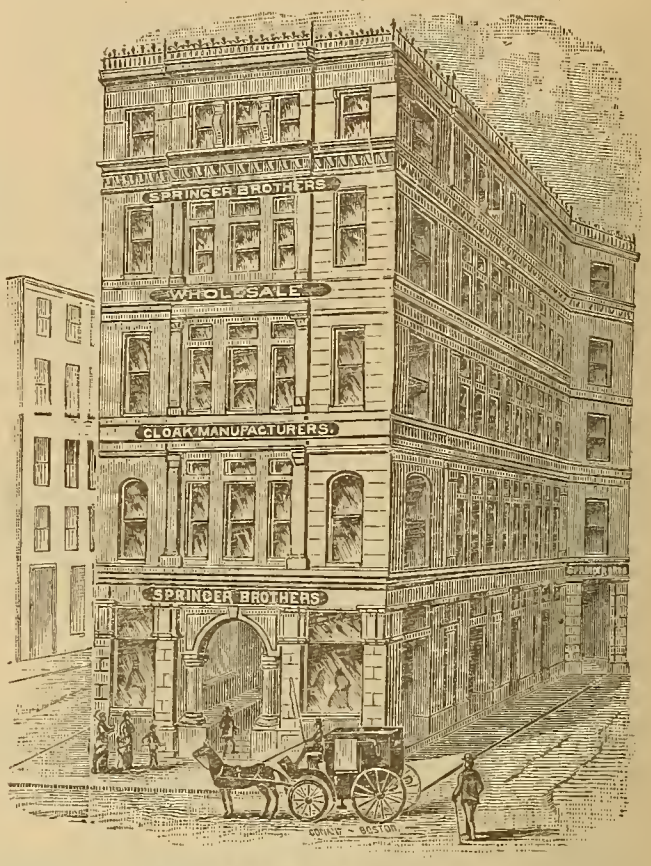
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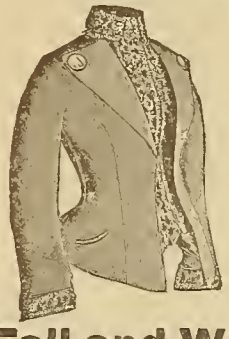
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In this enlightened age of society, we see no reason why girls should be less independent than boys. We see no reason why they may not take their places in life on an equal footing with the masculine portion of the community. Now, do not imagine that we intend to advance any wild or fanatical ideas; we mean simply to ask why women should not be as able to support themselves as men. When the boy's education is completed, he does not return to his home, fold his hands, and expect his father to support him; he feels that the time for him to enter upon a more active life has arrived. He fits himself for some profession, or enters some business, and henceforth he is self-supporting. All this we heartily approve. We should have but a poor opinion of him were he to become a mere drone in the social hive. But how different it is with the average girl! She is graduated, her school-days are over, and she returns to her father's home, dependent upon his bounty, unwilling, and, in too many cases, utterly unable, to help herself. This is not as it should be. The average woman is possessed of average common-sense, and she ought to be able to provide for herself as well and as comfortably as her father or brother can provide for her. As well, did we say? Perhaps that statement is somewhat sweeping, but at any rate she should be able to rely upon herself. The young woman who is content always to live upon the means of others, no matter how willing or how able they may be to support her, displays a surprising lack of independence and energy. It has often been said that one never knows the value of a dollar until he has earned it; nor is anything quite so good as something one has acquired through one's own efforts. How, then, can our dependent friend gain this needed knowledge or experience this sweet pleasure? We cannot understand why it should seem quite the

expected thing that the daughter shall remain in comparative idleness at home, while the son must needs devote every moment to untiring industry. This is not right or just, and we predict that the next hundred years will work a radical change in this direction.

Many women are becoming self-supporting, and more are being educated and fitted for some definite aim in life. It is impossible to accomplish much with but a smattering of this and a smattering of that; and women are beginning to realize that this is true. They see the importance of preparing themselves carefully for life's race, and the future looks bright.

Let no woman think that she will be more respectable if supported by her father than she will be if supported by her own exertions. Good common-sense and pluck are respected and esteemed wherever met.

Once more we hail the approach of vacation; every one is happy, and every face lights up at the thought of the three weeks in which we are to be free from scholastic duties. Not that our love for Lasell has vanished, but it is so delightful to anticipate the mornings when the harsh sound of the gong shall not dispel our sweet morning's slumber, — to dream of the days that are to bring us so much of pleasure and jollity.

"Sweet is pleasure after pain," says one of the poets, and observation has taught us that the particular pleasures which vacation brings are also sweet after long days of study; sweeter, perhaps, because they are not every-day occurrences to us. for that which we have always we seldom, if ever, appreciate. What perverse creatures we poor human beings are! Never contented with what we have, always desiring something beyond our reach, and yet if our wishes are gratified we are usually as discontented as in the beginning. Edgar Poe's "Imp of the Perverse" seems to possess every one of us. But let us not indulge in such melancholy reflections, for surely our vacation will be all that we can desire. Let us then continue to look forward to bright and joyous holidays, when all hearts shall be filled with peace and good-will, and our dreams of vacation shall at length be realized. To the weary and care-burdened editor the Christmas season is especially suggestive of rest. No longer will the few ideas which we possess be cast upon a cold and unsympathetic public; the "midnight oil" will be a thing of the past, and thoughts of unfilled columns will no longer reduce us to despair. There will be no more articles to "grind out," no more contributions to be solicited, and we shall no longer be ostracized from the companionship of our friends and neighbors; for as we shall have no further need of ideas for editorials, we shall not render ourselves obnoxious to those around us. Even now we see a softening on the part of our room-mate. She has not been to us all that she might have been, for has she not rebelled when we have wished to read to her our editorials for the eighteenth time? Has she not cast bitter reproaches upon us? But now that Christmas is approaching, she again becomes reconciled to us, and peace and rest seem about to take up their abode with us. Surely these delightful thoughts can but make us long for vacation; we feel that life is yet worth the living; and now, as we turn from our literary labors, let us wish you all a "Merry Christmas," and good by.

Woman's everlasting befrilled, bedizened and bedraggled style of dress is to-day doing more harm to children unborn, born, and dying, than all other causes that compel public attention. With ligatured lungs and liver as our past inheritance and present slavery, the wonder is that such small heads can carry all we know. Catch Edison and constrict him inside a wasp-waistcoat, and be sure you 'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck, and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you 'll have no more epics; put Parnell into petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause; treat Powderly in the same fashion, and the powder-mine of failure will blow up the labor movement. Niggardly waists and niggardly brains go together. The emancipation of one will always keep pace with the other; a ligature around the vital organs at the smallest diameter of the womanly figure means an impoverished blood supply in the brain, and may explain why women scream when they see a mouse, and why they are so afraid of a term which should be their glory as it is of their brothers, viz., *strong-minded.* — *Frances E. Willard's annual address.*

GLIMPSES FROM MY WINDOW IN THE "FIFTH STORY BACK."

WHAT wondrous flights one's fancy takes, away up here in this airy cell, apart from the world, yet gazing out upon it, as from an observatory, without the necessity of stepping down from the lofty height and mingling with the seething throng!

There is certainly something delightful about this noisy solitude. Yet still do I feel myself growing lonely when the sun has cast his last rays on the buildings opposite, and darkness brings with it the plaintive wails of — I would like to say — *millions* of cats to make night anything but "a joy forever." Ah, the nocturns in E flat, the pizzicati movements in sharps of all sorts, and sometimes little conversational recitatives with friends in the next block! Do you suppose "Sally in our Alley," that lovely traditional maid of English song, was lulled to sleep each night by such heavenly strains? Such a pity that the fact of this dark beauty haunting and brightening an alley should subject her to such unpoetic companions as *cats!* Rather let us imagine that fair creature rocked to sleep in a spider's web, with fairies to sing a lullaby!

But alas! there is no "Sally" in *our* alley, though I have looked hard for the pretty maid. The only Sally visible bears the names of Minerva, or "Nerve," as I hear her called. She occasionally appears at the gate, with her calico sleeves rolled up, her apron over her arm, and leans both brawny elbows on the fence, while the butcher's boy from his cart relates all the gossip of the day. Poor Mistress Minerva! This one "gintleman" is her only glimpse of the outside world, beyond the back gate; and what wonder that, while her hungry soul drinks in choice bits of gossip, she should forget the steak over the fire, or let the soup boil over! Friends, do not grumble if the meat is scorched: the cook is fond of society!

My window faces dozens of other windows of other boarding-houses, and I often find myself wondering what kind of lives all these people live whose heads appear now and then at the windows. I think perhaps the young lady opposite me is dramatic in her tastes, for she throws up the sash with a theatrical air, and listens, as if she expected a Romeo to call to her from the alley below, then sighs, brings a hand-mirror, fixes her bang, and finally draws the curtain and shuts out the cold, irresponsive world. Presently I see a light over there, and I wonder if she is going through all the Juliet agonies according to Monsieur Delsarte, or is decking herself in all the graceful draperies of a tea-gown to receive Romeo at the front door. Alas, even imagination can travel only so far; so I, too, draw my curtain, and cogitate upon the many mysteries about me.

Now, there is the apple man, the banana man, the rags-old-iron man, who ride up and down the alley, singing their wares in varying keys, and with often quite brilliant musical effects; and there are, too, their patient, bony nags trudging along in front of them, out of this alley into many other alleys, probably believing in their lean and hungry hearts that the world is made up of alleys where visions of green grass-plots never appear, and only a bit of hay hanging from some mow comes within reach of their noses now and then. Poor old beasts! After they have accomplished the destined number of alley journeys, let us hope they will find at the end one grand hay mow, where they may eat their fill and be forever happy.

So we go, here in this alley, each human being and each animal working out his own destiny, each a part of the great machine of life, which works with a great rumble and roar in this big city. No one seems to have time to stop to rest, or *think*, and each one feels that if he takes his shoulder one instant from the fickle wheel of Fortune it will turn the other way, and instantly crush him. '87.

LOST GIRLS.

IF the Lasell girls fail now and then to receive a call from their old Principal, it would be well for them to reflect whether it may not be due to a forgetfulness on their part. Recently, having a few hours at my disposal in Portland, I thought I'd call on some of the "Ancient and Honorables." Finding my way to 408 Cumberland Street, I inquired for Mrs. Grace Fribley Pennell. "Why, she has n't lived here for two years!" "Can you give me her present address?" "No, sir." After a delightful call on Mrs. Jennie West Atwood and her husband in their beautiful home,

I tried 84 Carleton Street for Anne Gilson. "I think she lives on Thomas Street, but am not sure." Not having time to try experiments, I forego, also, the pleasure of seeing *her*.

Next call is on Alice Brown Perry, whose address stands unchanged on our register as 30 Deering Street. "Nobody here of that name, nor has n't been for a long time," is the answer of the servant. Inquiring as to her present home brings out the mistress, who is equally ignorant, and I give that up too. I am fortunate enough to find Lucy Pennell, and succeed at last in running the gauntlet of a very vigilant mother who is willing to throw herself into the breach to *defend Lucy from itinerant pedlers*, and having a few very pleasant moments with both Lucy *and* her mother. Gertrude Smith is also at home and looking well, though bothered a good deal with a brother about to plunge into matrimony.

So three out of six whom I was able to reach have changed addresses without remembering that their old school would like to know every such change.

See what sorrow it gave to me and what relief to them! C. C. B.

THE LEGEND OF THE FASHION FIEND.

I HAVE read, in a musty old volume, a story said to have been written by the Cumæan Sybil. She inscribed it on twelve cypress leaves, and placed the leaves on the ledge of a rock in her Avernian cave. A light breeze coming in, blew seven of them into one niche in the stone. Having remained in this niche two thousand years, they were discovered by the compiler of our old tome.

In the Introduction of his book, we have the story of the Fashion Fiend as it was first written. The soul of Fashion, which, as Plato said, was like the souls of other men, a spark of divine fire, Jupiter placed in an acanthus stalk, and sent it, under the care of the rainbow, down to earth. Unfortunately, it could not come all the way by the side of its kindly guide. On leaving her, it darted down to earth with such rapidity that, dashing itself against a stone, the stalk was shivered into many pieces, and the soul of the Fiend, which, in the beginning, was one large spark, on landing snapped into three parts. Forthwith, the three sparks were clothed in the likeness of man; hence, we have a tripartite Fashion Fiend.

Here, on account of missing leaves, the story breaks off, and we hear nothing more about the three individuals until we come to the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning Astraces, the most important one of the three. This prophecy is given in the first chapter, and is as follows: —

I, the Sibyl, the guardian of Lake Avernus, I, inspired by shining Apollo, prophesy from the hundred roaring mouths of this Plutonic cave concerning Astraces,—Astraces the embodiment of the largest third of divine fire sent by omnipotent Jove, sent by Olympian Zeus, in the acanthus stalk. Listen, ye purple cypresses and ye complaining firs; hearken, ye great mountains and ye little hills, and I will tell you of Astraces, the Fashion Fiend, Astraces, whose power shall rule the world.

Having breathed the vital air for twenty years, he shall depart from the place which gave him birth, and shall go to the land of the rising sun, to a country by the sea, by the great sea. Here he shall set up his Lares; here he shall establish his Penates. To this people shall he bring the fashion of a cruel thing, the fashion of a sandal, made by the followers of Vulcan, to cover the feet of the people. These shall he compel the people to wear; thus shall he cripple the feet of the people; thus shall he cripple the foundation of the kingdom.

Woe to you, Astraces, when this day shall come; when you no longer shall roll the wheel of life; when you no longer shall spin out your thread on earth; when Atrepos, with her scissors, shall cut it short: for then shall you descend to grim Pluto's kingdom; then shall you be purged with the fires of Erebus, drink your Lethean draught, and rise to the upper world. You shall dwell in a country to the far west, and there, in the days of one Charles Lamb, you shall establish the order of the "Bluecoat School." For this you shall be blest, and, when you have lived your allotted time, with me you shall visit Pluto's kingdom. Charon, in his iron-colored skiff, shall smile upon you. Cerberus, content with my cake steeped in honey and the sleepy poppy, shall suffer you to pass. Then shall you hear the music of the spheres,

and of Orpheus picking the lyre with his fingers and the ivory quill. You shall see the blessed spirits beating the dance and singing the pæan. When you have seen these things, then shall you be hung up on a tree, while Auster and Boreas shall blow away your faults. You must then again drink of the river of forgetfulness, and once more rise to the upper air, for the earth will have need of you.

The people shall call you by the name of Worth. Easily shall the people be influenced. Your power shall be felt all round the world. Then, in those days of the nineteenth century, you shall touch the highest point of all your greatness, but from the full meridian of your glory you shall haste to your setting, when you shall fall, like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man shall see you more. Your thin shade will need but little purging. Its contamination, from contact with your earthy body, by a bellows shall be blown away, and you shall dwell forever in the Elysian Fields. Never again shall you rise to the troubled earth, for you shall have finished your allotted work, in doing good, and, by the medium of your designs, in giving much comfort to the human race. This is a true saying. I, the Sibyl, have spoken. "*Sic placitum parcis.*" M. H. S., '90.

A TRUE STORY.

A TALE of shipwreck is always interesting to children. The following one has become a household story on the coast of Long Island, and is often repeated to the old as well as the young, since it illustrates the attachment of a poor dumb animal to its protectors: —

It was in the winter of 1875 that a schooner was wrecked on Lloyd's Neck, some distance from the Eaton's Neck lighthouse, which is one of the most important on the island.

At that time there was no life-saving station there, only an old shanty on the beach, in which was kept a small life-boat and oars. They were placed there and kept in order by the people of the village near by, and during a storm a crew would go down and be in readiness to render assistance to any boats in distress.

The night of which I speak was bitter cold, the wind had been blowing a gale all day, and the water was forming into ice as fast as it could. It was almost impossible to hear the fog-whistle above the roaring of the sea, although it was kept blowing almost incessantly.

During all this, a boat, perhaps from placid waters, for she was from the south, was battling against that storm, not knowing the dangers of the rocky coast. At length the crew could do no more to keep her off the rocks, and she was beaten against them with all the fury of the storm. After firing the last charge of powder the sailors could do nothing but cling to the rigging, with hands almost frozen; one and another dropped into the icy water, until only the captain and his wife, lashed to the rigging, remained.

But let us pause here a moment and see what the men on shore did to save the unfortunate crew: they launched the life-boat, — some ready enough to risk their lives; others hesitated a moment, for it was such a long row, and so little chance of saving any one; but soon all were working with their utmost strength to gain the side of the doomed boat.

What a pitiful sight met them there! Only two of the crew remained, and as the rescuing party lifted their insensible forms into the boat, they found in what a miraculous way their lives had been preserved.

The captain and his wife had a pet monkey, who always accompanied them on their voyages; they were very much attached to him, as he was to them, and while they were clinging to the boat, the poor little thing, almost frozen, had crawled from one to the other, nestling in their bosoms, and by the warmth of his body had kept them from freezing. When they were rescued it was found that the monkey was dead.

LOCALS.

A LITTLE maid,
So timid, said,
"I'll go to the tank and swim."
Oh, how she did boast,
But gave up the ghost
When she was fairly in.

A LARGE party, which had been waiting for a favorable day, went down the harbor for a sail and visit to Fort Warren, Monday, Nov. 11.

Friday, Nov. 29, a small party of the girls walked to Weston to see the monument erected by Prof. Horsford, on the site of the old Norumbega Fort. They took the view from the top, crossed the dike of the Cambridge water works into Waltham, and home past the paper manufactory.

A portion of the pupils attended a concert for the Church of the Messiah, Wednesday evening, Dec. 4.

A young lady, on being informed of Jeff Davis's death, inquired, "Is he any relation to Prof. Davis?" "Yes," replied her friend, "first cousin." Young lady then retired to weep bitter tears.

Another friend, a bright member of the United States History class, remarked, "Why, has he been living all these years? Thought he was killed in the war."

After two weeks' absence Mr. Wright resumed his interesting lectures on the Bible, Thursday evening, Dec. 5.

One of our number cannot see how the drill skirts can possibly all be of a uniform length, "For," she argues, "some girls are longer waisted than others."

Maiden (*busily crocheting*). — Where do we get Angora wool, anyhow?

B. — Don't you know? Cats.

(Maiden crochets *more* busily.)

Miss X (*approaching Miss Y, who wears a white ribbon*). — Is that the badge of a secret society?

Miss Y. — No. The Y. W. C. T. U. badge.

Miss X. (*puzzled*). — What 's that?

(And she 's not from Kentucky.)

Wednesday eve, Nov. 27, a party of pupils attended the grand concert of Sarasate and D'Albert at Music Hall, Boston.

Rev. C. W. Shelton, a graduate of Yale, who has been many years in the West among the Sioux and Dakota Indians, preached at the Auburndale Congregational Church, Sunday, Nov. 24. A large number of pupils who attend that church being much interested, he was induced to come to the seminary in the evening and give further descriptions of Indian life, Indian wrongs, and the progress of Christian missions among the tribes. Mr. Shelton succeeded in awakening the enthusiasm of his hearers to such a degree that it was proposed to take up a collection to defray the expenses of a young Indian girl, Jennie Cox (Indian name, Winona), who has volunteered to teach among her own people, the Sioux. The amount pledged upon the spot was $280. Since then over $100 has been raised, making a total of almost $400.

Some one having said that of course it was the Western girls who were learning to swim, — of course the Eastern all know how, — the tally was taken and resulted as follows: —

Eight Eastern, seven Western, four Southern, are in the present list of learners. So it seems the Eastern need the lessons as much as the Western.

Teacher (*in cooking class*). — Now, young ladies, what would you do, if you were housekeeping, with these lady-fingers left from the charlotte russe?

Chorus of Young Ladies. — Eat them.

Please inform a curious maiden what diseases are caught from a mustache? Dear girl, the only disease we know of, which is contracted in that manner, is a *fever blister*.

MARRIED.

Nov. 6, at Omaha, Neb., Fannie V. Dillrance to William J. Coots. At home, after Dec. 15, 1234 Tenth Street, South.

Nov. 27, Harriet Woodcock to DeWitt Clinton DeWolf. At home, Thursday, Dec. 19, from three until nine o'clock, 3629 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Alice Miller, since last April Mrs. Wm. P. Kennard, passed out of this life Dec. 12, at her new home in Waukegan, Ill., where Mr. Kennard had just joined in manufacturing business with Mr. Jebb, Anna Baker's husband. The fatal disease was pneumonia. She was in this school in '82 and '83, and won the esteem and affection of all by her worth of character and amiability of disposition. With her husband she paid us a visit last October, and was as bright and sweet as ever.

Every prospect was bright for success and happiness. To us the change seems very sudden. We mourn her truly, yet not without hope. Our hearty sympathy is given to the bereaved young husband, her mother, and all the family, to whom she was so attached.

MARGIE DURFEE passed away Nov. 19, at her home in Marion, Ohio. Her sufferings are ended and she has entered into rest. But alas for those who remain! They have our heartiest sympathy.

PERSONALS.

RUBY BLAISDELL has given up her plan for teaching. She is painting and studying art, with the leisure of boarding. They are at the Evans House, in Springfield. She has seen Sadie Hitchcock, and is to visit Ada Marsh.

MINNIE ROUTT was married early in November. Don't know the name.

LULU WELLS will be married in December. Nellie Brown, sister of Jennie, is also to marry next month.

NETTIE KEENER is "astonishingly quiet" at home, so some one says. She always was a quiet little body, but we wish she would make a little noise and let us hear from her.

IDELLE PHELPS and Mary McMann are again away at school.

IRENE CUSHMAN has been visiting in Denver.

FANNIE HANSCOME HERBERT is busy buying furniture for a new house.

SOPHIE WHITE talks of old-time girls, as Helen Winslow, Edith Gilmore, Annie Harbaugh Strobel. The latter has gone to housekeeping in Philadelphia. Jessie Godfrey is not very well. Lillie Wadhams has been visiting Sophie. Sophie was at Fort Wayne last year, and had long talks about Lasell with Jennie Ninde. Lu Orrell is in Europe. She is to marry a Chicago lawyer. Sophie means to come to visit Jessie Macmillan and Lasell, but is not certain when that may happen.

GERTRUDE EARLY sends for a Lasell pin, and apologizes for being so late. She was ill for months, and unable to write.

MANY Lasell people who have enjoyed the excellent art lectures of Rev. Henry G. Spaulding this season, and began to feel a friendly interest in the lecturer himself, learn with painful regret of his late bereavement, in the sudden death of his daughter. All reports speak highly of this young lady. How great a loss to her parents and friends!

MINNIE E. STRICKLAND (Mrs. Whitney), of Warren, Mass., writes from Brooklyn, N. Y., to ask for the LASELL LEAVES and pin. She speaks of some "girls of her time": Esther Bridgman Lane, who has a fine young son. Susie Alling Baldwin has lost her mother. Susie is still in Rome. Her mother died suddenly. What a sad home-coming for Susie!

NELLIE FERGUSON CONANT has another little son, born Oct. 19, named Morris Ferguson. Nellie is afraid she is "doing more for Brown University than for Lasell," as her children are both boys. She lives in Pawtucket, R. I.

MR C. W. SANDERSON, the artist, held a reception last month, in his studio at 20 Beacon Street, Boston, to which Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon were invited. It was to see a clay model of an equestrian statue of Gen. P. H. Sheridan. The company were much pleased, especially with the fine action shown in the figure. It is of colossal size. The sculptor, Mr. Samuel Kitson, and his wife were present; charming people, whose home is in Rome.

THE Beethoven Club held a fine concert at Chickering Hall the evening of Dec. 5. Thanks are due for complimentary tickets to Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, with regrets that they could not be present. The programme was excellent.

MR. I. T. JONES, Lina's father, of the firm of Jones & Heald, dealers in Cape Cod cranberries, at Sandwich, Mass., has just sent Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon a case of this fine fruit, with the compliments of himself and family, Miss Lina in particular, to spice our Thanksgiving feast. A very acceptable gift at this season of the year.

MARY B. STEBBINS is studying design in New York, and "enjoying every moment." She is at a school for artist-artisans, which she thinks most excellent. She is evidently putting her heart into it, and success must come.

ELIZABETH M. CAMPBELL is still busy studying the kindergarten methods. She tells of the engagement of Kittie Colony, but as we do not have it from headquarters we are not at liberty to give the gentleman's name.

INEZ BRAGG writes in a very thankful spirit that her father is improving in health. He and her mother are in California, where the family will probably eventually make their home. Inez is doing a brave work.

A VERY interesting letter from Mary G. Beckwith, of the Sandwich Islands, gives an account of her teaching in a native school. She is only a substitute, but likes the work so well that she may remain permanently, for the year at least. She had a remarkable trip around the island of Maui, which is her home. The party went on horseback, but were often obliged to walk. The six hundred miles' circuit furnished great variety of travel on mountains and through ravines, camping at nights and seeing great variety of scenery. The same party propose at Christmas to explore the crater of Kaleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world, thirty miles in circumference.

GRACE HUNTINGTON uses the typewriter in her father's office, and wonders that the girls this year do not aim to acquire short-hand. She finds it very useful, and thinks they are missing most excellent opportunities. She has lately met Beth Brownell, and sees Kittie Totman and Blanche Pruyne every day.

OUR former pupil, Frances L. Gregg, is now teaching at Barre, Mass. She wishes, however, to prosecute her studies still further, that she may become better fitted for continuous work. Her great ambition is to become a teacher at Lasell. She is now hoping that a party will go to Europe from Lasell which she may join. She writes to make inquiries whether Mr. Bragdon or Mr. Shepherd are going next summer. Miss Gregg's mother and a friend also wish to join the Lasell party. Miss Gregg is very loyal to Lasell, and wishes herself back, for she thinks the advantages here are increasing every year.

HELEN H. THRESHER has accepted a position in the Burgess Institute, Auburndale, as teacher in music.

FANNIE BARBOUR sends thanks for a copy of the Commencement address which was sent to each graduate. She is expecting to be at the school at the next Commencement, and knows that five of her classmates propose to meet her at that time. She describes herself as always impatient to see the LEAVES, and hear about old friends. We shall be very glad to see Fannie and her classmates.

MR. THADDEUS S. C. LOWE, our long-time genial friend and patron, father of two of our present pupils, and of three in the past, is known to the public as an inventor, aeronaut, and scientist of truly distinguished merit. He has recently taken his original lighting process to California, and the "Lowe Gas and Electric Company" has made some brilliant exhibitions in the principal cities. At Los Angeles, on Sept. 30, at the Pavilion Fair, the first prize was awarded to the Lowe gas. It was in constant use there in lighting, heating, and cooking. A paper called *Los Angeles Life* has a quite extended sketch of Mr. Lowe's life, labors, inventions, and successes, showing how he has risen by his ability and merit. He was a New Hampshire boy, born of a family of small pecuniary possessions. He was first widely known to the public by the construction and use of an aerostat six times larger than any other ever built. President Lincoln employed his aid in balloon service during the war, Prof. Lowe constantly making new inventions in aeronautics, and these inventions being of benefit in this and other countries. In 1867 he invented the manufacture of ice, now in general use in warm countries, and from 1872 to 1875 brought out the water gas, now lighting over two hundred cities. The Franklin Institute of Philadelphia has awarded him three medals and a diploma, — the highest award ever given to one man by this institution.

A SMALL book lately issued, called "The Popular Manual of Visible Speech and Vocal Physiology," has been presented to the library. It is one of many similar books by Prof. A. Melville Bell, father of the telephone inventor, who doubtless owes his success in part to his training at home in the science of sound. This book gives symbols depicting the position of the vocal organs when emitting any sound. All possible linguistic effects can be expressed by the symbols

with universal intelligibility. The book is intended for any school, to teach the exact pronunciation of language, and to correct or remove defects and impediments of utterance It expounds the science of speech. The teaching of articulation to the deaf will be especially facilitated by the methods inculcated.

ART NOTES.

THE art wealth of the Paris municipality in paintings, sculpture, engravings, etc., is estimated at $2,500,000, outside of the great treasures owned by the nation.

ONE of the three American sculptors who received honorable mention in the Paris Exhibition this year was Miss T. A. Ruggles of Brookline, Mass., a girl of eighteen years.

A FINE monument of Goethe is to be erected in Central Park, New York. The sculptor is Henry Baerer, who designed the Beethoven monument.

THERE is on exhibition in a Paris gallery a collection of seven cartoons on canvas, thought to be by Raphael, from which the tapestries in the Vatican were executed.

MR. CHARLES G. DANA, whose marine pictures are well known, has returned from Paris and opened a studio in Boston. He will devote his time entirely to portrait painting.

J. H. CALLIGA is expected in Boston this month.

IT is thought that the work of American artists at the Paris Exhibition is not a fairly representative one; the more important pictures being held by private owners and rarely contributed.

KARL KŒPPING, the etcher, who was recently awarded a medal at the Paris Exhibition, received $12,000, for the plate of Munkaczy's "Christ Before Pilate."

No art exhibition held annually in this country shows so much of the best recent work of American artists at home and abroad as the one held in connection with the Chicago Exposition.

MR. W. W. CHURCHILL, JR., has returned, after a European trip.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET'S "The Angelus" arrived in New York safely in October. It will be in the American Art Exhibition.

A GENUINE Stradivarius is said to have been sold lately for $10,000.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

"AS a supplement to Edison's improved phonograph, a Mr. Gueroult proposes to introduce a small apparatus that will represent the face and the gestures of the persons speaking through the instrument. Mr. Gurroult suggests that while the cylinder of the phonograph is being turned to register the speech, instantaneous photos of the speaker should be taken at equal intervals of one tenth of a second. Supposing, for instance, one revolution of the cylinder to last thirty seconds; three hundred photos will be obtained in that time, which, after being spread out, are attached to the small apparatus, and made to rotate at the same speed as the cylinder. As the photos pass in succession before the eyes of the spectator, the apparatus reproduces the movements of the speaker simultaneously with his words, owing to the fixity of the impressions made on the retina. Moreover, the precision of these successive images is secured, as there is not a syllable that can be pronounced in less than one tenth of a second, so that the gestures and facial expression will closely correspond with the sentences uttered by the phonograph. In this way it is possible to reproduce the text of a speech together with the gestures and physiognomy of the orator."

VEGETABLE flannel is a material now being largely manufactured in Germany out of pine leaves. The fibre is spun, knitted, and woven into under-garments and clothing of various kinds; it is also used as stuffing, closely resembling horse-hair, and costs only about one third as much.

A CARRIER pigeon has just been turned to a curious use in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon. The first experiment was made from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, and the subject photographed was the winter palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impenetrable to the light; and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, who safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkoro.

PROF. CHANDLER, who has been studying the fogs of London, finds that the mass of fog that

hangs over that city every day weighs no less than 6,000 tons, and contains in the course of a year $12,000,000 worth of carbon.

"THE scientific experiments of a Parisian have proved that daylight entirely ceases in the Mediterranean at a depth of 1,518 feet."

POLITICAL NOTES.

THE Messrs. Rothschild have consented to support the Brazilian Republic on condition that the union be preserved, and that order be maintained.

THE British have started two expeditions against the Chins, on the western boundary of Upper Burmah. One expedition goes from India on the west, and the other from Upper Burmah on the east, expecting to fall upon the enemy simultaneously. The Chins have been making raids on surrounding tribes, and stealing victims for sacrifice, according to their custom.

A PLOT has been discovered in Belgrade, in which a number of Russian officials are said to be implicated. Its design was to depose King Alexander, and put Prince Peter Karageorgevich on the throne. Several of the conspirators have been arrested.

MUSICAL NOTES.

TARTINI, the great musical composer, dreamed that he made a contract with Satan, the latter ever to be in the composer's service. He then dreamed he handed Satan a violin and commanded him to play it, when Diabolus played music so sweet that the composer was awakened by it. On realizing that it was a dream, he at once rose and tried to reproduce the piece; the result was Tartini's most famous piece, "Devil's Sonata."

THERE was a grand American concert at Trocadéro this summer under the direction of M. Franck von der Stuker. M. Willis Nowell, our old violin teacher, took part.

ALBANI will probably give a few concerts in New York and Boston, after fulfilling her engagement in Italian opera with Manager H. E. Abbey.

PARIS, it is reported, will soon have a new opera house, under the management of Carvalho, former director of the Opera Comique. It is his intention to produce mainly works of French composers of the present generation.

EXCHANGES.

THE new dress of the *Phillips Exeter Literary* reminds us forcibly of the dainty holiday books of poems, and is enticing to the worn-out exchange editor who is rummaging through the piles of books and papers he has seen so often. Inside, he is not disappointed, for many gems are there, and easily found.

THE general call for better verse seems to have been promptly obeyed. In many of the exchanges we see a great improvement from the early fall efforts, and there is more verse sprinkled throughout the numbers.

THE editorials in the *Polytechnic* are well written, and pointed.

MAY the gentle breezes that play about Kent's Hill carry with them, in due course of time, sense of the beauties of orthography, and may they, in company with others, some day spell *Lasell* with but one *s*.

IN the *Harvard Advocate* we are touched by the plaintiveness of "Elise," told so feelingly. However, Harvard men evidently think no man's vanity lasts until death, which mixes a little ridiculous with the sublime.

THE *Bowdoin Orient*, in a short editorial, sharply depicts the Thanksgiving recess in a single sentence, and presents general truths in a few more, which would we might all realize and follow.

IN the *University Cynic* we learn "The Costs of an Education"; the statements are only too true, and we would echo the sentiment that the struggling ones may some time see the paths made smoother and less steep.

IN the *Swathmore Phœnix* we follow anxiously the flight of "Zanita," and draw a sigh of relief at the safety of the noble animal and of the fair young Spaniard.

A PAINTER had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent. He did it, and presented a bill in full for fifty-nine francs and

eleven centimes to the curate, who refused to pay it, saying that the committee would require a complete detail. The painter produced it as follows: —

	Francs.	Centimes.
Corrected and renewed the Ten Commandments	5	12
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a ribbon in his bonnet	3	6
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb	3	20
Replumed and gilded left wing of Guardian Angel	4	18
Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheeks	5	12
Renewed Heaven, adjusted two stars, gilded the sun, and cleaned the moon	7	14
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored some souls	6	6
Revived the flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned	4	10
Rebordered the robe of Herod and readjusted his wig	4	4
Put new spatterdashes on the son of Tobias and dressing on his sack	2	
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him	3	7
Put ear-rings in the ears of Sarah	2	4
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs	3	2
Decorated Noah's ark	3	
Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned the pigs	4	9
Total	59	11

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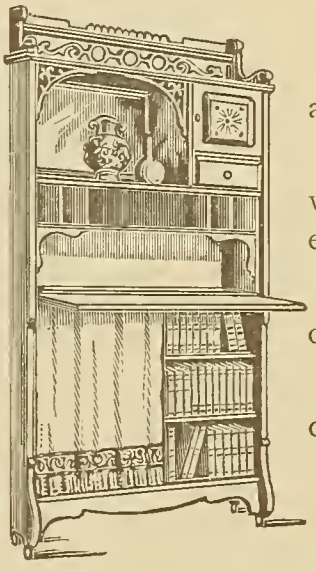
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VOLUME XV.—No. 4.

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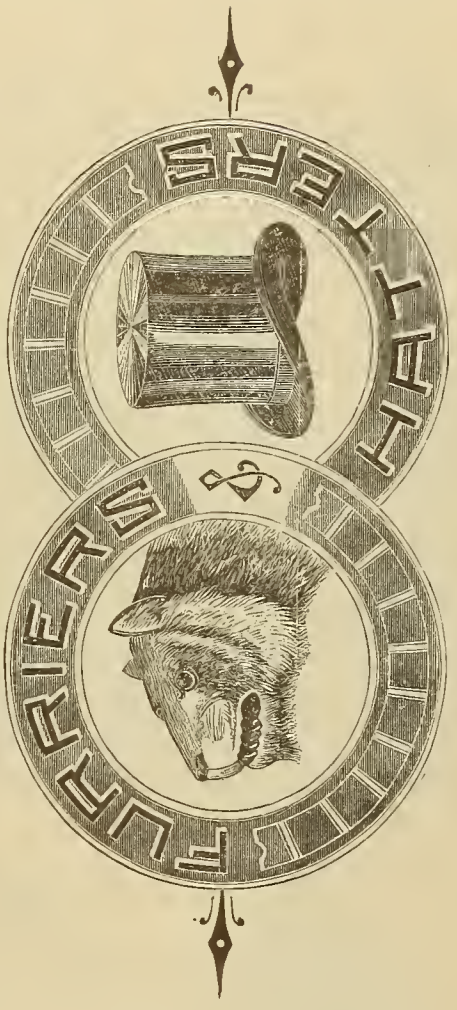
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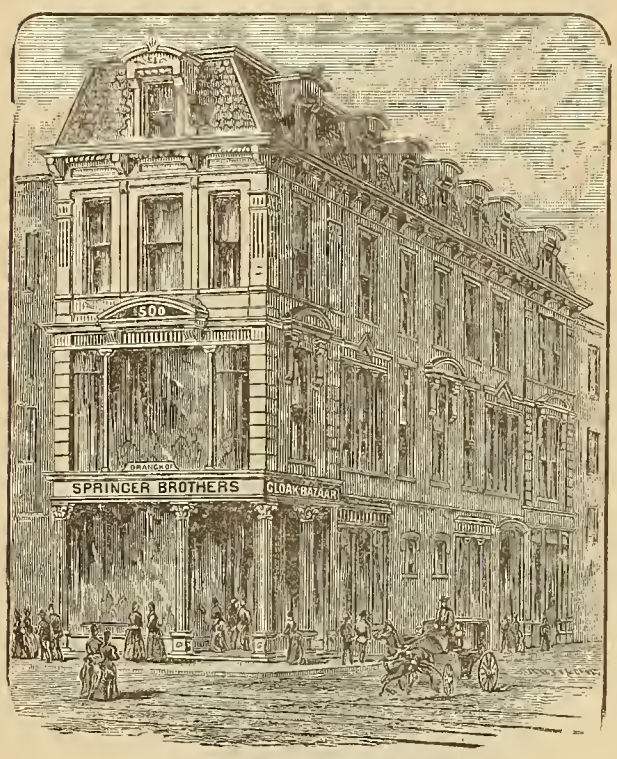
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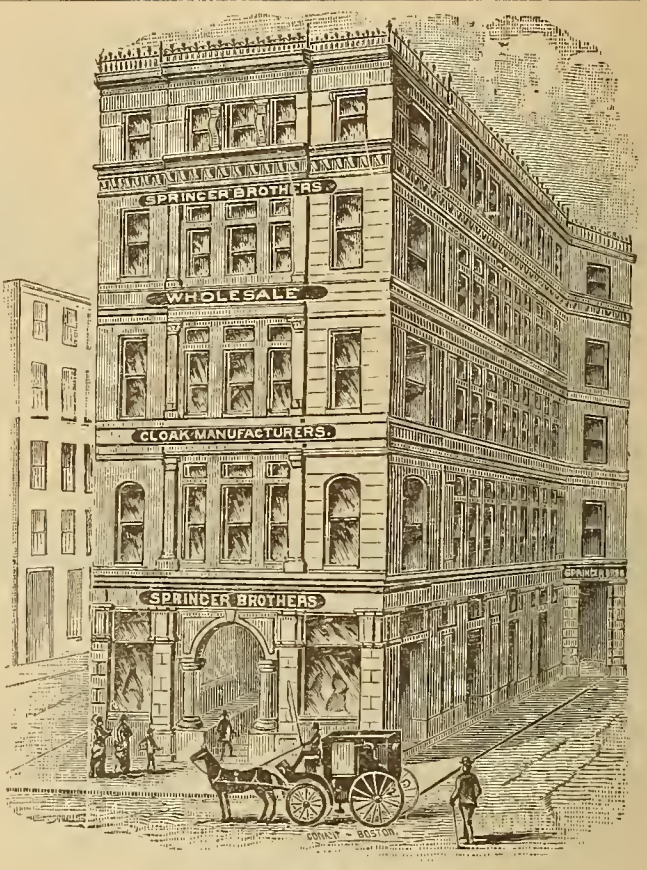
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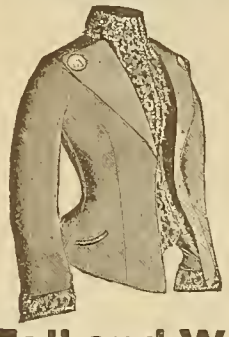
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OF

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THERE are those who never weary of calling to notice the effect of a woman's influence. Generally, illustrations are confined to influences resulting from intellectual inspiration, constancy, and love, and numerous qualities peculiar to the sex. As a rule, the cause of this effect may be traced directly to the individuals concerned. For instance, that any one should have inspired Napoleon with fear and respect is, at first thought, impossible; that Madame de Staël exerted this wonderful power over the little tyrant is an historic fact. In this case, the reason can be found in the great intellect of Madame de Staël, in her rare intuition, and in her knowledge of her own capabilities. Napoleon, from his boyhood, had been admired, feared, and obeyed; that a woman should defy him rather startled him; that she had courage to avow openly her views demanded his respect. The lives of true, brave women, who by their love and constancy change and direct the courses of their husbands' and sons' lives, are to be found daily. Here no great mind is necessary, simply truth and love.

A specimen of unusual power exerted upon a character known as "iron" brings to light a rather unique faculty in woman developed under peculiar circumstances. The letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J—— contain the facts. Miss J—— was a religious fanatic. Differing from the average of her class, she was young and beautiful. Her self-confidence, naturally abnormal, was flattered by the conversion of a convict under her ministry. Believing that new worlds awaited her conquest, she addressed a religious letter to the Duke. She received a response, and, thus encouraged, asked an interview. The strict conventionality of the Duke was somewhat shocked by this demand, as his reply expresses. But by this queer influence Miss J—— succeeds in obtaining an interview. From this time letters are frequently

exchanged. The object as held by Miss J—— was to save the soul of the old hero. Her sincerity has been called into question, and in its place visions of the position and fame of the possible duchess have been substituted. A short time before his death, the Duke refused to continue the correspondence, and received in response a scriptural text defying his neglect.

It has been thought that if the Duke had lived the correspondence would have been renewed. From this very probable reasoning, the inquiry arises as to what power this young woman possessed which could so affect an otherwise immovable character, and what rendered the great man so susceptible. Surely it was not her beauty, since the intercourse was almost entirely by correspondence. Her intellect does not prove any extraordinary powers by her letters nor subsequent life. Her piety was hardly sincere, since she became a fanatic. Hence we are inclined to believe that her perseverance and her audacity were her never-failing resources.

She had "made up her mind" to convert the Duke, either to her creed or her own especial use, and in this she persevered till death ended her efforts. Naturally, modesty and custom would restrain any young woman from addressing the Duke. One feels inclined to apologize for the Duke, to cover some little unnamed weakness, which rendered him so susceptible. It is at least possible that he felt a kind of magnanimous pity for one so misguided, and answered her letters in this spirit; or again, her audacity may have interested him, and a spirit of adventure led him to try the resources of his admirer.

Misplaced and overgrown as these qualities were in this woman, would not the average young woman be far more interesting and successful if she possessed a mere flavoring of them in her general composition?

Of late, one of the principal themes of conversation, especially among physicians and persons afflicted with the disease, has been "La Grippe." It is not, however, the first time that there has been an epidemic of this kind, for the history of influenza can be traced back with certainty to the sixteenth century. Between 1510 and 1870, more than ninety similar epidemics have been described. They have more frequently visited the colder climates, but at indefinite periods they have affected almost every season and latitude. Sometimes the approach of the disease was heralded by a few single cases, but much more commonly it made its attack suddenly and with great vigor; so that in large cities the sick soon numbered thousands. The epidemics lasted generally not more than four or six weeks, and their ending was almost as sudden as their beginning. Up to 1850 or 1851 are found more or less extensive epidemics every year, but the recent ones have run a less dangerous course. It is almost impossible to decide what occasions these epidemics, but many authorities claim that damp, foggy weather is conducive to the spread of the disease; but, although this statement has not been proved, if it be so, we can certainly account for the latest invasion of "la grippe."

The rapid strides which have been made in the advancement of civilization in our century have been to a large degree due to the great number of valuable inventions which have been perfected since it began. We have come now to the place where the tasks over which our ancestors faithfully toiled, for several days, it may be, are accomplished for us in as many minutes. Old inventions have been improved upon, as well as new ones made, until every work has been lightened by the genius of some man whose mind has been of such vast service to his fellows.

Machines which supply a boundless variety of materials, ranging from tracts to chewing-gum, have been provided to answer our needs, and almost every want has been covered. If we honor and praise the men who have already done so much, what glory would rest upon the head of him who would get us up a machine to turn out editorials! How many tired, aching brains, when feeling in duty bound to find something which no one else has ever said in an editorial, on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, or any other subject which has already been considered under every possible aspect, would find a never-ending source of peace and comfort in an invention which would reel off just what was wanted in the way of editorials for each issue at the proper time!

SOME CELEBRATED MONASTERIES.

Monasticism is of the most ancient origin. The people, after Christ, borrowed the thought from pagan countries. Men sought the desert first, as a refuge from the persecution of the empire; afterwards, in flight from the allurements of the world. In Egypt there were nearly as many in seclusion as made up the population of the cities. Gradually, for the sake of support, defence, and discipline, they gathered together in numbers, and the building where they lived was called a monastery, and later, sometimes, a cloister or abbey.

The life of such people is called monasticism, from a Greek word meaning alone; hence their dwelling is called a monastery. Among the different sects of the early Christians there were many of these institutions established all along the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, and in time they spread over all Europe. In process of time these single monastic institutions combined into larger communities, having a common rule and a common head. These larger communities were called orders, such as the Francisan, Dominican, and, later, the Jesuits. These orders often became very powerful, placing monarchs upon the throne, and deposing them at will.

With the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, they were for a while almost unknown, but were restored by Benedict, who was canonized a saint.

He lived during the fifth and sixth centuries; he required that the monks should live very frugally, avoid laughter, hold no private property, and be very industrious.

The most noted monastery in Western Europe, and perhaps the most noted in the world, is that of Monte Cassino, founded by Benedict, in 529 A. D.

Monte Cassino is a mountain in Italy, about fifty-five miles from Naples. This monastery was built upon the top of this mountain, and century after century it was celebrated and powerful, and still stands a monument defying time.

Benedict combined in this monastery industrial pursuits with the education of the young. It was in those days the greatest educational institution of all Europe, and held that place for centuries. It is remarkable for its wealth, architecture, its immense library, and for the learning of all the monks who have lived within its walls. To these early monks we are indebted for the preservation and translation of many of the ancient classics. Longfellow has written of Monte Cassino, and tells in verse of his visit there; he says of it: —

> "And there uplifted like a passing cloud,
> That pauses on a mountain summit high,
> Monte Cassino s convent rears its proud
> And venerable walls against the sky."

Another very interesting and noted monastery is that of Cluny, in France. It was founded by a Burgundian count, William, Duke of Aguitaine, in 910 A. D. The building was five hundred feet long, and accommodated two hundred monks. The great Hildebrand was educated at this monastery, and from 1050 until he was made pope, in 1073, he was the prior of the monastery.

About this time the monks were not very religious, and had degenerated greatly; but Hildebrand was determined to be a great reformer, as well as a despot. To do this, he had to have all the power of the country, which is pretty well shown in the way he excommunicated Henry IV. of Germany. These are the words of excommunication that the popes laid upon the people, and such was the one given to Henry: —

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Blessed Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, and all other saints in heaven, do we curse and cut off from us him who has thus rebelled against us. May the curse strike him in his house, barn, bed, field, path, city, or castle! May he be cursed in battle, accursed in praying, in speaking, in silence, in eating, in drinking, in sleeping! May he be accursed in his taste, smell, hearing, and all senses! May the curse blast his eyes, head, and body from his crown to the soles of his feet! I conjure you, Devil, and all your imps, that you take no rest until you have brought him to eternal shame; till he is destroyed by drowning or hanging; till he is torn to pieces by wild beasts, or consumed by fire; let his children become orphans, his wife a widow. I command you, Devil, and all your imps, that even as I now blow out these torches, you do immediately extinguish the light from his eyes. So be it, so be it. Amen."

To have this decree removed, we remember how the mighty monarch was compelled, in mid-winter, in the dress of a pilgrim, to cross the Alps

and approach the castle where Hildebrand then was. And how Henry had to stand for three days in the bitter cold weather, and snow, barefooted and bareheaded, in the court-yard of the castle, before the pope would grant him absolution. Such men as Hildebrand the cloisters of Cluny helped to make. His successor, a few years after, as Abbot of Cluny, was Peter the Venerable. This old man made himself famous with this monastery for the beautiful kindness rendered to the immortal Abelard and Heloise. This cloister seems so much a part of their lives that the very name of Cluny brings them to mind. There is said to be no woman in French history of whom the French are more proud than of Heloise. She, the beautiful and gifted girl of eighteen, was in love with the fame and talents of Abelard. who was nearly forty years of age. The laws of priesthood forbid him to marry, and yet he loved her. So he married her in secret, and placed her in a convent, where she soon became the abbotess, and the true and faithful friend of Peter the Venerable. She never forgot her Abelard, and for fifteen years she never heard nor saw him. When at last she heard of him, she wrote and begged to be his wife indeed. Although he loved her, his priestly vows kept him from her. After many years of wandering, he resolved to visit the pope, and on his way he stopped at the monastery of Cluny, which was near the convent where Heloise was. Good Peter the Venerable received him, sick, and gave him the hospitality of the convent.

After a few days he died, and history says that, "under the instinct of a sentiment as sacred as religion itself, Peter felt that Abelard above and Heloise below on earth demanded of him the last consolation of a reunion in the grave. So, quietly, in the dead of night, without any one to assist him, he moved the body from Cluny cemetery to the convent of Heloise. She received it, and had Peter repeat the burial service over the coffin. When she died she was buried with Abelard.

The Abbey of Bec, in Normandy, was noted as the one where the famous St. Anselm dwelt for thirty years. Other noted monastic retreats are St. Denis, St. Albans, Clairvaux, and Westminster Abbey. The Westminster Church now stands on the site of the once famous monastery.

THE STORY OF A SHAWL, POCKET-BOOK, OLD MEDAL, AND A PIECE OF SOAP.

Some time ago in a stable in one of our Southwestern cities were found an old shawl, a pocketbook with a dime in it, a Catholic medal, and a piece of soap.

Many theories were advanced as to how these things got there, and finally the mystery so troubled the minds of a few people that each one put his idea on paper, and the following was given as one of the solutions of the mystery: —

"Mysteries are always interesting, and more so if they persist in not being ferreted out. You lose a collar button, and if it is not found, your curiosity is excited, and you don't rest until it is found. A pocket-book is picked up; no name or clew to tell whose it is; may be there is nothing valuable in it, but you wonder who carried it, and wondering takes on interest, and interest begets curiosity, and curiosity blends into absorbing thought, and this leads to questioning, until finally you have your pains for naught, and still have your mystery; or, perhaps an owner turns up unexpectedly, and claims are proven.

"Little things often cover deep mysteries. Detectives will tell you that the greatest and most puzzling crimes, mysteries, secret and hidden wrong-doers have generally been traced out by a small and what seems like an unimportant clew. An acorn of truth may grow into a spreading oak of realism, by a careful ferreting nourishment of undaunted zeal.

"In the great rush to Oklahama a few weeks ago, there were all kinds of people, classes, and conditions present, and among this army of land grabbers was a little jabbering Frenchman. He was a dapper-looking chap, with sharp, gray eyes, and as keen and quick-witted as the troublesome times demanded. He dressed oddly, and this made him conspicuous, and often the laughing-stock of his associates, but he took it good-naturedly, and as a consequence made friends of those who at first tried to be his enemies. He was very superstitious, and always wore a charm concealed about his neck. His little, thin, wiry legs were fitted tightly into knickerbockers, and his black hose looked like a part of him, so tight were they. A short, braided jacket and a pleated shirt underneath completed his outfit, with the exception of

a jaunty, wide-brimmed hat and low-cut gaiters. He had come over to the States for sight-seeing, and had before starting converted his small property into ready cash, and so when he landed in New York he carried his all with him. Hearing of Oklahama, he went out there about the time the rush began, and meeting some sharpers, he had been fleeced, and at the time we take him up, as he stands on the claim he had made he had n't a dollar, although he did have besides his clothes a good six-shooter to emphasize his claim to a small plot of ground where he stood. It was not long before he had trouble with the claim jumpers, and at the first opportunity he sold out for enough to take him East and keep him awhile. It was while he was travelling that he fell in with a drummer, who persuaded him to go to headquarters with him and apply for a position of travelling salesman. Soon afterwards he was on the road and making money. He still kept his costume, and as it wore out he replaced each piece with something as near as possible to the original garment. Because he was conspicuous he was well known, and it helped his sales very considerably. On one of his trips in the Southwest he found himself with a large sum of money, collected for the firm, and on going out one evening was 'held up' by thieves and left without money to pay his board bill. He had a few samples of his goods about him, but these the 'footpads' left with him.

"His jacket had caught the fancy of one of the pads, and it was taken. Wandering about the town, ashamed to go to the hotel, he picked up an old shawl in an ash barrel, to take the place of his jacket, and going into an alley he found a stable door open, crept in, and, counting his assets, found he had but ten cents. After a sleep in the hay-loft he went out, forgetting his shawl and his pocket-book, which he had wrapped in it and used as a pillow. One of the samples he had also put into the shawl, to make a good-sized pillow, and the charm about his neck had slipped off into the shawl during the night." H.

An electric drawbridge is one of the latest applications of electricity. One of these has been put in operation at Bridgeport, Conn., by the New England Electric Supply Company.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Backus, Truman J. } The Great English Writers
Brown, Helen Dawes. } from Chaucer to Geo. Eliot, 820.9
Badger, The. Published by Junior Class of the University of Wisconsin 60.1
Bell, A. M. Manual of Visible Speech and Vocal Physiology 612. B41
Bellamy, Edward. Looking Backward 823. B41
Bunker Hill Memorial Tablets. 1889 . . . . 974.3
Gaskell's Popular Atlas of the World 913. G21
Holbrook, M. L. How to Strengthen the Memory 154. H69
Legenda, The. Wellesley College, 1889 . . . 60.2
MacCoun, Townsend. Historical Geography of the United States 918. M19
Old Colonial Laws of Massachusetts from 1660 to 1672 . . . . . 974.2
Old State House Memorial 973.13a
Rolfe, W. J. Select Poems from Wordsworth . 821.19a
Fairy Tales in Prose and Verse . 815. R64
Tales from English History . . . 825. R64
Sidney, Margaret. Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways 910. S11
Sumichrast, F. C. Les Trois Mousquetaires. Translated from Alexandre Dumas . . . 843. Su6
Sheridan Memorial. A Memorial to Gen. Philip H. Sheridan by the City of Boston . . . 923.5a
Stowe, Harriet Beecher. Uncle Tom's Cabin . 823 St6
Van Daell, A. N. Memoires de St. Simon . . 920.76

DAILY DUTY.

"Each day its duty brings. The undone task
Of yesterday cannot now be fulfilled
Without some current work's displacement. 'Time
And tide will wait for none.' Then let us act
So that they need not wait, and keep abreast
With them by the discharge of each day's claim;
For each new dawn, like a prolific tree,
Blossoms with blessings and with duties, which
So interwoven grow that he who shuns
The latter fails the first. Ye cannot pick
The dainty and refuse the task. To win
The smile of Him who did his Father's will
In the great work assigned him, while 't was day,
With love self-sacrificing, his high course
We must with prayerful footsteps imitate,
And, knowing not what one day may bring forth,
Live so that Death, come when he may, shall find
Us not defaulters, in arrears with time,
Mourning, like Titus, 'I have lost a day!'
But busily engaged in something which
Shall cast a blessing on the world, rebound
With one to our own breast, and tend to give
To man some benefit, to God some praise."

POCKETS.

It is true, as Hawthorne says, that man and the pocket are advancing side by side to the millennium; the former never would have become the civilized being that he is without the assistance of the latter. Another writer solemnly announces the fact, that God made man, but man made the pocket; therefore it is his *alter ego*, his *sine qua non*, the connecting link between the spiritual and material worlds.

Imagine the dilemma of a person, but especially of a school-boy, should he, on waking some morning, find all his pockets missing. I once heard of such a case, in the person of a small boy named Johnny, who lived with his aunt Betsy. This Aunt Betsy had a world of trouble with the boy Johnny in regard to his pockets, and, at last, she was obliged to rip them out, and sew up the pocket-holes. She said it did not do any good to reprove Johnny for cramming them; neither would he ever cease to perform the sacrilegious act of walking into church with both hands hidden in their depths, the extra importance of which so increased their size that Aunt Betsy likened it to a pumpkin on either hip. Well, after this boy was bereft of his pockets, he was covered with mortification. What would his schoolmates say, should they find out his condition? He felt like an impostor. How he was deceiving the world! What would it think of him, should it know the truth? Alas, the loss of his pockets was the cause of his death, for he withered away with such rapidity that in less than a month he had ceased to breathe the vital air.

Pockets are in many respects the subtle and true index of character. When we meet the cheery face of a middle-aged man, and do not know to what profession he belongs, let us search his pockets and we shall soon find out. Here, in the right-hand pocket of his overcoat, is a leather case; opening it, we see a company of small bottles arranged in rows, and labelled respectively, Quinine, Papoid, Podophyllum, Leptandria, Uva Ursa, Aconite, Bromide of Ammonium, Phosphoric Acid ten per cent, Digitalis, Rhubarb, and Paregoric; looking further, into his left-hand inside pocket, beware: there is his spring lancet, a case of diminutive knives, tweezers, silver needles, silver wire, thermometer, and so on; but this is enough: we know the vocation of the man.

A timid, retiring nature has a predisposition in favor of waistcoat pockets, as their access is easy. A large, pompous man, on the contrary, loves to fetch out a thing from his coat-tail pocket, with a grand sweep and flourish of the arm. The bald-headed, complacent philanthropist rejoices in wide, baggy pockets, capacious enough to contain the overflowings of his benevolent heart.

Pockets are of assistance in striking an attitude; and the attitudes of a man betray his temperament and condition. Thus a species of jaunty exquisiteness poises his white thumb and forefinger in the pocket of his waistcoat; this adds importance to his bearing. An Abernethy thrusts his fists into the depths of his coat-pockets; his mind is away on leave of absence. A merchant crowds his hands into his pockets while engaged in thought, and rattles his change. A minister places his hand reverently in the opening of his waistcoat. Thus is a pocket a convenience, a means of grace, and a reflector of character.

H. S., '90.

WILL SHE BE A MERRY MAIDEN STILL?

It 's an answer of "yes" or an answer of "nó."
She 'll either "bless me" or "work me woe."
I 've planted my flag and by it I 'll stand,
While dart-flinging Cupid fights for her hand.
'T is the one great effort, the best in my life,
And I 'll be lonely or can call her my wife.
It 's the coin of the realm, she says will command
The control of her heart and the gift of her hand.
Well, be it so; the issue she 's made
Is not to my liking, but I 'm not afraid.
If it 's wealth she 's after, and love not a bit,
Why, I 'll call Cupid off, and tell him to hit
Some other sweet maiden, who cares not for fortune,
And *her* hand I 'll sue for, and *her* love importune.

R.

LOCALS.

The latest feature introduced in the gymnasium is jumping. As the tiny rope is raised one inch higher, it seems to the anxiously watching jumper as though it had gone at least a foot, but bravely she makes her way to the extreme end of the gymnasium, gathers herself together, draws a long, full

breath, plants her rubber soled shoes firmly on the slippery floor, and runs.

Faster and faster she goes, until the perilous place is reached where it is time to leave mother earth for a few seconds, but alas! by that time, the marvellous courage she has displayed throughout the proceeding disappears, and leaves a poor, limp, exhausted girl looking at the height she dares not scale.

PROF. LITTLE gave the seminary the great treat of listening to his lectures, Friday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, Dec. 6, 8, and 9, upon the subjects, "Paul and John," "John Chrysostom," and "St. Augustine."

ALL of a sudden, each girl who is taking swimming lessons is devoured by a wild desire to "be a swimmer," and one girl coming from a recitation is met by a triumphant but dripping creature from the tank, who proudly asserts "that she has been across twice without the preserver." Lucky child of fortune! for it is no easy thing to do; and what to a bystander seems a very small area to swim across is to the frightened swimmer like a vast expanse of ocean before reaching the goal of the other side.

THE exciting novel composed by seven members of the composition class, and entitled "The Mystery of Auburndale," was read at the last meeting before vacation, the only thing to be regretted being that there were not more present to enjoy it.

EVENING songs in chapel have been done away with for the present, and instead, each girl repeats a hymn she has been requested to learn; and though some put their greatest power of expression in the recitation of the same, still all unconsciously they fall into the sing-song voice, and the time of the tune is almost distinguishable About ten or fifteen minutes before chapel, every secluded corner is occupied by a girl repeating her hymn, in case she should be called upon.

THE following is a list of the officers elected at the last meeting of the S. D. Society:—

President	LOIS SOULE.
Vice-President	KATHARINE HAMILTON.
Secretary	MARY FISHER.
Treasurer	GUSSIE L. PFAU.
Critic	MAUDE LUTES.
Usher	EMILY ROWE.

THE annual game dinner was partaken of Saturday night, Dec. 14, and it was a beautiful and happy meal.

SUCH a reformation as there has been in rooms and mates, but now all seem quite content.

THE usual Christmas auctions have been held, and the poor individual who paid seventy-five cents for a pair of gloves which looked well on the exterior, found, after trying them on, that unless they were used for mits, they would not do to travel home in, and the little air-castle falls with a heavy thud.

BEFORE — Bright, sunny faces continually being startled by some one popping up at the most unexpected times and places with the words, "Less than a week!"

AFTER — Long, doleful visages, no more popping and punching, but occasionally you come across some one who still has a small quantity of remaining life to remark, "Thirteen — long — long — weeks — before — Easter."

THE publishing association of the respected LEAVES have held exciting and animated meetings over a discussion as to whether the school paper should contain more advertising pages than brilliant productions of Lasell wit. We always supposed the paper was to be made interesting if possible, and not a collection of advertisements, with a few school notes thrown in, provided there was room.

DEC. 18, the concert given by the pupils of Messrs. Hills and Davis was held in the gymnasium. It was a grand success, and all the participants were loudly applauded, and well deserved all they received. After the performance the young ladies on the right of the aisle seemed quite desirous of making their exit, scarcely giving the guests time to breathe; but their impatience can easily be accounted for, as all the day long every one acted as though only half conscious of what she were doing.

THE enunciation match, on "Speak the Speech," was held three days before the close of school, and the happy winner of the prize was Miss Collins.

THE little silver cup at the upstairs water cooler has finally breathed its last, and the place it has held for so many generations knows it no more.

THE following officers were elected at the last regular meeting of the Lasellia Club, Dec. 5 : —

President	EVA BOND.
Vice-President	DAISY HANMER.
Treasurer	MAY RICE.
Secretary	EDITH SIDWAY.
Critic	SADIE BURRILL.
Executive Committee	ETHA PEARCE. DAISY SHRYOCK. JESSIE BALL.
Guards	NAN ATKINSON. MARGARET HUBBARD.

MARRIED.

AT Meadow View, Va., Jan. 15, Sarah Elizabeth Aston to Edwin Marcellus Kennedy.

AT Sewickly, Pa., Jan. 23, Edith Gilmore to Robert J. Cunningham.

LOUDON — BRAGDON.

A PLEASANT company of friends from Boston, Colorado, and Auburndale met in the beautiful little church at Newton Highlands at 8 o'clock, Nov. 20, to witness the marriage of Belle Loudon, a Lasell girl for a few months in 1880, to George E. Bragdon, youngest brother of our Principal, the managing partner of the wholesale grocery house of McCord, Bragdon & Co., of Pueblo, Col. The Episcopal form was used, the church handsomely trimmed and filled.

After the ceremony, the wedded received their friends at the bride's home, on Colombus Street, where an elegant collation was served and the numerous gifts from the East and West were inspected.

About ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon drove to Boston, departing the following day for their home, in Pueblo, by way of Evanston, Ill., where a few days' stop was made at the former home of the groom. They are at THE ALDINE, where the bride is fast making friends with Mr. Bragdon's constituency.

THE VERDICT OF THE SCALES.

THE lightest body among us weighs	89 lbs.
The heaviest body among us weighs	173
The average weight is	119 1-11
The greatest gain, Sept. to Dec.	22
The average gain, Sept. to Dec.	6 3-8

PERSONALS.

ONE Western paper addresses us as *La Sell*. No, friend, we are not a *sell* in any sense.

HELEN DYKES (Mrs. Knowles) has recently lost her father. Our cordial sympathy to her.

ADDIE JOHNSON (Mrs. Plumstead) and her sister Tassie have made themselves presents of Lasell pins for Christmas.

HELEN A. STAPLES wrote from Bryn Mawr at Christmas of coming examinations. She does not forget Lasell because of any new love.

MISS JENNIE BAKER, of Buffalo, has returned from Europe, where she has been spending the past six months.

FANNIE BARBOUR is singing in the quartet of the Episcopal Church, in Evansville. She finds great delight in her work.

ALICE MAYO, once of our number, now Mrs. Hicks, has recently made us a call. Very glad to see her. It seemed just like old times.

CHRISTMAS greetings came from Grace Garland Etherington, of Brooklyn, and Prof. Sites, of Washington, whose visit with his sister in July was so pleasant.

WE hear good news of two of our former teachers, Miss Larrison, in Chicago, and Miss Gilmore, in California. Both are making marked successes.

EMMA CIVILL has been visiting Mae Fowler in Philadelphia. Christmas time with four girls together has been lively, it seems. She sends for a Lasell pin.

MARY HAZLEWOOD'S Christmas has been saddened by the death of a dear cousin, a young lady of her own age. The family party was wholly given up. Mary is busy in study, church, and home work.

MAMIE BINFORD contemplates a half-year in Europe. She goes with a dear friend and her husband to France and Italy, and anticipates much from a trip in such good company of cultured people.

FANNIE BARBOUR has had a call from Laura Munger and her husband. Fannie advocates the cooking classes, and succeeds when she finds time to try any cooking experiments.

ONE of the girls met Nellie Hefflefinger in New York during the vacation. Nellie, with Lousie Burridge, is attending Miss Saulsbury's school in that city, and very much pleased with her surroundings.

JESSIE BOONE BONSALL, of Galena, Ohio, has been visiting Carrie Wallace Hussey, and they made us a call, much too brief. Both are like their old-time selves, in spite of the babies growing up around them.

FRANCES L. GREGG in a recent letter speaks of the Thanksgiving *menu* of Lasell, and recalls that one of those cards of a former year was published in "Demorest's Magazine." Miss Gregg is to take music lessons in Boston of Prof. Carl Baerman.

CARRIE BROWN of '89 is said to be engaged (for the present) to a young lawyer of Denver, Robert T. Cassell. Of course, Carrie thinks there is only one young man in that town now that is very "promising." Look out he does n't promise too much, Carrie!

GRACE HUNTINGTON says she is not yet, as implied in a recent LEAVES, advanced to the dignity of office secretary of her father, but is only home secretary. She has been to a social, like her classmate Carrie. Look out, Grace!

SOMEBODY met Florence Fuller at the Central Station in Portland. It was on one of her semi-weekly trips from Augusta for music lessons. She spoke of her very happy years at Lasell, and would gladly be back again save for her devotion to her mother. Elva Gibson has been visiting her in the vacation, giving part of the time, however, to Miss Chapin, at Holyoke.

MISS LE HURAY writes her New-Year's greeting; is well, and records with surprise, which we share, that it is ten years now since she saw the "Welcome" over Lasell's front door. She says the pupil already booked for next year from Summit is a nice girl. You come and bring her when she enters, Miss L. She reports Miss Preston as flourishing, in spite of her deflection from homœopathy.

LIDA PECK, too, sends holiday congratulations, for herself and Mamie, to those who were so fortunate as to stay here during the recess, "recalling with pleasure a year ago, when we were of the number."

They have this year a private teacher who has received four diplomas from different colleges, so they ought to do handsomely. They study in A. M. and recite in P. M.

ANOTHER brilliant wedding in the home of Prof. T. C. Lowe, at Norristown, Pa. In midsummer Ava was married. Blanche has chosen midwinter. She became Mrs. Warren A. Wright on the 2d of January, 1890, in the presence of a large and elegant assembly of relatives and friends from near and far. Miss Gussie was again called upon to be maid of honor to her sister. In white crêpe and veil, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds, the pretty bride must have looked very lovely, and we were sorry not to be there to see. The parlors were beautifully adorned with flowers. The Wedding March from "Lohengrin" was by Greiner's orchestra from Philadelphia. The refreshment table was of the daintiest. The gifts were numerous, varied, beautiful, and costly. Nothing was lacking, in fact, to give consequence and charm to this happy event. The young couple will live in Norristown. Mr. Wright is connected with a firm of wholesale grocers in Philadelphia. They have our very best wishes. We like to know that our Lasell girls are happily married.

ANNIE HOLBROOK DERBYSHIRE.

THE subject of this notice passed out of this earthly life on Tuesday, Jan. 14, at her home, in Lowell. We knew her at Lasell as Annie May Holbrook, a little girl of fifteen years, when she came in 1876. She was graduated here in the class of 1880, a fair, sweet, and earnest young woman, in the bloom of health and hope. So her dear, pictured face looks down upon us in the circle of her classmates. No one would have chosen her as a victim whom death would snatch while

yet in her early womanhood. In the fall of 1882 she married Mr. Frank E. Derbyshire, of Lowell, where her home remained until her death, though the health of Mr. Derbyshire led to their making a business home in Bethlehem, N. H., for the past three summers. The writer of this notice met her last summer in her mountain home, and found her the same bright, cheery, lovable Annie that she was as a school-girl, with the added intelligence and diginity of later years. Faithful, studious, obedient as a pupil, always kindly, courageous, and hopeful, she could never be otherwise than dear to her teachers and popular among her mates, and has left only pleasant memories, and mourning for her untimely death. In her early school days she joined the Episcopal church, of which she remained a member till her death. During the last two months of her life she was a sufferer from disease, but her previous life had been mainly a happy one. Her death is full of hope of a Christian resurrection. We sympathize with those to whom she was nearest and dearest, and we deeply grieve that Lasell has lost one of her cherished daughters. It is the first break in her class. Mr. Bragdon had the mournful satisfaction of being at her funeral. He noticed among the friends assembled, Nellie Alderman, Anna King, and Sephie Mason Dumas.

EXCHANGES.

The *Bowdoin Orient* contained a sketch of "Tom Reed as a College Boy." How interesting a famous man's school-life always becomes! We wonder if we will find ourselves mates of some great persons in the future, and relate their peculiarities as a student.

The familiar faces of some of our exchanges were transformed to the pretty covers of Christmas numbers, among them, the *Yale Courant*, the *Tuftonian*, and the *Pulse*.

We were glad to learn from the *Vassar Miscellany* the "Origin of Mince-pie." Such a universal Christmas dish deserves its history.

The tale in the *Tuftonian*, called "The World's Fair; or, The Golden Apple," is told in an interesting and well-sustained manner. It represents the contest between the three cities for the World's Fair with an impartial and unprejudiced judgment.

In a recent number of the *Tech* appeared "A Chance Correspondence." The situation of the hero is certainly novel and amusing.

Our interest in Abt Vogler was renewed by reading the article in the "Sketch Book" of the *Amherst Literary*. After the attack made in this monthly on exchange editors, we shall expect, hereafter, to find very profound criticisms in its exchange column.

In a large proportion of the exchanges we notice appeals for contributions from the students, and, in some cases, from the alumni. Why is it we all are so backward in supporting our school papers?

The Christmas number of the *Polytechnic* proved very interesting. The story called "A Quiet Sacrifice" introduces us to a true, though humble hero.

Among the many Christmas poems which appeared in the December exchanges, those in the *Brunonian* claim our special commendation.

SOME WILLIAMSPORT LASELLIANS.

I went to Williamsport to spend Christmas Day. In the sleeper I met the brother of Minnie Holmes, here from Cambridgeport in 1876, now Mrs. Ellis, of 72 Vernon Avenue, Brooklyn, and passed a pleasant hour in talking over Minnie and her old Lasell friends, of whom Mr. Holmes had a good deal of knowledge.

Within two years Minnie's father, mother, and brother have died. Minnie thinks a little of returning to Cambridge.

I also met Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, old friends of Dr. and Mrs. Bugbee, and Dr. Wheeler, former president of Allegheny College, of which Mr. Dunbar is a trustee. They reported Blanche Best as one of the finest young women of Meadville, teaching elocution there.

Reaching Williamsport, I found Minnie and Sadie Ransom (Mrs. Wagner and Mrs. Hazelet now) well, and enjoying their delightful homes,

in spite of "floods." They are always eager for news of the Lasell girls of their day.

We were all at Christmas dinner at Mrs. Hazelet's, and had a good time. In the evening Nellie Bubb invited me to meet the Lasell girls of her day at her spacious home. Gladly I accepted, and spent a pleasant hour (I guess it was rather more, but it seemed like a few moments only) with her and Rachel Allen and Florence Ryan. Jen. Hays Stearns's girl had her evening "out," so Jen. had to stay at home and care for her three bright "babies," and as I came away the next day I could not call on her, or Alice Williams, or Laura Foresman, but I heard that they were "lively."

So seductive were these "old girls" with their constantly increasing charms that they actually beguiled me into taking a cup of *Russian tea*, and some of Williamsport delicious ice-cream was served; but my, how we did talk! The girls had much to say and I to hear of their last summer's European trip, and I had to "air" my "Round the World Tour," which they decided (D. V.) to join.

Memory has one more delightful evening with the "manufactured product" to help me stand the "stings and scourges" of the manufacturing process. If all her girls turn out as well as these, Lasell may well afford "to labor and to wait."

C. C. B.

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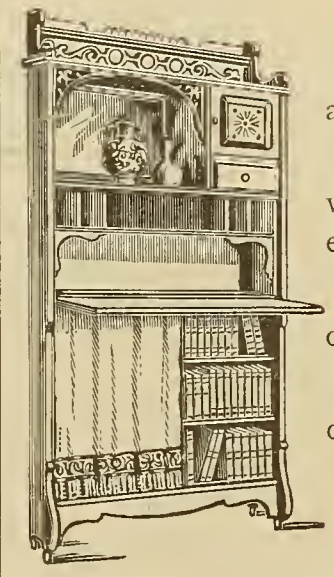
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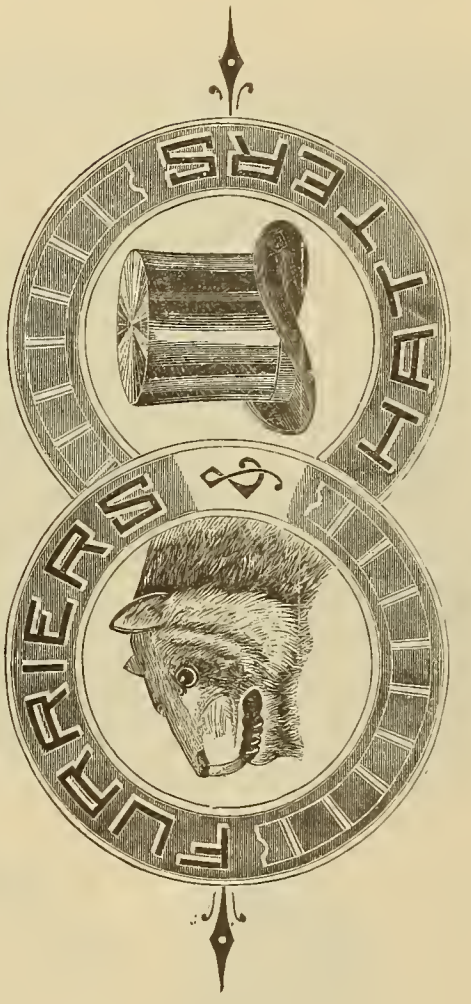
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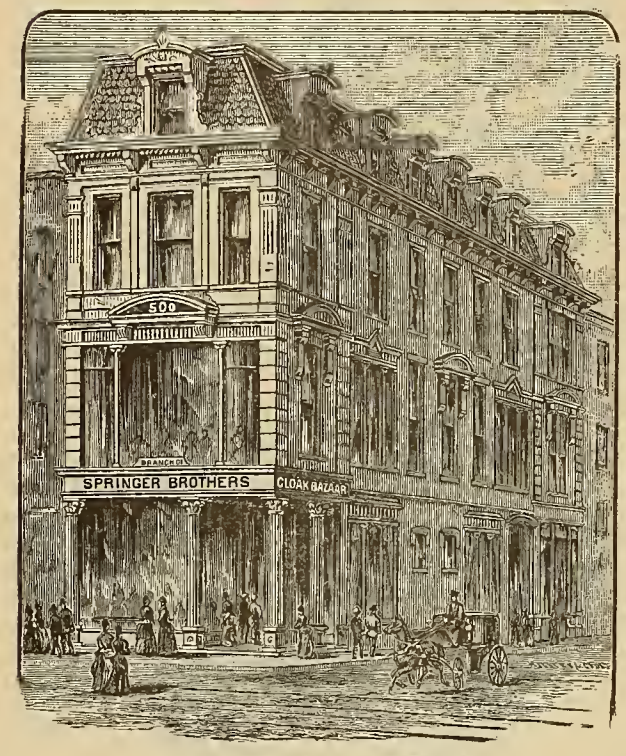
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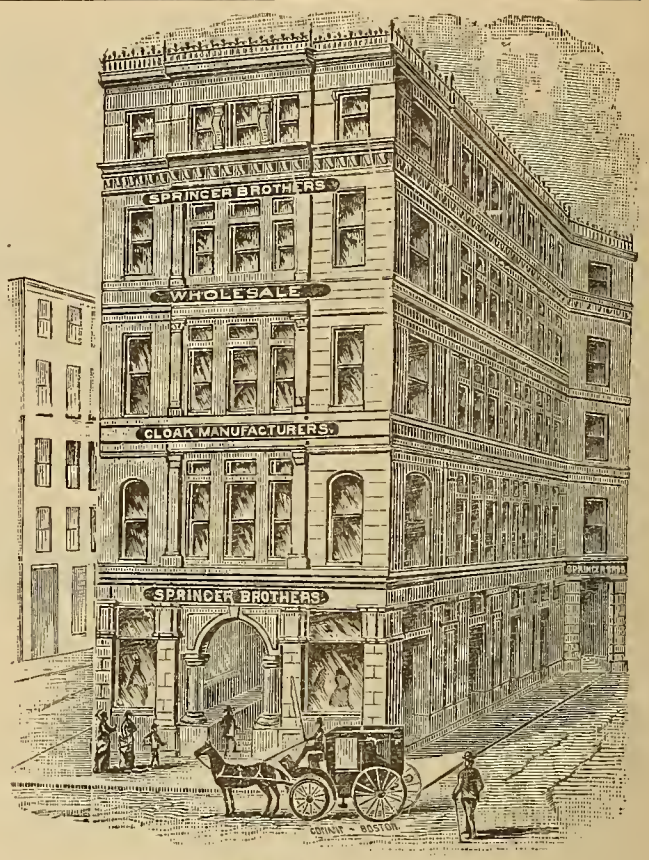
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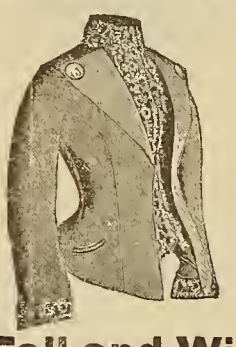
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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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EVER since the publication of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which has had such a wide circulation and met with so many different criticisms during the short time it has been in print, men have been discussing eagerly the questions which have arisen from the reading of this remarkable book. The great thinkers of our times have studied earnestly into these new ideas and then have approved or criticised, as the case might be. Those believing that it would be for the country's greatest good have banded themselves together to work for a reformation from the present state of affairs, calling themselves Nationalists. Those opposing the propositions of Mr. Bellamy have, on their side, not hesitated to show wherein they think the scheme would be sure to fail, should it be tried, and to point out the obstructions which, even if the proposed steps should be taken, would hinder the people from reaching the desired end.

Joseph Cook, in a recent lecture, said, "The Nationalists are worshipping a statue which has feet of clay, a forehead of brass, leans on crutches, and, I am sorry to say, has a cigar between its lips and holds a winecup in its right hand; its only merit being that it has a golden heart. Is this the angel which is to lead us to the millennium?"

Of course there are the two sides to this, as to almost any question of importance, and time only can determine what the result of the controversy will be. But it seems to us that in some way the great gap between the rich and poor should be bridged over; that, if these plans of Mr. Bellamy's will not work if carried out, something should be thought of which will accomplish the purpose. We hear of stories such as that of the Western minister who determined to dress as a laboring man, act as though he were dependent simply upon the work of his hands for his living, and see if it really was so hard to find employment. After trying for quite a time, in vain, to find work, he

came to the conclusion that the struggle to keep the wolf from the door was, in reality, much more desperate than people in the so-called higher class realize.

Such things as this show us that the path of the poor man is rougher than we think.

It will doubtless be said that we have no clear idea of these things and should not try to enter into a discussion of them.

But why should we not take just as lively an interest in our fellow-beings and in our country and her best good, as our fathers and brothers?

SINCE the death of Robert Browning, which occurred Dec. 12, 1889, his admirers continue more earnestly than ever their unmeasured praise, and his critics begin their work of careful, keen analysis. No poet has warmer friends or colder critics. It may be true, as some critics say, that "his poems were not written for the masses," but, when understood, his writings cannot fail to be admired, at least by the majority of readers.

Rev. Stopford Brooke, a well-known Boston preacher, and one of Browning's most ardent admirers, prophesies "that among the whole of the English-speaking people, and in proportion as they grow in thought, in spirituality, and in love of men and women, the recognition and praise of the main body of Browning's poetry will also grow, and grow into a power the reach of which we cannot yet conceive." On the other hand, however, we have this criticism: "That he was a real poet, in the sense of having written real poetry, will be admitted by every competent critic. But it will have to be admitted that no poet so eminent as Mr. Browning has ever left behind so large a body of brilliant, profound, inspiring literature wherein the essential characteristics of poetry will be sought in vain."

As the 14th draws near, we are reminded of the years when Cupid entered into league with Uncle Sam, and succeeding in getting control of a large part of the mails he used them for the dainty missives intrusted to his care. The trains fairly groaned under the additional weight, while the mail-carriers, though their burdens were heavy, felt that this service was far more satisfactory than most, since everywhere their approach was welcomed by a shower of smiles and surprised "For me's?"

What a charm came to surround the day! Here was an opportunity offered by the ever-beguiling Cupid in which the most timid of lovers might acquaint his lady of his regard for her. The object of his admiration, on the other hand, could easily feel assured of his ardor by one of those fair bits of lace, card-board, and even sometimes of finest silk and satin, which became the usual expression of regard. At this time, too, those stricken with poetic fancy found ample field in which to air their emotions; their friends and lovers were deluged with poems of love and friendship in such terms as the Muse (?) suggested.

The ever-watchful small boy proudly slipped his penny on the counter of the village store, and receiving in return a bit of fancy card-board, or a verse, he would slyly slip it in the desk of his chosen embodiment of all that was jolly, rosy, and lovable in the school-girl.

Notwithstanding its joys, the day never passed that it did not leave some unfortunate or deformed person a trifle more miserable by the comic valentine sent by an evil-minded acquaintance who felt the necessity of venting his spite in this way.

At last the celebration of this day, with all its delights and its one fault, has passed into the realm of last season's styles, and has left Cupid to effect his mission in other ways. What the next freak which this roguish imp will establish in the world we dare not prophesy. Even where he is now hiding himself we do not surely know, but, judging from the events of the past few months, we imagine he must be under some huge umbrella in the driest spot he could find on the earth, trying vainly, like common mortals, to keep warm and comfortable.

TO WASHINGTON.

THE annual excursion to Washington by Lasell girls, which has become a "fixture" in our yearly work, will occur April 2 to 9, during the Easter vacation. The usual interesting schedule of attractions will be sent out to all of you soon. If you want to go with us, write to Mr. Shepherd for the circular. The whole trip, from Auburndale to Washington and back to Auburndale, everything first-class and the very best, for Forty Dollars.

A SHORT LAY SERMON.

Beloved Sisters, — My text is short, easily comprehended, and easily remembered ; and were it not that we are prone to forget easily what we learn easily, there could be no excuse for asking your attention to these commonplace remarks on a commonplace subject.

My text is the one word "Help." It is a word found in a certain quotation which accidentally caught my eye the other day. Book, chapter, and verse I cannot give you.

As said Dr. Doddridge in a talk to some wild young fellows who had insisted that he should preach to them from the word "Malt," I cannot divide my text into clauses, there being none ; nor into words, there being but one ; therefore, I divide it into letters. These are H–E–L–P. Of these, H is Half-hearted ; E, Ease-loving ; L, Laggard ; and P, Powerless. Again, H is Honorable ; E, Earnest ; L, Loyal ; and P, Patient. Lastly, H is Habit ; E, Energy ; L, Labor ; and P, Power.

Now what does our first series give us? As nearly as I can come at it, it is a very fair summing-up of the mental and moral characteristics of that one who covets life's fairest prizes, but prefers to miss them rather than to work for them. Half-heartedly they view the situation, and seeing, as they suppose, that there is no necessity for any immediate action in the matter of winning these rewards, which they intend by and by to possess, they settle contentedly down, true to their Ease-loving natures, like their friend the Sluggard, whose desire for "a little more sleep, a little more slumber," they mutely echo. Laggards all they become, and, since it must needs be that to them, as to others, some tasks must be meted out, they take up their daily work with a whining protest, and put it down with a sigh of relief, say rather, a solid chunk of satisfaction, that once more they are at ease, and may doze and dream, or set about their favorite undertaking, — moral suicide, — though they never call it by any such name. Happiness, I think, is the name most often applied to it.

What is the last link of this chain? What should it be but Powerlessness? You remember how, in "Bitter-Sweet," David holds up to Ruth his conception of those dwellers in the Eden of her dreams? "Powerless, pulpy souls," he says, "that showed a dimple for each touch of sin." So powerless are those whose chain of habit, or character, — for the two are so nearly one that it is hard, if not impossible, to distinguish them, — is composed of the links Half-heartedness, Love of Ease, Laggardliness, and Powerlessness.

How will our second series compare with our first? This is an ascending series, and if made a matter of experiment, will be found to increase in a geometrical ratio. Honorable is the first term of this progression. Is not Honor the basis of all true success? I say "true success" because I would draw clearly and sharply the dividing line between apparent and real success in life. One is honorable who is true to himself, to his inner consciousness of right and duty. This I shall not argue, as no one requires any argument to establish its truth, excepting those who, believing it, as they cannot help doing, are trying to argue themselves into a disbelief of it, that they may quiet their consciences and do unhindered the things that seem to them so pleasantly wrong, so delightfully questionable.

We have character in this series, too, — the character of that one who, knowing the right and recognizing its sure rewards, deliberately sets about doing it with Earnestness ; not for a day, or a week, or a month, but from the day of decision to the day of death. They are Loyal. Spasmodic earnestness is not loyalty. He is a traitor who to-day kneels in homage to his sovereign, but to-morrow leads a host against him, or harbors knowingly his lord's sworn foe. Patience, too, is a part of the character of the Honorable, Earnest, and Loyal one. Why does it come last in the series? It seems not so important to you as the others. It is not last merely because of its initial letter, but also because we have here, as I have said, a progression, and Patience is so God-like a virtue that it must wear the crown. Well is it said, "How poor are they that have not patience!" Patience is the skeleton key that fits the lock of many a difficulty : possess yourselves of it. It is also the key to the door that closes the Happy Valley of Contentment : be sure you get it.

The last series is but a continuation of the second. Habit and Energy are interdependent ;

each in a certain sense gives rise to the other. Think it out for yourselves and you will see. Power is the necessary result of Labor, and; let me emphatically say, of nothing else, in the personal sense in which we are here considering it. I mean not passive influence, but active ability to be, to do, to compel.

But what, say you, has all this to do with Help, the word you took as a text, and from which, as is not unusual, you have widely departed?

In reply, let me give you the quotation in which I found the word. "The only help that may safely be given to individuals or communities is the help that aids and increases self-help." The connection, should it still prove a puzzle, is that in your choice of help for your daily tasks, let them be what they may, whether painting or pie-making, millinery or music, you also choose for yourself either the descending series in the character-scale, and become enervated and powerless, a sort of human excrescence, for whose existence one looks long ere he finds a reason, or that other ascending one, whose last term is the precious fact of Power.

There is a help that helps, and a help that hinders. All must have help: it is one of the inevitable conditions of life. No one can live and do his work in the world without help from others. But shall it not be the help that helps?

Now, in conclusion, H — Heroic ones, E — Enter upon L — a Life of P — Power. H — Helpless ones, E — Endeavor L — to Leave off P — Playing with life.

A SEARCH FOR THE HERO OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN."

"Edith, look! can't you see him? The third one from the end. Is n't he lovely? and just suits! I said I would find him first. There, he is going to play!"

"Oh is n't he elegant! exactly what he ought to be! He is a fine musician, too. Don't you wish we knew him? But we must be quiet."

This whispered conversation took place at one of the Symphony rehearsals in Boston. The speakers were two girls of about twenty-one years of age. One, Edith Rolfe, a tall, handsome girl, was the only child of a well-to-do Boston merchant. She had decided musical talent, and her master prophesied a brilliant future for her.

Nan Nelson, her companion, was a pretty blonde, who, with her mother, had come to Boston, where she intended to continue her study of art. They were at present visiting the Rolfes, with whom they would remain until they could secure desirable rooms.

Since Nan's arrival, the girls had read together that pretty book called "The First Violin." They were so charmed with the story that they playfully vowed to find a man corresponding to their idea of its hero, who should be first violinist in an orchestra of some renown.

The man of whom they were now speaking was tall and handsome and evidently a master as well as a lover of his profession. He played with his "whole soul," and the violin answered to his touch with sweet, clear tones which seemed to throw a charm over the audience. The girls were "carried away," as they expressed it, and thought if they could only know him they would be happy.

A few days after this, on returning from the studio, Nan rushed excitedly into Edith's room, exclaiming, "I saw him! I saw him!" "Did you? Where?" "On my way home. I passed right by him. But after all he is nothing but a man, there is nothing heroic or grand about him, as there must be about my 'first violin.'"

"Well, I don't know about that. All I know is that he suits my idea, and I only wish I knew him."

After this, on the way to their lessons, the girls often passed Carl Binder, the musician. Nan thought it a good joke, and used to say, "His ears must burn; if they don't they ought to, for we talk enough about him."

But to Edith it was no joke. She scolded herself soundly when, to her humiliation, she first discovered that she felt disappointed and cross if they did not meet him. "You ought to be ashamed, Edith Rolfe, to ever think of him! he does n't know you, and probably never noticed you; the idea of being so foolish!" she would say to herself.

But in one thing Miss Rolfe was mistaken. Carl had noticed the girls whom he so often met, and had wondered who they were; had often thought, too, that the tall one had the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

One afternoon, on reaching home, the girls found

Mrs. Nelson preparing to go in search of rooms. Suddenly taking the notion that they should like to go, the girls persuaded her to let them, and taking the address of a Mrs. R., 61 Blank Street, they started on their errand.

The call at 61 proving unsuccessful, they left the house, intending to go, as Mrs. R. had advised, to 60 of the same street. So engrossed were they, however, in talking of an anticipated trip to Europe, that without thinking that 60 was opposite 61, they walked on down the street.

Finally glancing at the number of a pretty dwelling-house near the end of the block, Nan said, "Here we are!" and without a doubt or a second glance they went up the steps and rang the bell.

The rooms suited exactly and all arrangements were soon made. Turning to go, Nan said, "Let me see, the number is 60." "No, 69." "What! can I be mistaken? I was certain I was right!"

But sure enough they had mistaken the number. "It is fortunate it was not something of importance, or our carelessness might have caused some trouble," said Nan when they were on the way home, and then she went on to talk of the rooms, how she would arrange them, etc.

Poor Edith, however, heard little or none of this, for as the door of the house had been opened they were greeted with the sound of a violin. Could it be he? Could they have passed 60 and gone straight to his door? But what nonsense! of course it could not be so.

Mrs. Nelson was soon nicely settled in her new quarters. As they did not dine with the other lodgers, there was little opportunity of seeing or meeting them.

Edith often called and often too heard the mysterious violin. One day she was hurrying towards the stairs which led to Nan's room, and, looking at a piece of music in her hand, was not thinking that any one was near, when suddenly she came to a halt in front of some one and, looking up, found herself face to face with — Carl!

Begging her pardon, he stepped aside for her to pass, but before she reached the room a door closed in the hall below, and Edith knew that it was his violin which had greeted her on her first visit to that house.

Edith did not visit Nan again for some time, thinking it unwise to risk meeting Carl, but when at last she did go, it was to a worse fate than before.

As she was about to ascend the stairs, the sound of children's voices arrested her, and glancing up she saw, through the open door of Carl Binder's room, two children of a lady boarder. She knew they were forbidden to visit strangers, and thinking the door had been left ajar and they had wandered in alone, she was about to call them, when, to her horror, a man who had been talking with the children rose from the floor and stood facing her.

Oh! what had she done? It was Carl! and he had seen her staring into his room! There was nothing to do but to hurry upstairs and get out of sight as soon as possible.

Shortly after this, Edith was taken ill, and before her slow recovery Carl had moved, where she did not know. But she was free to visit Nan now as often as she liked. She knew it was best that he had gone, and still in her very heart she was sorry.

But time passed by and soon the time arrived when the party in which we are interested were to sail for Europe. The day was bright, and many friends were at the wharf to see them start.

Edith's teacher, Prof. Hazen, who was there, drew her aside, and said, "Edith, I want you to meet a friend of mine who is also going to Germany. It will be pleasant for him to know your party, and as he is a musician he may be of help to you in meeting the musicians there. I have not told him you are going, but I will find him now."

With that he left, and did not return until a few moments before the boat was to leave. How familiar his friend looked to Edith! Could it be — yes, it was — Carl!

In the confusion of farewells, no one saw the hurried introduction, no one noticed how pale Edith grew as she repeated his name, nor the flush of true pleasure with which he recognized her.

Prof. Hazen did not know that day that he had made two hearts very happy. But later, when he received a letter from Carl, he read, "Your pretty pupil is to be my wife."

When Edith told Nan her good news, and blushingly confessed how long she had loved Carl, Nan

said, "I thought you were greatly interested in him, but, Edith, you should have told me: I had a right to know, for you must remember that I found him."

"Yes, dear," she answered with a kiss and an impetuous little squeeze, "you found him for me, — you found my 'First Violin.'"

O. M.

OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN.

They say that the nineteenth century is the century of progress, and truly, as regards the imagination of the modern school-girl, we have advanced greatly since those good old days of common-sense and sincerity, when the Puritan fathers so wisely ruled their little settlements, without the aid of skilful scheming and adroit deception.

But it is not of the Puritans that we wish to speak, but of the "Castles in Spain," in which so many of us live.

When we first arrived at Lasell we were young and unsophisticated, so it was a constant source of wonder and astonishment that so many of our classmates and friends possessed such unlimited wealth, such talented friends, and such untold treasures in the shape of sealskin jackets, diamond necklaces, and the like, "which mamma is keeping for me until I am out of school." Alas for our innocence! We were yet to learn that these treasures were only a part of the furnishings of "Castles in Spain."

Who has not listened to the glowing description of "our parlor furniture," the upholstery for which "cost $125 a yard, narrow width," when in all probability the entire set of furniture was purchased for what the price of one chair would have been, reckoning from the story of our visionary informant?

Oh, the depravity of this perverse generation! What would the great-grandmothers of some of our friends say, the grandmothers who toiled early and late, and who were not ashamed to let it be known that they possessed but little of this world's goods, could they hear their descendants trying to persuade us that these fair and goodly structures, these palaces of the imagination, are indeed the substance and not the shadow! Picture, if you can, the astonishment good old Grandmother Smith would feel could she hear Elaine speak of the wealth and splendor of her Washington house! Can you not see the lady look when Elaine asserts that "our family have a coat of arms, you know? My grandfather was an English lord."

What story did you ever relate, that some friend did not know of an incident exactly parallel, which "my sister Kate's friend told us last summer, when we were in the mountains. He 's a Yale man, has travelled lots; and so cute!" Sister Kate's friend, by the way, belonging to the same family as Sairy Gamp's Mrs. Harris, of whom Dickens tells us.

Then there is the girl who has such an utter contempt for money. She is eager to give the idea that she has always been accustomed to luxury, and, in her anxiety to make her companions believe in this delusion, she rather overdoes the matter. She it is who tells you so often of the political honors won by "my papa," of his popularity, of "my brother's horses and dogs," of "my little sister's reception dresses," and, lastly, she dwells upon the capital "papa" has placed in his business. Then, lest this information does not sufficiently impress you, she hastens to add, "Oh, of course, papa has n't all of his money in his business! why, he has millions invested elsewhere!" How delightfully indefinite — elsewhere! from our knowledge of this kind of girl, it is highly probable that "papa's millions," besides being so doubtfully invested, are utterly inaccessible both to him and the other members of his family.

Another girl we so often meet is the girl whose dresses are made at Worth's. Here let us pause to heave a sigh. No pen can fitly portray the agonies she heaps upon us. She bounces into our quiet room just as we are about to spend our few hoarded moments in perusing the new book our cousin has so kindly sent, and forces us to examine some dreadful arrangement of folds and flounces, which has just arrived straight from Paris. O Worth, what atrocities are committed in thy name! Why is it we must be so tormented?

Could we but "see ourselves as others see us," could we but know that the building of these air-castles deceives nobody, but rather lessens the respect of those for whose good opinion we most care, possibly we might turn our well-cultivated imaginations to some better use.

Is it not more contemptible to be ashamed of one's position in life, and to endeavor by deceit and artifice to augment one's importance, than to live honest and open lives, regardless of sneers and ridicule? Let us remember the words of the Scottish poet, —

"Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that."

M. B. S., '90.

LOCALS.

A GAME of "Halma" has made its appearance in the school, and every one who has tried it is continually desiring to borrow, until at this date the owner has not set her eyes upon said game for over two weeks, and it may be in passing from hand to hand the real possessor has been entirely forgotten.

THE course of law lectures by Miss Greene has commenced, and though some of us dreaded them lest they should be dry and uninteresting, all agreed at the end of the first discourse that they were very *charming*.

THE individuals who were congratulating themselves upon the delightful idea of going home for Feb. 22, and leaving here Friday afternoon, not returning until the following Monday, are, alas, doomed to disappointment, for Washington's birthday, which everywhere in the United States is a holiday, is for us to be like any other day in the school week; for when we petitioned for three weeks at Christmas, it took in all the holidays from then until Easter.

This is a case when the old saying might be somewhat altered, making it read, "impatient and greedy waiters are losers."

How true to some natures is the roughly expressed opinion of a hired man, uttered some time ago: "Master has a little religion all done up in a nice little package and put down in the bottom of his pocket. When he goes to church he draws out this little package and opens it, showing it to the people for a few moments, then he does it up again, and when he goes out of church rams it still farther down in his pocket and turns and swears at us men."

THE committee called to change the uniform of the battalion decided not to change it after all, as it answered all the requirements.

MRS. DORCHESTER, a charming school friend of Miss Farwell's, gave us an informal talk upon Indian Missions, which was exceedingly interesting, as it was all her personal experience and greatly in the red man's favor.

A FAREWELL ode should be sung to "La Grippe," for he has made his ravages upon Lasell and flown to distant lands, — at least we hope so.

IN a whole month of winter only once have we used our polished steels upon the Lasell pond, and then it was anything but enjoyable, it was so rough.

As the season advances every girl is seized with a wild desire to have her pictures taken in Boston, and every evening at office hours Miss Chamberlayne's bench is crowded with expectantly waiting girls, and all have the same old question as they close the door behind them: "*May* I go to Boston and have my photographs taken *please?*"

THURSDAY, Jan. 30, was the Day of prayer for Colleges, and the services held in our chapel were extremely interesting.

At 10.30 A. M. we listened to a sermon by the Rev. Wm. Rice Newhall; at 3.30 P. M., a sermon by Rev. Wm. Nast Brodbeck; and at 7.30 P. M., an informal talk from Mr. Davidson.

WEDNESDAY evening, Jan. 29, quite a pleasing concert was given at West Newton, by Mr. and Mrs. Allen; also, the same evening, a lecture in the Methodist church, on India, with ster— illustrations. Why is it we were not all endowed with the great gift of being natural spellers?

DR. PICK has begun his lectures on Memory, and we all find them interesting and amusing. After his first lecture, as a regular thing at the dinner-table, one and all present begin to repeat the connected ideas of desk, wood, forest, bird, etc. It is really surprising how much one can remember in that way, and we all confess that if he could teach us the names of the English kings so we could remember them with "facility" it would be well worth the price of the lectures.

How hard it is to take up a thing which you have for some time dropped, and with what a dread

you commence again. After the three weeks' vacation the few who were always more or less timid of the water are now constantly finding excuses by which the all-important swimming lesson can be postponed.

MARRIED.

At Grace Church, Utica, N. Y., Jan. 23, Louise M. Hammond to Robert S. Maus. At home after March 1, Ashtabula, Ohio.

At Detroit, Mich., Jan. 15, Mabel Lee to Willis Caspar Ward.

PERSONALS.

Bertha Simpson writes from Lowell.

Sadie Hitchcock, of Bath, is visiting in Brooklyn.

May Adamson writes from Fort Edward, N. Y. A friend of hers wants to come to Lasell, and she to come back.

Mary Hathaway and Mary Cole were at Lasell together. Both well and happy.

Minnie Bigelow Petersen has been at the school. Also Etta Jackson. Glad to see them.

Miss Grace Seiberling, '87, is visiting Jo. Wallace, '88, at her home, in Rochester, New Hampshire.

Florence Durfee tells how they miss the dear sister Margie. They do not repine, but it is very lonely for them all. We grieve for them.

Capt. J. W. Haight has made a present of a number of valuable statistical works to Lasell library. He has our thanks, and we are glad he is recovering from a very bad case of "La Grippe."

Sadie Hollingsworth is very busy, with teaching music, singing in public, etc. Her sister has been very ill. Laura Munger and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ninde) called on her while making their bridal trip.

Laura Place is trying to bear cheerfully her great affliction, the death of the gentleman she was about to marry. She is living in New Jersey. She may come to Lasell some day. We heartily hope she will.

Rev. Dr. Geo. Lansing Taylor writes a characteristic letter. He is struggling with neuralgia, yet manages to do a good deal of work; enough to keep him out of mischief, "if that were possible." He thinks the Lord would help him more if he would give the Lord "a better chance."

Helen Westheimer writes affectionately of her old companions here. She suggests that if the World's Fair takes place, all Lasell people shall register at some place to be agreed upon, so that they may easily find each other. She says that Emma Hilton, now Mrs. Donelly, of Minneapolis, has a little son. Our congratulations.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst sent a chatty note from Washington, Jan. 20. At the Metropolitan Church, Carrie Foster and Mertie Sinsabaugh came up and spoke to him, introducing themselves as from Lasell. He was much pleased. Dr. Parkhurst was at Mr. Walker Blaine's funeral, met for an hour Dr. Scott, father of Mrs. President Harrison, puzzles himself over the negro problem, etc., etc.

Sue Brown has had a visit from Carrie Foster, attended Blanche Lowe's wedding, "the prettiest wedding I ever saw," had a call from Maude Stone, met Lutie Price, of Denver, in Washington, Agnes Kingman, in Philadelphia, also Emma Civill, Gussie Lowe, and Mae Fowler. Expects to see Alice Williams and Lillie Eddy, who are in Philadelphia. Lillie is probably with Sue now. She says Kathleen Ziele is now Mrs. Oakley Clarke, and lives in Baltimore. Sue was to have a birthday reception Feb. 5, and there was talk of a reunion of the Lasell graduates in and near Philadelphia.

A pleasant word from Annie Blanche Merrill, saying kindest things of Lasell. She is making herself useful, or was at that moment, in place of the regular Bridget in the kitchen. That is a good way to learn, and many people are forced to try it.

Mr. Herman Bragg, Inez's father, died in Pueblo, Jan. 23, of apoplexy of the brain, aged 38. He has been suffering in health very severely for several months, but had improved while in California, and hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery. A swift relapse and sudden death were a great shock to his family. Poor dear Inez has written several times very bravely about her father's sad condition of health, but it is certain that all through his illness the family have felt very anxious and distressed. We give them all possible sympathy. Mrs. Bragg has one son, Inez's brother. Mr. Bragg was a Massachusetts man, and went to Gunnison seven years ago. He seems to have been greatly respected, and his early cutting off is universally lamented. He was a Mason, and was buried at Gunnison by that Order.

THE SIXTH LASELL PARTY TO EUROPE.

Some of our girls and their friends want us to take them through Europe the coming summer, and it is decided to go. So, if any of our old girls with their immediate friends want to enjoy this trip with us, we shall be glad to hear from them soon. We shall sail by steamer "Pavonia" from Boston, June 21, and, from the sketch of the route already prepared, it is thought none better could be planned for the time allowed. The party will sail from Liverpool, on the return, Sept. 5. We shall distribute circulars of this trip with full details.

If you desire special information in relation to either excursion, write to

WILLIAM T. SHEPHERD,
Lasell Seminary,
Auburndale.

LASELL ROUND THE WORLD TOUR.

It now seems quite likely that this trip will be taken next year, starting in October, 1890. It certainly will if ten good girls want to go, and certainly will not unless they do.

The plan is substantially as outlined last year. Leaving here (or possibly San Francisco) early in October, to spend a month in Japan, a week in China, a month in India, another in Palestine, another in Egypt, going up the Nile to first cataract, (perhaps South India or Sinai instead of three weeks of Egypt?) a week or two in Constantinople and Athens, touching at various places on the way, and to finish at Rome, June 1, 1891. Those wishing, may return direct to Boston with me. Those preferring, may spend the summer in Europe, under good care, which I will provide if desired.

Price from Boston to Rome $2,500, from San Francisco to Rome $2,325, everything included.

Not over twelve will be taken besides Mrs. B. and myself. Intending members should let their purpose be known as soon as possible.

C. C. B.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Oh, the shimmer and the glimmer
Of the pale electric light!
How it flashes out in triumph
As daylight takes its flight!

How my heart beats on in gladness,
And my eye with joy does blaze
As the brightly beaming luminary
Shines out before my gaze!

So we 'll crown immortal Edison
With a wreath of jewels bright,
And the centre foremost sparkling gem
Is the pale electric light.

EXCHANGES.

Under the title of "Reminiscences," the *Wesleyan Argus* relates several laughable anecdotes, which we enjoyed, and which must be especially entertaining to the students of that college.

The *Ogontz Mosaic* presents a very attractive number for January. Nearly all of the articles are worthy of attention, but we especially enjoyed "The Story on a Japanese Fan."

After reading recent editorials and communications of the *Princetonian*, we will be on the lookout for a humorous journal from Princeton, probably to be called the *Tiger*. Such a publication would doubtless be welcome, for we notice that the *Harvard Lampoon* and *Yale Record* receive a great deal of attention in our reading-room.

An amusing story, called "The Skepticism of Eleanor Deans," is in the *Harvard Advocate.* The influence of a planchette seems, of late, to form a favorite topic for stories.

In reading the *Swarthmore Phœnix*, we were pleased to find sketches of Thoreau and Dr. Amelia Edwards. That of the latter was especially interesting and well-timed.

The *Polytechnic* devotes several pages to "A Trip to Southeastern Alaska." Although a fertile subject, we think a shorter article would have been better.

The prize story called "Only Mother," in the *Colby Echo*, although unpretentious, is well told. We, however, hope it is not often a tale of real life.

Every one who knows anything of Tom Brown cannot fail to be interested in "Rugby as I Saw It," as told in the *University Beacon.*

"A Literary Comparison" between "Measure for Measure" and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," is a well-written article in a recent number of the *Haverfordian.*

Since the vacation, the various exchanges are full of accounts of successful glee-club trips. The last season seems to have been unusually good.

The *College Rambler* pays a neat compliment to the journals edited by young ladies. We were pleased to find ourselves mentioned in this connection, and were very glad not to have our spirits dampened by a mistake in our name. After being called *Lasell Lever*, *Laurell Leaves*, and *Lowell Leaves*, this is truly gratifying.

A BIT OF BAR HARBOR.

Our first glimpse of Maine's noted summer resort is from the deck of the little steamer, as she makes her usual trip between Mt. Desert ferry and Bar Harbor.

The harbor itself is crowded with boats of every description, from the huge man-of-war to the light birch canoe paddled so skilfully by a young woman in white blouse, who may, for aught we know, be a Lasell girl.

On approaching the landing we behold the most unique looking vehicles imaginable. These are the long, low buckboards with which the wharf is crowded. Hardly have we stepped from the plank when with our goods and chattels we are hurried to one of these vehicles, and are being whirled to the largest hotel of which Bar Harbor can boast. If one is in low spirits there is no surer remedy for him than a drive on one of these buckboards, for the rider forgets his own trials and tribulations in the excitement of holding on.

After five minutes of this exhilarating exercise we find ourselves at our destination. The broad veranda where the carriage stops is occupied by two young men in tennis costumes, who are evidently awaiting the appearance of their fair partners. We are surprised that not more people are stirring, but learn afterward that at Bar Harbor the fashionable hour for walking and driving is from four until six o'clock. And truly we are not misinformed, for at that time there is almost a transformation scene. People who an hour ago were thinking life a bore are now all animation. Among the many pleasure seekers strolling over the lawn we see five young ladies and one of the young men whom we noticed upon our arrival. On the hotel steps stands the small boy selling his burden of fragrant pond-lilies, and within doors, as near the fish-pond as he dares, is a pure unadulterated dude. Perhaps this fish-pond may need a word of explanation. It is the place near the hotel office where the fair sex angle, but their catches are few and far between.

If one admires Bar Harbor by daylight, what will be his opinion of it by gaslight, for the real life here begins then. The immense hotels, gay with lights and dancing, make a scene long remembered, while the cottages abound in festivities.

We have the pleasure of watching one of the most successful hops of the season. Around the walls of the music-room are arranged the watchful mammas and vigilant *chaperons*, while their charges are promenading the veranda with Clarence and Harry. Ah, the *chaperon* is truly an invention worthy the age in which we live. Suddenly the sound of music fills the great room, and as a few of the more daring dancers glide across the slippery floor, we feel that the party has actually begun.

But hark! Is that the nine-thirty bell that jars upon our ear? No, certainly not; but we are all so drowsy that we agree to stand by our old Lasell custom, and tear ourselves from the midst of such fascinations, to dream of the festivities in which, as yet, we cannot participate.

PEDRI.

Pedri was only a page, a little Italian boy whom Mrs. C., the rich American lady, had picked up somewhere in her wanderings through Italy. Mrs. C. was a kind-hearted woman in her way — or rather when not out of her way. She had often noticed the handsome little fellow with his gay young mother, as they passed her balcony; so when she heard that Pedri's mother had been taken ill, oh, so suddenly! and died (leaving her little boy an orphan), Mrs. C. offered to take him back to America with her, to be a little page in her beautiful home. Would he go? Oh, yes! Nothing mattered to him now; he did not care.

. . . . . .

Pedri did not like America: it was all so cold; not anything like his own warm land. The only bright, lovely thing in it all, thought Pedri, was Mrs. C.'s daughter, a girl of twenty,— Mees Yessie, he called her. If he had been a poet or an artist, he could have expressed her beauty on paper or canvas; but Pedri was neither the one nor the other, only a beautiful, velvet-clad page. But oh, how he loved her! with all the depth and width of his Italian heart, which could swell with love or contract with passion. She had been so good to him, oh, so good! She talked to him in Italian, and tried to teach him English, always so patient with him, and he adored her. Next to Mees Yessie, Pedri loved music. No matter what he was doing when Yessie took her violin lesson, he always managed to be within hearing distance, and he would remember what she played. In the early mornings he would beg the housemaid to let him dust the music-room and put it to rights. The sleepy girl was willing enough to give up that duty. So Pedri would take Yessie's violin tenderly from its case, and, tucking it under his chin, would play anything and everything, from Yessie's difficult pieces to the airs remembered from his own dear Italy. Then he would improvise, playing out his very soul in wonderful melodies. But the time was so short! At the first sounds in the house he would put the violin back, and wait only for the next morning.

. . . . . .

Pedri was very ill. He lay on the bed so still and quiet, with Mees Yessie's hand clasped in both his own, and her eyes resting pityingly on him. The doctor said the American winter had been too much for his delicate body, and the same disease which had killed his fair young mother had seized him too. His eyes had become bigger and bigger each day, and his cheeks more thin. Mees Yessie sat beside him, talking to him in his own Italian. Was there anything in the world she could do for him? His eyes lighted, and he tried to speak, but with his weak lips could only breathe "violin." Her violin? Pedri want it? It was brought, and sudden strength seemed to return to him. He lifted it and laid his cheek lovingly on it. One long, sweet chord, and the slender hand relaxed, the bow fell, and Pedri was dead.

P. A. L.

SOME UNWRITTEN RULES OF MISS LAURA THOUGHTLESS.

IN LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

Mem. — To secure the best seat unoccupied, put feet on rungs of second chair, books on a third. People who want to get by can go round.

Take two or three of the popular papers at a time: it saves getting up often,— and some one else might take them.

When read, drop them on the sofa or table; if near the pigeon-holes, thrust them in anywhere; why bother to fold them, or find the right place? What else has the librarian to do? If by chance one carries off some paper with one's books and music, why bother to return it? A newspaper is of no account.

In case of wanting a book, ask some one where to find it: it's a great bother to look it up, and it takes time to read the cards hung about. When done with it, drop it upon the table: too much bother to find its place on the shelf,— sure I could n't do it. Besides, the librarian will soon set things right: what else is a librarian for, to be sure?

A GERMAN SCHOOL.

It is interesting to compare a good home school for girls in Germany with our own. The Misses Liste send out the modest prospectus of their school in Vienna.

They arrange for girls from six to eighteen, though accepting some at four years of age. The school is held in the city from October to July; July and August are spent in study among the mountains. September is the holiday month, and may be given to relatives.

There are seven half-days of the year when pupils who wish may make visi s; these are Easter Monday, New-Year's Day, All Saints' Day, etc. The younger pupils have very little pocket-money, and it is begged that the eldest never have over six florins ($2.40) per month. All wear uniform, furnished by the school. When not in recitations they spend their time in the garden, which has a large swimming tank. In winter they skate, and ride on sledges.

The curriculum of study is much the same as our own, but with eleven yearly grades. Each one begins with "Religion," meaning graded Bible study, the creed, catechism, and preparation for holy communion when old enough. Gymnastic and household work are carefully graded for each year. The youngest knit. Later, they crochet, sew, do worsted work, embroider, darn,— making of the latter finally "art darning," a nice accomplishment of our grandmothers. Also "heeling and toeing," as it was called here in the old times, when grandmothers sat in chimney-corners and placidly knit their lives out. Germans keep the simple ways of knitting on heels and toes to half-worn stockings. Also, the forgotten art of marking linen with the needle is taught to the older girls, by samplers such as we preserve as heirlooms of a past civilization. Lora Standish's, at Plymouth, is memorable, if we remember aright, for some bad spelling.

In this school they make the underwear and the lace which we buy; and they begin to cut dresses in the year before the last at school.

The last year has two days of every week devoted wholly to dress cutting and making, to "measuring," (exactly what is that?) to pattern drawing, and last, not least, to cooking in considerable variety. So the cultured and refined young woman becomes a capable *hausfrau*, and goes to take "her proper position as daughter, wife, or mother." There is certainly more simplicity and the habit of obedience of youth to elders in the German ways than in ours in America. They manage some details differently from our ideas, but it strikes us that, on the whole, such a school and its training must be very good indeed.

In Greece many centuries ago lived seven gnomic poets, who were also philosophers and statesmen, known to us as the "Seven Sages." Each one of these "Seven Sages" had a motto; these mottoes have "rattled down the ages," and have become more or less proverbially popular. Cleobulus of Lindus took for his motto, "Avoid extremes," which naturally suggests to us a medium, a standard. Some, less philosophically inclined, may disagree with the great Cleobulus, and believe that a standard is not necessary; they may further think that "variety is the spice of life," and act accordingly. Their ideas and habits would then become of the most varied and extreme nature, and they would soon find themselves in a jumbled condition.

In making acquaintances it is always most agreeable to select for friends those who are happy, pleasant, lively, entertaining, and of even temperament. We are not charmed by friends who are so waspish and discontented that it is a continual struggle for peace and repose when in their company. Nor do we particularly like those whose natures are so gentle and passive that we have an innate desire to see them in contact with an exploding bunch of fire-crackers. Many travel extensively in foreign lands, acquire vast knowledge, and receive the title of "smart people." Of these *many*, there are three classes: First, those who are natural conversers, and to whom we would gladly listen, but for one reason, they are supercilious; and every time they address us it is with an air that is repugnant to us, and we turn away disgusted. Second, those who *could* be entertaining, but who have not animation enough to stir. They sooner or later become "wall-flowers," and we tire of them. The third class are the "much sought." They have with them such a pleasant delightfulness, which develops into an odd fasci-

nation, that we constantly find something new to admire. These last are those we desire for friends.

If there were *no* laws, *no* standards, by which to regulate matters, what a state this world would assume! Conscience, as one of the standards, would be gone, there would be no way of distinguishing right from wrong, things would run at randum, wild confusion would prevail, no dependence could be placed in anything, and there would be one constant "April Fool." Suppose we were desirous of purchasing a pound of salt; if it were not established by law just how many ounces should compose that pound, the grocer might give us just as much or little as he pleased. The fact that "three feet make a yard" is very indefinite, unless it be qualified by "twelve inches make one foot, sixteen notches make one inch"; without the qualification the question would arise whether the foot under consideration be the French foot or the Chicago foot; and it would make a difference in measuring a silk gown. Two pints of milk *should* make *one quart* of milk; but when left to the modern milkman to dispose of it frequently *increases* in bulk,—"*mirabile dictu!*"

It is always soothing to remember that sixty pounds of wheat make one bushel of wheat; fifty-six pounds of corn make one bushel of corn; sixty pounds of potatoes make one bushel of potatoes. Some years ago fifty-nine pounds of turnips were counted as one bushel, but since the measure was raised to sixty pounds. Only think of it! All that time turnip lovers were being cheated out of one whole pound of turnips for every bushel of turnips they consumed!

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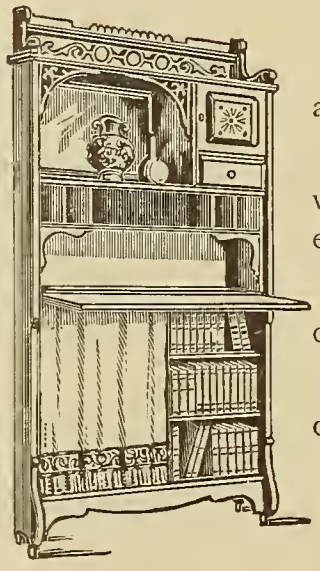
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First. Books are handy when writing.

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Third. Three wide shelves for fifty or sixty volumes.

Fourth. Rod for curtain to save dust, dirt and fading.

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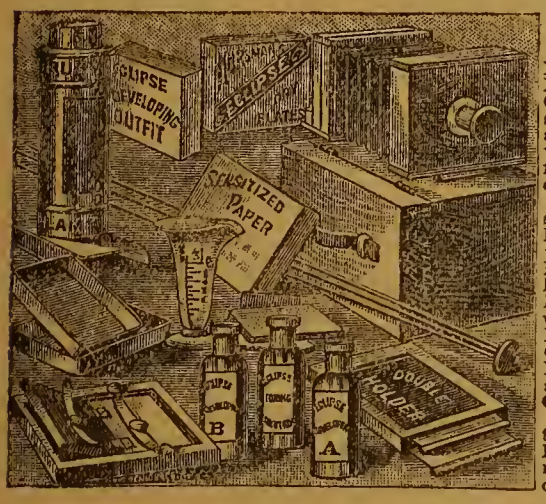
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LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

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OF

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Auburndale, Mass.

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WE have learned that, through some accident, several of our subscribers did not receive their LEAVES for January. It may be possible that there are more with whom this was the case than we have been able to find out. If so, we should be glad if our friends would let us know of it, so that other copies may be sent as soon as possible.

SOME time ago Prof. Bragdon offered a prize to any one who would send in the best Lasell song. We publish in this number the first one which has been given us. Where are all the gifted and loyal daughters of Lasell, that they are not on hand ready and eager to vie with each other in eulogizing her in rhyme?

SEVERAL days ago there came into our hands specimen pages of "The Collegian Song Book." This is a new collection of college songs for the glee clubs and under-graduates of American colleges. Its arrangement and contents differ so materially from the collections of college songs which have been handed down from generation to generation that the book would be a sure success if only on account of its novelty.

But if the whole collection fulfils the promise held out in the four or five songs which these specimen pages contain, we think musically inclined college men, and maidens too, will have a book which will prove a delight to them.

AMONG the many criticisms passed upon schoolgirls, none is more common than that they know little concerning the affairs of the outside world. Often this criticism is too true, for, since a college is in one sense a world by itself, the students are apt to interest themselves only in things pertaining to college life.

One of the answers to the question of how we

are to broaden our views, is, by newspaper reading. While it is an acknowledged fact that newspapers do not always contain the most refreshing and elevating kinds of literature, still it must be admitted that only by such reading can we hope to be well informed on the topics of the day.

We certainly should know something of the great movements which are claiming the attention of the most profound scholars and thinkers, and should not be ignorant of the purpose of the great reformers, and the results which they hope to bring about. Many who are familiar with the political condition of other nations know but little of affairs in their own country. Surely this is not right.

Why is it, then, that, with our library furnished with dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, no more of us seize the opportunity to be well informed on the important questions of our time?

Lasell is following fast in the tracks of the colleges, in that she feels the necessity of a yell. The immediate occasion of this tidal wave of feeling was a sleigh-ride. The spell which usually falls upon the youthful voice and heart at such times came upon the entire school as they glided over snow-clad hills and dales and — street-car tracks. The result was displayed in songs and impromptu yells, the effect of which was instantaneous. From windows heads appeared very suggestive of slumber; people passing on the roads responded with the ever-ready "Ah there!" while in Boston — intellectual Boston!— the sleigh-loads of giggling girls were greeted by, "How are you?" from a Commonwealth Avenue turnout.

Now, if we might have responded to these varied salutations with a genuine *yell;* if we had roused even the sleepiest inhabitant of the little villages; if we had turned our deep, melodious voices in one common jingle of nonsense, how proudly would we have laid our tired heads to rest that night!

But we said it was a necessity, and in proof we may suggest our increased lung power, acquired in gymnastics, our beauty of enunciation, developed by the repetition of "Speak the speech, I pray you," and, more than all this, the well-modulated tones which we have recently adopted. Then, too, a yell would have revealed all these accomplishments to the listening world, and might also have relieved us of all the surplus energy and combustion heaped up on two months of steady work.

The yells improvised were variations of "boom," "ba," and "rah." To our minds, the first two are utterly inappropriate; the first, since a girl usually is supposed to run from any kind of fire-works; the second, because we are tired of suggestions of "Mary and her Lamb." "Rah" was a trifle more satisfactory, since most college yells use this exhilarating syllable.

With this brief summary of our position on this all-important subject, we beg our interested friends to aid us in the production of the aforesaid instrument of joy, in the pursuit of which we shall forthwith engage ourselves.

GIRLS

Who are glad they went to Lasell, and think, on the whole, that it is about as good a school as there is, even if Miss Carpenter did "rise to stir you up" and Mr. Bragdon to "put you down," you want to get a Lasell pin, and put it somewhere in sight when you travel, so as to catch the eye of any other chance Lasellian whom you may meet on your way. We sell one to every Lasell pupil who has had an "honorable discharge." I wish I could afford to give you each one.

C. C. B.

A SHORT LIFE'S TRAGEDY.

The alleys and back streets of our large cities form little worlds all in themselves, and very dark and dismal ones at that. Through the smoky atmosphere the sun cannot pierce his way, and his smiling face is never seen, the high walls shutting him out forever. It is only through the few cracks large enough that the daylight reaches these places at all, and saves them from a perpetual night. The dirt-begrimed faces and the low language set these people off by themselves, and all seems dark indeed.

In one of the dimmest of the homes in one of these alleys lived a small child. I say small, rather than young, for with the sixteen years that

have rolled over her head has come such experience as — God be thanked! — comes to but few. Her little form hardly denotes so many years, as it is marred, and out of proportion, so that she would pass for ten or less. The tiny face is pinched and pale, and the hand that supports the always aching head is emaciated. The blue eyes, that look like deep hearted violets, have in them, not the haunted look sometimes seen, not even the sad and tearful appeal commonly recognized, but a constant look of inquiry and alertness that is inexplicable. This is all that in any way beautifies the face. Her mouth might have been pretty, but has been so drawn with pain that it is pitifully ugly. A much-worn pair of crutches takes the place of feet.

In her little room she stays. Here a pile of straw, there an old box. Upon the first she lies at night; upon the last she sits by day and fashions some simple toys with her weak fingers. Who she is or where she came from she knows but little more than you or I. She remembers that three years ago the pale-faced dying mother was carried out of the home, and never returned. She might know more, but her own pain has erased it all.

She has lived alone in her garret, though her surly neighbors have at times given her some necessities for her very life. She is called by them, Beauty; not because she is so, but in derision. Why she is thus called is her whole story.

One night she had been out to sell her few toys and to buy something to eat with the pennies. As she was struggling home, just as she turned the corner of the street, a voice rang out near her, "How beautiful!" The words rang in the little one's ears, and she wondered what anything *beautiful* could look like, and longed to see the same. Whenever she met the neighbors she always inquired where she could find the beautiful, and what it was. They only laughed, for they did not know.

One summer day, after lying on her straw, drawn up with anguish for a long time, she decided to wait no longer, but to go in search of it herself.

The look in the violet eyes deepened as she made a desperate attempt to start upon her search. It took a very long time to reach the common, but at last she sank upon the green grass. As she lay looking at the blue sky above her she thought that must be *beautiful;* but it could not be what the voice meant, for, she thought, "Such people see these things always: it would not be beautiful to them as to me." What was working in that small brain to reason so much better than she knew?

She compared herself with the passers-by, and noted how differently she had looked in a small piece of glass she had rescued from an ash-heap, and in which she had seen herself. "Oh, if I could stay here forever!" she thought. Suddenly there burst on her vision that of which she had even no comprehension: a being like and yet not like herself; a lady, tall, erect, with golden hair, which, in some strange way, was all in circles about her fair face and head; rosy cheeks, which were a wonder to the little cripple; and the rush of her silken draperies almost took the child's breath away. What! could she be an angel, just come to earth? This must be of what the voice had spoken.

The little girl gazed with gasping breath, the blue eyes wide open in wonder. "Is n't it beautiful?" she thought. "I did not know there was anything in the world like this. How I would like to hear her speak!" Like a quick blow, — but in reality it was only the words of the beautiful (?) one, — the lame girl heard, "Well, Miss Impudence, when you have done staring, move on." Her fine brown eyes flashed in the sunlight. The tiny figure recoiled; hot tears welled up in her eyes, and, feeling for her crutches, she murmured, "I was only thinking how beautiful you are."

Thus was her life's dream shattered. She had travelled far, with much pain, for — this. Blinded by tears, she struggled on, falling sometimes against the hard walls. Disappointed in what she had held most dear, she cried out, "What might the beautiful, of which I have dreamed so much and so long, not have been, if it had only been true!" At last, reaching the little garret, she lay down on the straw, never to rise again to seek for *the beautiful.*

The short life was spent, and the unrequited exertion had been too much for the frail creature. When morning dawned again, she was carried to lie forever under the blue sky and green grass, as she had wished. The harsh neighbors were soft-

ened for an instant, and carried "Beauty" to the place they considered beautiful. Had she found the beautiful that was true? E., '91.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We are assembled here to-day, friends, to hear of the life and character of a man whom the nation does well to honor; a man who has been to his country what no other man can or ever will be — Abraham Lincoln.

Most of us present are probably familiar with the privations and struggles of his early life, his hardships as a pioneer, so we will pass on until the time arrives when he makes a name for himself and his posterity.

As the law was his first stepping-stone to fame, it may be of some interest to learn how he obtained this legal knowledge, in spite of his pecuniary disadvantages. One day a farmer drove up to Lincoln's small grocery store in Salem with a broken-down horse, and a wagon filled with household plunder, and asked him what he would give for the whole load. Lincoln looked over the lot of old pots, pans, and kettles, and gave him half a dollar. The man went off, and Lincoln stored the stuff. Some weeks after the purchase, Lincoln had occasion to use one of the barrels which he had bought of the farmer, and as he turned out the contents, under the old rusty pans a dilapidated copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries" came to light. Lincoln eyed it curiously, and laid it aside. Later in the afternoon he picked up the book and began to read. He soon became absorbed in it, and from that day on he read all the long leisure hours which fall to the lot of a country grocer. This was the first inkling he had of any taste in the direction in which he afterward attained such success.

Some idea of his great talent in this direction may be drawn from the fact that in a series of debates he defeated Stephen A. Douglas, who was then at the zenith of his power, and who was regarded as the inevitable candidate of the Democracy for President.

Probably no man was ever placed in such a situation as Lincoln when, in 1861, he entered upon his administration as President of the United States.

Preceded by a man suspected of adhesion to the South, and who left the affairs of the state to a man unknown except as representative of a party which had no experience in conducting affairs, the country was on the verge of civil war; money must be obtained for the carrying on of such out of an empty treasury, and, as Lowell says, "The trees were yet growing and the iron unmined with which the navy was to be built and armored; officers without discipline were to make a mob into an army, and, above all, the public opinion of Europe, echoed and re-enforced with every vague hint and every specious argument of despondency by a powerful faction at home, was either contemptuously sceptical or actively hostile." Besides all this, the nation was in no way fitted for war after a peace of fifty years. Think of the shambling, loose-jointed pioneer placed in such a position! But was there another man in the United States who would or ever could have arisen to an emergency like this? "It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested."

Did Lincoln falter for one moment in his fearful undertaking? No! He stuck to it; and that he succeeded is proved by the fact that he has stood firmer in the hearts of his countrymen than any other man since Washington.

Lincoln was between two fires. A large minority of the Democratic party scarcely allowed him to claim the office; while the same of his own party suspected him of being a secret communicant with the church of Laodicea. Therefore, whatever he did was sure to be in opposition to one faction.

Slow and methodical in his habits, he exhausted the patience of those who knew exactly what to do when they did not have it to do; but when he had once decided, he went to work, and with unerring tact struck straight to the centre of the citadel.

His utter lack of self-consciousness did a great deal towards establishing himself in the hearts of the American people, who knew that when he had once decided to do a thing he would not retreat.

His appreciation of a good joke was one of the most important characteristics, and a phase of his nature that was afterwards revealed to many, and seemed inexplicable to them. It is told of him

that, when in the throes of the Civil War, and at a time when he was especially downcast, he sent for Judge Trumbull, a noted wit, to come and tell him some stories. Trumbull came, and Lincoln received him with delight. The judge spent the greater part of the night, and when he went away, the President declared that the visit had raised a ton of depression from his heart. Therein lies the secret of Lincoln's *proneness* for humorous anecdote. He turned to it that he might ease the strain which he perpetually bore.

The slavery question was undoubtedly the most delicate affair he had to deal with, but he must either meet it or sink under it, and he met it, as the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 testifies. The country cannot be thankful enough to the man who struck this heavy blow for liberty. After thinking over the benefit of such a man, who can refrain from saying with us: Would that the world *would* produce more such heroes?

N. W., '91.

LASELL SONG.

LASELL, beloved Lasell!
We, thy children, gather now,
With our praises' simple spell
To crown thy stately brow.
From North and West and South,
From the mountains and the sea,
In our strong and happy youth,
We have come to learn of thee.

Throned on thy hills, Lasell,
'Neath stern New England's sky,
Where vale and hillside tell
Of deeds that cannot die,
Thou hast taught us to be true,
To be lovers of the right,—
Quick and glad to dare and do
In the future's glorious fight.

Hark! from afar, Lasell,
Life's thrilling call we hear;
With tears we say farewell,
With smiles we answer "Here!"
Heart to heart, in loyal love
Go we forth the world to meet,
Following where the light above
Shall lead our willing feet.

Most fair, most dear, Lasell,
In memory's golden haze
Thy form shall ever dwell,
Undimmed by passing days.
All noblest gifts are thine,
Dear friends our hearts to cheer,
And wisdom's precious gems that shine
More bright from year to year.

Then here 's to thee, Lasell,
While hand with hand we twine —
From our hearts we wish thee well;
Long may happiness be thine!
May thy daughters in the land
Be a blessing and a power,
Loving heart and helping hand
Their more than queenly dower!

THE CHILDREN OF LITERATURE.

So numerous and life-like are the children of romance as to make us feel that the authors creating them must have sympathized with Jean Paul Richter, who not irreverently said, "I love God and little children. Ye stand nearest to him, ye little ones."

Charles Dickens's large family of ideal children seemed to him really flesh and blood. The memories of many writers have been kept fresh in our minds, not by their philosophical and theoretical works, which have gradually been read less and less, but by their stories of children. No one should consider himself too superior to read such stories, and, indeed, there are but few who do not enjoy them.

Let us glance at some of the little ones, who have always had such a charm for many of us.

First of all, our minds revert to the nursery rhymes, where we have been called upon to rejoice with Goody, on the receipt of her two shoes,. and with Jack Horner at his success in pulling out the plum. Try as hard as we may, with the aid of all scientific or classical works, can we ever forget those frivolous personages Jack and Jill? Next the boy Hiawatha claims our attention, and of course we all know The Barefoot Boy, of whom our own Whittier has written.

At the head of the authors whose pens have produced for us the children, stands Charles Dickens, surrounded by his large family, and prominent among them are Little Nell, Poor Joe, Tiny Tim, and the Marchioness. In fancy, we have all accompanied Little Nell and her grandfather on their wanderings, and, doubtless, have longed to assist the child, who never, for one

instant, swerved from her duty and affection. Even the stern critic, Jeffrey, whom all writers feared, upon being found weeping in his library, assigned the cause to the fact that Boz's Little Nell was dead. Our favorite, however, is Tiny Tim, who, by his patience and gentleness, won even the tough old heart of the miser Scrooge.

All of us have been rendered more content with our own fortunes, if not otherwise benefited, by reading of Tiny Tim, and, as we finished his history, have united with him in his cheerful, "God bless us, every one!"

Closely following Tiny Tim comes Leonard, the young hero of Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life," who by an accident was crippled, and prevented from becoming a soldier, the goal of his greatest ambition; yet he ever strove to live according to the motto of his house, *Lætus sorte mea* (Happy in my lot).

Another lesson of heroism under affliction is taught us by the Lady of Shalott, that exquisite creation of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Although confined in an attic at the east end of South Street, during a Boston summer, she was happier with her only possession, a 7 x 10 inch looking-glass, than many more fortunate children are with the most expensive toy.

From Boston, we turn our thoughts toward sunny France, to St. Pierre, remembered by us not chiefly because of his theories and philosophical essays, which he fondly hoped would make his name immortal, but for his simple yet beautiful story of the children, Paul and Virginia, the admiration of all young people.

Who is not grateful to John Brown for the story of Marjorie Fleming, the charming Pet Marjorie of Sir Walter Scott, who, in her short life, gathered at her feet so many of the great men of Scotland? How we all wish we might have seen this "wee maidie" laughing under Sir Walter's great plaid on her way to his home, even upon the stormiest and coldest of days. We also wish we might have been with them as they sat together in the warmth and light, he forgetting his maturer years in listening to her quaint chatter. Now the room rang with the laughter of the "wee maidie," and now the big man "swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill," while he listened to the gifted child-woman as she repeated to him with so much power and pathos the speeches of Constance in "King John," which she delighted to recite.

As we mention Constance, we cannot but think of the ill-fated young prince, Arthur, who prayed Hubert, with such passion, not to perform the cruel deed assigned to him by the avaricious king. Even that grim jailer could not withstand such entreaties, and, at last, relenting, he promised Arthur his sight and his life.

We divide our pity between Arthur and those two other young princes, Edward and Richard, whose short lives were brought to an end by the cruelty of their heartless uncle. In Shakespeare, too, we find the boy Lucius, the noble young attendant of Marcus Brutus, whose devotion to his master showed itself in every act.

Even as far back as Virgil, we read of Ascanius, the son of Æneas, and Cupid, the son of the goddess Venus, the latter of whom did perhaps more mischief than any other one boy of whom we read.

Among the children of mythology, we find the boy Epimetheus and the maiden Pandora, who, it is said, endowed the world with all its cares and troubles, for, in an evil moment, Pandora's curiosity to see what was in the mysterious box overpowered her, and it was but the work of an instant to free those mischievous sprites with whom the world and mortals have ever since been harassed.

Though we censure her for freeing the troubles, we give her our thanks for admitting into the light that other fairy, Hope, without whom we should all be desolate indeed.

Having always had with us the children, both of life and literature, we cannot imagine an existence without them.

> "What would the world be to us
> If the children were no more?
> We should dread the desert behind us
> Worse than the dark before."

So would literature, in losing its children, lose its chief interest; for, indeed,

> "They are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said,
> For they are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead."

L. M. S.

A SUMMER DAY DREAM.

One lovely afternoon last August, during my stay among the White Hills of New Hampshire, I felt in a particularly dreamy state of mind.

In order to indulge my mood undisturbed by any one, I took my shawl and sunshade and started for one of my favorite retreats. As I walked along I picked raspberries here and there, for I was very fond of this fruit, and had roamed the hills on all sides in search of it.

I soon came to a pair of bars, near which was a bush of magnificent berries, large and sweet looking. Should I stop to pick them? The sun was extremely warm, and a short distance up on the mountain-side was a grove of sugar-maples. It looked so cool and inviting up there, I left the raspberries, climbed the bars, and was soon comfortably situated on my shawl, with the green leaves of the maple-tree forming a shade over my head.

It was a perfect day, and I could look over across the fertile valley lying before me, to the mountains, which reared their peaks on all sides.

The valley was dotted with haystacks, and the carts loaded with hay and drawn by sturdy oxen completed the picture. As I watched the shadows play over the mountains, I gradually fell into a dreamy state of mind, thinking over my visit the day before to Franconia Notch, where I saw the Old Man of the Mountain, whose stony face overlooked, as it has done for centuries past, the little basin at his feet. Then began my day-dream. All at once I imagined I heard a shrill voice speaking to me. I turned my head, and, sure enough, there was one of the fairies, whom I had never believed in since my childhood days! Since I have not a very clear idea as to how she looked, I shall not attempt to describe her to you. "I know what you are thinking about," she said, "and if you promise not to touch that raspberry-bush down by the bars I will tell you what you wish to know. We fairies are fond of raspberries, too, and we wish that particular bush. You won't touch it, will you?" I readily gave the required promise, and she began, "You are wondering about the Old Man of the Mountain. A great many mortals have wondered about that, but I will tell you our fairy legend. Long, long years ago, before human foot had been planted on these shores, and way over in countries that people know but little about, there was a king called Zeus. He was king of the gods and of men, and all things were done according to his will. He had a most beautiful daughter whom suitors from many countries had wooed; but they wooed to no purpose, for she was a wilful, wayward maiden, and her dark eyes smiled as bewitchingly on one as on the other.

"On a certain day, a young man from a foreign country came to where she lived. He was tall and noble-looking, with blue eyes and golden hair. When they met they straightway fell in love with each other, and, although nothing was then said, their eyes spoke what words did not tell until some time afterward, when their troth was plighted and they vowed they would never part.

"Zeus was very angry indeed when he found this out, and called them both before him. When they came into his presence, — the maiden trembling, but her lover bold, — he fixed his eyes on the young man, and said, 'Who art thou, indeed, that presumest to take my daughter away from me, and hath already won her heart without my knowledge?'. He did not wait for an answer, but continued, 'Both of you shall be punished. 'Way over the mountains and seas there is another country, unknown to thee, whose solitude is only broken by the songs of birds and noises of wild beasts. There is a range of mountains over which the clouds and mists love to linger. In one of these, young man, thou shalt be confined forever. Thy face only shall be seen from the top of a cliff. Thou shalt never appear older than the day when thou art first placed in confinement there; but thou shalt live there forever, and never be permitted to ascend to Mount Olympus nor suffered even to enter the infernal regions. At the foot of the cliff there is a lake, and once in half a century thou mayst descend from thy crag and wash thyself in what shall be called the 'Old Man's Basin.' Under this basin, my daughter, thou shalt be confined in a coral palace, and when thy lover descends from his cliff, once in half a century, he shall be permitted to spend from sunset to sunrise with thee. Now, go.'

"When they turned away the young man's form became bent with age; his face grew keen and sharp-looking, as though already it felt the blasts

which would blow upon it in its mountain home. His beard became long and his eyebrows bushy. The maiden, however, still knew him, and clung to him. This is all we fairies know, except that the next morning at sunrise his face appeared from the cliff, above the clouds and mists." The voice ceased. I looked around, but my tiny visitor had disappeared.

Already the sun was sinking over the mountains, and I heard the faint tinkle of bells as the cows came up the lane homeward. This reminded me that I, too, must be going home, and, picking up my shawl and sunshade, I started down the hill, passing on my way the raspberry-bush, which I left unmolested. I would not touch this, for the story of the fairy lingered with me, as it does even now whenever the stern, weather-beaten face of the Old Man of the Mountain appears before me.

S. C. R., '91.

AN ENIGMA.

His voice is eternal, but sometimes grows hoarse,
His life is eternal, eternal its force.
It laughs and it sighs, it weeps and it moans,
It munches, it breaks, it swallows dead bones.
Its bosom is smote with death and despair,
Yet he never grows old, he always is fair;
His bosom is colored, 't is red, black, and white,
It is seen, it is touched in the glare of the light.
With all of these colors it sometimes is green,
Yet he never is touched, he never is seen.

EXCHANGES.

With the new year, the *Bates Student* appears in a new cover, but still seems familiar when we turn to its literary columns. The last two numbers contain an interesting debate on "Will Bismarck be a Greater Historical Character than Gladstone?"

Among the best of our exchanges is the *Nassau Lit.* The February number contains several excellent articles. The "Ballad of Onèta" is well written, but to the ordinary reader seems somewhat weird. "Logomachy in Fiction" is a skilful treatment of "the latest development of fiction — realism" — compared with the idealism of former novelists. As usual, considerable space is devoted to book reviews.

The *Vassar Miscellany* presents an excellent number, fully up to our expectation. The articles under "De Temporibus et Moribus" are worthy of special notice.

"A Suggestion to the World's Fair Committee," in the *University Cynic*, is certainly quite original. Whether ever of practical use remains to be seen.

One of the principal articles in the *Amherst Lit.* is entitled "Reconciled." We feared we should find here another ordinary love affair, but in this case, to our great relief, the effect of hypnotism entirely counteracts the sentimentalism.

The *Dartmouth* gives us a story called "Only a Girl's Love." In this, the lover is not so fortunate as in "A Basket of Grapes," which is, really, quite an orthodox love-tale.

"Richwin, the Monk," in the *Yale Courant*, is a good sensible story. We also enjoyed the clever piece, "Donovan Won."

We notice a growing tendency among the exchanges to devote a page or more to short poems. In many cases this is an addition to the paper. We wish we could say the same of all. In this connection we wish to commend the *Pulse* for its poem, "Two Sermons." Also for a curious article entitled "A Nameless Chronicle."

The *Brunonian* contains few of the usual stories and literary articles of a college publication, but devotes its space and brains to its excellent "Brown Verse." "Jonathan's Proposal" is the most pretentious of its poems this month, and is worthy of attention. "Their Cruel Fate" is a humorous little poem, at the expense of girls in general, under the name of Vassar girls.

Praise, fond lover, her tender heart,
Her tender voice, so low and sweet,
Her tender eyes, where lovelight lies —
But never, never her tender feet.

Ex.

LOCALS.

Who believes in omens? There is an omen, brought very forcibly to our notice two or three times a day, which refers to the approach of spring, namely, the hand-organ, or rather in the plural, with three or four s's added, — if the word

could thus be made more plural. Oh, misery!!! Morning, noon, and night, the sweet strains of "White Wings," "St. Patrick's Day," and the "Highland Fling" are wafted by the damp breeze to our patient but tired ears. We would not complain of it were it not that the miserable weather we have had lately has put the instrument most abominably out of tune, and to the well-trained musical ears of Lasell students it is misery personified.

Then, too, the heartless grinder stops just in the middle of a thrilling "run," and stoops to pick up the tiny wads of paper which are showered from windows and curtains, — the coppers he so avariciously pockets. Poor Spring! *can't* you make your entrance without all this heralding?

THE Junior entertainment held at the Seminary, Feb. 13, and entitled "Among American Authors," is worthy of mention. The room was filled, and the applause was very flattering.

Many *encores* were given, but the actors did not respond, and never once made their appearance the second time, although the untiring audience asked and asked again. After the performance, Mrs. Keyes entertained the entire Junior class at an oyster supper.

How we all wished we were Juniors!

THE poor, dear Italian fruit man, or "the Lasell Girls' Friend," who used to sell us oranges, bananas, dates, and —, etc., has been forbidden us, and, though he patiently waits outside our hospitable gates, we patronize him not, turning our longing eyes from his temptingly arranged fruit, and also turning a deaf ear to his entreating voice, which asks in accents Italian, "No fruit you want to-day?"

OUR last three lectures from Prof. Little were on "John Wesley," "Savonarola," and "Bernard and Wycliffe."

We are more than sorry he has finished, for his last three lectures were even more interesting than the preceding ones, if such a thing could be possible.

PHOTOGRAPHS, photographs, photographs! Every mail brings a package of the little pasteboards; but the old saying of "Now you see them and now you don't" applies very well in this case, for every girl within half a mile of you madly rushes up, and demands in breathless tones, "EXCHANGE?" and before you are in any way aware of the fact, the two dozen pictures you held unopened in your hand about two minutes ago have flown to the four winds.

FRESH FROM THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

SCENE: *Dark Stairway.*

MAN ASCENDANT (*to approaching dim figure*). — Hello, doctor! that you?

DIM DESCENDING FIGURE. — No, it ain't me.

MISS SPYKER'S private pupils are entertaining us most royally by reciting in chapel the fruits of their labor. It makes a pleasant variety in the chapel exercises, and we hope will become an established custom.

THE new officers chosen by the Lasellians are: —

President	NELL SMITH.
Vice-President	ANNIE CHAPIN.
Secretary	NINA BURR.
Treasurer	MYRNA LAMSON.
Critic	ANNITA PAINE.

DR. HAMILTON, of Saratoga, lectured to us on Hygiene, Wednesday evening, Feb. 19. Besides being a physician, he is a phrenologist, and after his lecture the girls all flocked around him, and begged him to "feel of their heads."

All he told was very complimentary, and most of the girls went away from him feeling very happy over the thought that "they were not engaged now, but would be very soon."

THE twenty-first day of February was the first time the sleighing has been fine, and fine it really was. Seventy-one girls out of the school had a sleigh-ride on that day, and all were in the best of spirits.

Mr. Tinkham invited twenty-five of the girls to drive in his big boat, and they had a grand good time. In the afternoon, ever so many times the Seminary team went over the road, giving the Southern girls a regular Northern sleigh-ride.

MISS GREENE has finished her lectures on Law Dr. Pick, also, has brought his memory lectures to a close, and now we are able to remember the law lectures, presidents, and English kings.

"WHERE is Mason and Dixon's line?"

THE event of the season occurred Saturday evening, Feb. 22. It being Washington's birthday, Lasell felt bound to celebrate the occasion, so decided on a fancy-dress ball. For any one away from home, having her entire day taken up in recitation, and afternoons and evenings in study, a fancy-dress ball means a great deal.

About one week before the festive occasion, people began to borrow.

It was borrow, borrow, borrow from morning until night; and it is a fact, that one poor girl would have been obliged to give up a gorgeous sleigh-ride, on account of having not even a cloak for her back, had not her friends taken compassion upon her needy condition. The costumes were most effective, and the whole place seemed like a scene upon the stage. After the ninth dance, refreshments were served in the dining-room. The decorations of said room showed immediately Mr. Shepherd's good taste, and the ice-cream and cake were delicious and refreshing. Everything passed off to perfection, and every one was as happy as a lark.

Miss Gass, Miss Skinner, and Miss Parmenter, some of last year's young ladies, so far honored us as to appear in costume, and expressed their desire of being one of our number again if we often participated in such gayeties.

QUITE a number of the pupils have been receiving visits from parents and sisters and brothers. Those who live too far away to enjoy such favors look on with a sigh, sometimes, for themselves, but are heartily glad, too. No "dog-in-the-manger" feeling about us!

TUESDAY night, March 4, the Lasell girls had a grand time. Prof. Bragdon took us on a sleigh-ride to Boston. The moon was full, the night just cold enough, and the sleighing perfection.

Five four-horse sleighs, containing about twenty girls each, started at 7.30 P. M., reaching Boston a little before ten. We drove immediately to Cook's, where a hot oyster stew was served; then we started home, reaching Lasell about 12.15.

Nothing could have been done that was not done for our pleasure, and we want to thank Prof. Bragdon over and over again.

AN anti-slang society has been formed in school, and more than three quarters of the girls joined, but it is hard to say whether there has been any improvement or not; it is not as yet very noticeable.

DEMOISELLE (*at breakfast*). — Don't you love and adore Welsh rare-bit, Bess?

BESS. — No!!! If there is one thing in this world I loath and despise, it is rabbit in any form: it is so like a cat.

(*Curtain falls.*)

NEW officers have been elected in the battalion, and the commissioned officers, together with the first sergeants of each company, were invited to Newton to witness the fifth annual drill of the High School boys. They certainly did finely; and some time we hope our Seminary will be able to turn out as fine drillers among the girls as theirs among the boys.

LIEUT. HAMILTON came for his monthly examination of the battalion, March 1, and was greatly pleased with the improvement we had made.

PERSONALS.

RUBY BLAISDELL is hard at work in the Art League, New York City.

AMY HALL and Maude Oliver have looked in upon us very pleasantly.

ALICE MAGOUN, of Bath, Me., reports that she is still gaining in health.

KITTIE TOTMAN and sister and Mabel Bliss Tibbitts were all here together.

MISSES SKINNER, PARMENTER, and GASS, though in characters not quite their own, were very welcome presences on the evening of the fancy-dress party. Mrs. Skinner's kindly face beamed upon us in sympathetic pleasure.

PROF. AND MRS. WILLARD, from Saxton's River Seminary, Vermont, were at Lasell for a day or two and made themselves most agreeable. Prof. Willard gave an impromptu talk which was very inspiring. He especially admires and commends the military drill. The gymnasium and industrial training have his warm sympathy.

Everybody was glad to see Miss Sadie Corey, now Mrs. Bray. Her visit was only too short. We have no doubt she fills the place of a minister's wife's as well as she did that of teacher, — which is saying a good deal.

Libbie Hance was a bright, cheery presence that beamed in upon her friends one Saturday morning. Mrs. Bragdon whisked her off to lunch at her table, and so we did n't see her half enough. She went back West improved in health.

The school album of grandchildren is enriched by two lovely little faces on one card, Abbie and Mary Bonsall, children of Jessie Boone that was, from Salem, Ohio. Dear little girls they are. We want to get our grandchildren together: send the pictures along, or bring the originals, daughters of Lasell.

Mary O. Beach writes from Washington, where she is teaching gymnastics in a large school for that branch. She is grateful that she learned what she did in this department at Lasell, and so had her attention called to the subject. She prepared herself at a normal school for gymnastics, in Brooklyn.

Rev. Dr. Miller, of Grace Church, Haverhill, calling to speak about placing two daughters here, found, with surprise and pleasure, two friends in the Misses Grace and Marie Shellabarger, an agreeable affair for all three. He was a friend too of our old girls, the Misses Wadhams, of Wilkesbarre, Va.

Lieut. Hamilton, U. S. A., has made us another visit. His presence at the drill is always welcome, though we do a little fear one of his position and knowledge. His grave smile of approval when in the review we do well is delightful to gain. His advice in regard to walking well is a thing to cherish and practise.

Mamie Marshall (Mrs. Edward P. Call) has been visiting at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Whiston, at West Newton. Mrs Whiston held an afternoon reception for her sake. Everybody was glad to see Mamie, but little Miss Dora, in the nurse's arms in the next room, had a reception almost rivalling her mother's. Dora was one year old Feb. 14, — "a valentine."

Dr. Hamilton, of Saratoga, N. Y., at the head of the Health Institute, paid a little visit to two old friends here, Misses Farwell and Carpenter, and gave the school an evening's talk upon physiology and hygiene.

Carrie Ebersole sends the Avondale *Mosaic*, a plan of work of the second year of the Forest Avenue Methodist Church at Avondale, a suburb of Cincinnati, where Carrie lives. It is an attractive programme of literary and musical entertainments, begun in November and extending beyond the middle of April. The subjects are well chosen, and Carrie and her family do their part at various times. We would be glad to attend.

Inez Bragg, we are glad to learn, has joined the Baptist Church in Gunnison, Col., where she lives. She is active in church duties, which, with her daily office work and the home demands, keep her too busy to give up to aimless grieving over the loss of her father. She is a brave little woman, and she knows the true source of consolation. It is not yet certain where the family will make their home in the future.

A recent letter from Prof. Dole, of Keene, N. H., for years a valued teacher at Lasell, shows him to be still, as ever, an active worker. It is characteristic of him, that through many years of physical suffering he has never remitted labor, and now, though very feeble, he perseveres in the preparation of his manuscript for a book upon the grammar of the English and Latin languages. He is very much helped physically by the use of compound oxygen.

Blanche Henlin that was, now Mrs. William W. Robinson, of New York City, is hoping to visit Lasell by and by, before many months. She has married one of the "best men in the world" (what a good thing that there are so many best men !). She pays some very high compliments to Miss Carpenter, gratefully acknowledging how much she owes to her. Come as soon as possible, Blanche, and bring the good man too.

Alice Linscott Hall, in addition to caring for her own two very good children, is taking charge of four boys about fifteen years old, pupils of the institution in which her husband teaches. She mothers them, gives them a little home life in her family, and aids them in their studies. She

is talking of forming a Western Lasell Association. She will stand as a representative of the graduates of some years ago, and Carrie Brown for the later alumnæ.

Alice Dunsmore Van Harlingen, of Indianapolis, class of '78, falls at once into this idea, and writes to the same effect. Her husband is also interested. Sorry to hear that Alice is in bad health.

Sadie Hitchcock and Mame Packard came together and made Lasell a brief visit. Sadie has been away from home for months. Mrs. Packard spent two days in our circle, lately. She is a charming, motherly presence, that is felt even by the girls who know her only by name.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

Levi P. Morton's name is on that application for a liquor license, and all the powers in this world can't take it off. — *The Lever.*

A preacher is in fine company when he votes with a party that licenses man to make sots, bloats, and bums. — *Southern Journal.*

The official vote for Helwig, Prohibition candidate for governor in Ohio, is 26,504. This shows an increase of 2,148 over Fisk's, or nearly 9 per cent.

Is it not a little amusing to hear men plead for prohibition in Africa and India, and then, when prohibition is advocated for America, argue that the people are "not educated up to it" yet? — *N. Y. Voice.*

Morning [hic] Mr. Vice-President [hic] Morton. Gimme drink [hic] of your cordial — sympathy for all-wise and [hic] well-directed efforts for the promotion [hic] of temperance and sobriety. — *Bloomington (Ill.) World.*

Vice-President Morton cannot afford to decline membership in the Terre Haute Liquor Dealers' Association. His party might lose some votes. Be careful, Levi: you are between the Devil and the deep sea. — *Chicago Lever.*

Sometimes we think things are going slowly. They are going more rapidly than you think, my friends. There is more motion upon the people who do not stand with us than at any period of the history of the earth. — *Clinton B. Fisk.*

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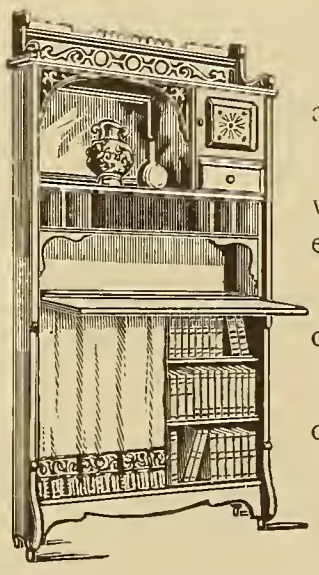
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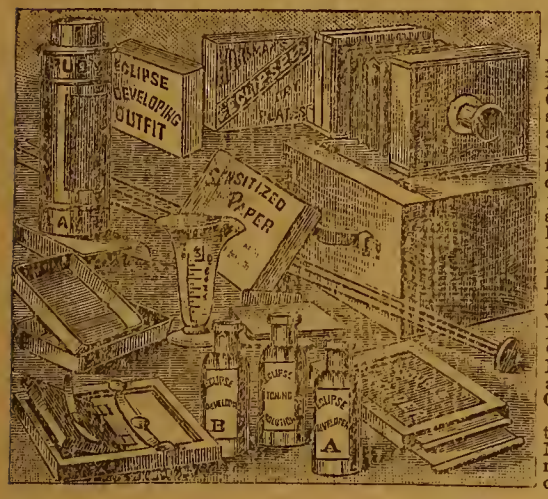
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APRIL, 1890.

LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XV.—No. 7.

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Volume XV. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., APRIL, 1890. Number 7.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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OF

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Business Manager.

ETTE PEARCE, '90.

Associate Editors.

NINA BURR. NELLIE M. RICHARDS.

MAUDE SNYDER, '91.

Local Editor. *Exchange Editor.*

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1-2 "	6.50	11.00	15.00
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FRANCOIS FOURIER, a French scholar of the eighteenth century, having a metaphysical turn of mind, proposed to revolutionize society. Tolstoi, the philosopher *sui generi*, has eliminated and promulgated Fourier's views; mingling in his efforts, however, more of the spirit of a martyr than did his illustrious predecessor.

At one time, Horace Greeley, with all the clearness and vigor of his intellect, advocated the same theory. Whether he did it in the spirit of a true philosopher, or from mercenary motives, and for the sake of political aggrandizement, we cannot say; yet, from what we know of him, we cannot impute to him aught but purity of purpose.

These three minds form a galaxy of thought *protine* in character, evolving from a mass of metaphysical ideas apparent facts which stand out in bold relief, perhaps for the benefit of future generations.

Henry George follows closely upon their footsteps, arrogating to himself originality in the matter. However, the subtle and evanescent qualities of Mr. George seem to be over-balanced by the sound reasoning of Canon Farrar, who says, "Too much has been attempted by Henry George, in trying to perfect and establish his system of general reform. For, supposing it were possible to arrange an equitable division of wealth between individuals, with the present state of business capacity, how long would the equal division remain? To make it permanent, business power and capacity for acquiring wealth must be made the same for each person. Let government bonds and greenbacks be taxed. The wealthy, to a great extent, put their property into this form of security. If there were a tax, other avenues for investment would be made as desirable as this one. This would increase the volume of circulation, would tend to equalize taxation between the rich and poor. Thus help bridge the gulf."

EVERY old girl should bear in mind the fact that in May, Lasell's first *Annual* will be published, and every one should hasten to subscribe her dollar to secure *a copy* of the first edition. Subscriptions should be sent to Lucy E. Sargent, Business Manager.

SEVERE winter is melted away beneath the agreeable change of spring and the western breeze. The cattle no longer delight in the stalls, nor the ploughman in the fireside. No longer are the meadows white with hoar frost. The keepers of the sheep play tunes upon the pipe in the green meadow, and delight the god whom flocks and the shady hills delight. Now it is April, the month sacred to Venus. Now she leads the choral dance by the light of the new moon; the comely graces, together with the nymphs, beat the ground with alternate feet ; while glowing Vulcan kindles the laborious forges of the Cyclops. That we are not to expect things permanent, the day and the hour which hurry away the pleasant year admonish us. Mindful of the gloomy torches, mingle while you may your grave studies with light gayety. For since the wise Sire obscures by darkness the events of the time to come and smiles when man is solicitous, be mindful to duly manage the present, be mindful of spring.

THE ANNUAL have been the words that we have heard whispered about the halls for several weeks, and great has been the inquiry as to what they meant.

Of course every one knew what an *Annual* was (?), but why should it be talked about so much here? Well, just this, and nothing more or less, we are going to have one.

The Junior Class, not wishing to remain a nonentity, and abide in the shade which the Seniors' glory was leaving, decided that Lasell ought to have an *Annual*, and so the first attempt at such is on its way to completion. An entertainment was given to secure funds to place as a cornerstone, and the project kept a dark secret until at last in all its brilliancy the idea was announced, and the work fairly under way.

In the beautiful month of May, "The Allerlei" will start forth; and may it go far and wide, and be the harbinger of many more to follow!

The Juniors have struggled almost manfully to lay the foundation for this good work, and many are the trials and temptations of editorship; but when at last they give to the Lasell world, and the world at large, the fruits of their labor, be it good, bad, or indifferent, all the Lasell world especially should then help shoulder the care and reap the benefits. Take hold, girls, and show your appreciation.

THE TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

A HAPPIER looking party of girls one seldom sees than the fifteen who started from Boston on the evening of the 2d ; and good reason we had to be happy : school was over, and we were most of us on our first visit to the *capital* of our country.

At Fall River we took the *Puritan*, and a most delightful sail it was, calm and warm, so that we spent the evening on deck. The next morning we awoke to find ourselves sailing into New York Harbor. From New York we went to Washington by rail, and all along the ride the scenery was most beautiful, and the time passed pleasantly; however, it was a tired little party that arrived at the Ebbitt House at about three in the afternoon.

After a little rest we started for a drive, and our first impressions of Washington certainly were delightful. We drove over the city, passing the public buildings and many handsome residences. As we passed the Chinese Legation we saw the Chinese minister himself, out walking ; we also saw the ruins of Secretary Tracy's house.

Friday morning we started bright and early for Mount Vernon. Although it rained while we were going down the river, the sun came out brightly soon after we reached the mansion. We spent about two hours wandering about the beautiful old home of Washington, and looking at the relics, and all felt that he could not have found a more beautiful spot. The view of the river is grand, and it must have been a charming home; one comes away impressed with the quiet beauty of it all.

After our return from Mount Vernon, we visited the Monument, some of the party going to the top, and were well paid by the magnificent view of the

city; for nowhere else does the capital seem so grand and imposing.

In the evening we were invited by Mrs. Logan to visit her home and see her "Memorial Hall." Mrs. Logan's daughter, Mrs. Tucker, received us, and told us many interesting things of her father, showing us the beautiful things they had in memory of him.

The next morning, by the courtesy of Mr. Boothman, member of Congress from Ohio, and a friend of Miss Morrison, we received a note of introduction to an official at the White House, through which we were shown by an old colored man who was Mr. Lincoln's body-guard, who was with him when he died, and who has been at the White House ever since. He told us many interesting things about the house and the different families who had lived there in his time. Then at one o'clock we attended the President's reception and shook hands with him, after which we went to the War and Navy Departments to see the original Declaration of Independence. Then, through the kindness of Capt. Biddis, a friend of Mr. Shepherd, we were presented to Secretary Tracy.

In the evening we were entertained by Capt. Brooks, who had been for many years chief of the detective service of the United States He told us stories of his own life and adventures, which proved very interesting, and all pronounced it one of the most enjoyable features of the trip.

Sunday the party attended different churches, most of them going to the church the President attends.

Monday, our last day, was spent again in sight-seeing in the different public buildings, including the Capitol, where we saw the Supreme Court, Senate, and House of Representatives in session. In the afternoon a drive to Arlington was one of the most delightful things in our whole trip.

We all were sorry when the time came to start for home, and every one pronounced it a very enjoyable week of sight-seeing in the Washington we all are so proud of. Thanks to Mr. Shepherd, through whose efforts it was made so pleasant.

"The seeds of things are very small: the hours that lie between the sunrise and the gloom of midnight are travelled by the tiniest workings of the clock."

CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG COTTA FAMILY.

Among young women in collge or seminary, a few have an inborn love of history, preferring Bancroft's or Motley's works to the most exciting novel; others have cultivated their taste for it, until it holds a rival place with fiction; but many more, alas! read and study it when compelled, and then instinctively turn to something more interesting and better suited to their comprehension.

To such the "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family" is a delight, and also serves as an appetizer for the history of Martin Luther and the Reformation.

Entering the door of the humble Cotta family, at Eisenach, starting with Elsè's chronicle in the garret, little do we dream of the extent of the panorama to be unrolled before us; that the issues which shook all Germany, and put a new face on the world, shall hold our attention ere we have laid down the book. Though we go with the family to Wittenberg, and other towns, to which the vicissitudes of life call them, we lose sight of the place, and see only the family circle.

The father, absorbed in his attempts at invention, remains, like so many others, a visionary among those who held the background of labor and thought, while one man stepped to the front with the perfected scheme. And then the gentle mother, who shows the beauty of motherhood and the truth which came to light in those times, — its sanctity. Never does she realize this truth until the book closes, for the teachings of the church forbade such an idea. She regarded her Sister Agnes, a nun, as the holy one, and herself as rebellious against God, because not following the same vocation.

Martin Luther first appears upon the scene as a youth of nineteen, adopted by "Aunt Ursula Cotta." Our interest in him increases ever as the story advances, and we know him better by the many details of his home life and character than we could from any history of his achievements. He entered the University of Erfurt with Elsè's brother Fritz, and the chronicles of the latter tell us of his popularity among the students, his abilities in debate, and his fondness for music. The fruit of his later life was true to the blossoms of youth. When, incurring the frown of Tetzel

and the monks, he boldly proclaimed the truths of the Bible contrary to the sale of indulgences, we recall what Fritz had said in the university of his devotion to truth in all circumstances. And as we look into his student room, on the morning when they came to find him gone to the Augustinian cloister, as we see his flute and lute lying on the table just as he had left them the night before, after making his friends happy with his music, they but point forward to the time when Catherine Von Bora, his wife, thanked God for the doctor's love of music. And still onward they point to the present, when his chorals are sung in our churches and by our hearths. Music he declared to have great potency against the wiles of the Devil, in whose personal existence he believed so strongly. At one time, after self-imposed fasting, he was found senseless in his cell, and was revived only by the strains of sacred music chanted by the choristers. And he said later, "The Devil, that lost spirit, cannot endure sacred songs of joy. Our passions and impatiences, our complainings and our cryings, our Alas! and our Woe is me! please him well, but our songs and psalms vex and grieve him sorely."

Martin Luther was not a character to remain a novice, and we are not surprised that soon he becomes a monk, and then a priest and professor. And all this time we do not dream but that he is happy in his chosen path in life, and has found peace of mind, until Fritz, who has followed him into the convent, reveals the contrary. Ever seeking for purity of heart, freedom from sin's oppression, but never finding it, he tortures himself in mind and body. Fritz likewise suffers the pangs of conscience, while seeking to alleviate them by works of merit; and when it chanced that they were sent together to Rome, on an errand of the church, they comfort themselves by the way in anticipation of finding, in that holy city, peace and absolution. There, amid prelates and priests, they may kneel where apostles and martyrs have knelt; there they may be at peace with God. And here at Rome, Martin Luther made his first step toward that freedom which has broken the tyranny of the Roman Church, let us hope, forever. "The just shall live by faith." These were the words which had previously settled the conflicts of his heart; and as he slowly ascended the Santa Scala on his knees, these same words, whispered, as it were, by a voice from heaven, led him suddenly to arise, stand erect, lift his face heavenward, and in a moment turn and walk boldly down. This act shaped his future career. From that time his foundation was the Word of God; henceforth, not the mandates of the corrupt, unholy church, but the Bible for every man; this was his life, his work. His second bold act, in nailing his theses to the church door at Wittenberg, and the sensation caused by it among the doctors and students, is graphically represented, and afterwards, when he is summoned to the Diet of Worms, we actually feel the grief of the Cotta family as they realize what it may mean for him. We share their anxiety, as time passes and he does not return, as to whether he is free or imprisoned; and their joy, too, when they learn that he is awaiting the end of the storm, safe in the castle of Wartburg. We realize his laborious perseverance during this solitunde, in the great work of preparing the German Bible; at the same time holding conflicts with Satan, but no longer a slave to his servant, Superstition.

The humbleness of the family in which our story is laid but sets off the greatness of the man. His fondness for the little children, and sympathy with them, show not weakness but power; his consolation of little Thekla in the loss of her pet dog, — even to this he stoops, and shows not a trivial mind but a great one. For "not a sparrow falleth" without the notice of a Greater than Martin Luther. When, later, we see him with his own dear children, see him leave his weighty discussions with learned men to write a letter to his little son, we comprehend his abilities still further. At last the great man dies, dies, but lives in memory, and will live as long as freedom from Rome remains.

There are other beautiful characters in the book, not yet mentioned; pale, indeed, beside Martin Luther, but they are as the setting of the jewel. Each holds his place in the band of tiny pearls surrounding the diamond.

The beautiful orphan Eva, as soon as she is old enough to realize her dependence upon the already burdened family of her aunt, enters a convent. In the household she was reverenced as ethereal, and in the convent she seemed like an angel indeed, ministering to old and young.

While there she discovers her love for Fritz; but, instead of pining to be back with him in the world, she looks forward trustfully to the time when, each having accomplished the God-given work, they shall be united in heaven. Little does she dream of the earthly reward in store for her! Indeed, Fritz had entered the convent from a vow made for her sake, though she did not know it, and found his sorrow only when irrevocable.

For twelve long years she remains Sister Ave, until she realizes that it is not a life of growth, and that solitary service does not bring her any nearer God than service among his needy ones in the world. Still more is she convinced of this from Dr. Luther's writings; for the printing-press is in operation, spreading to the convents his expositions of Bible truths.

For twelve long years, Fritz, a warm friend of Dr. Luther, lives the priestly life, and then, leaving the cloister, travels from village to village carrying the glad tidings, fearless of threatening priest and hostile convent, until he is imprisoned. At last, worn by the torture of the rack, he escapes, and enters once more the family circle; and just here enters the romance of our story. Here, where the family joy is so full, here falls the tear! Why? Ah! we cannot tell you: here you must read for yourself; this is ground too sacred for the critic to enter. Suffice it to say, that, had it not been for Martin Luther's teaching, one home had remained uncreated. He it was who dared to say that life might be as holy without the convent as within.

And so you see our interest in the peasant family has brought us to know the great reformer and the Reformation. Entering the lowly cottage door, we have passed into an open court, widening its boundaries through France, Germany, and Italy. We thought only to live and breathe in the family, but it has opened to us the world. We have been converted, as it were, with them, have passed from the spur of conscience and the dread of God, to the constraining love and the justification by faith. We knew what the Reformation meant then as well as what it means now.

This book is worthy to be read by every American woman. The Church of Rome is strengthening her bands in our country to-day. The public-school system, designed by Martin Luther and copied by America, is here attacked. The priest seeks to veil the history of past tyranny from the young of our land.

To American women is granted increasing influence, and, in some cases, a voice as to those who shall teach our coming generation. Therefore let every young woman, in gratitude for the liberty which she enjoys, be faithful to the trust, and to this end inform herself of the wonderful transformations of the sixteenth century, through Martin Luther, an instrument in the hand of God.

VISITOR, '91.

THE EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

OUR party for Europe is growing, and there is every assurance of a pleasant and congenial company. There is room for three or four more, and any of our girls or their friends who are expecting to join us should send in their application at once, as there is a limit to the capacity of our steamer, and nearly every state-room is now engaged. So let us hear from you at once if you have any idea of going with us. Write to Mr. Shepherd for particulars.

OH, dear me sus! and how I wish I was smart;
But it never, no, never can be;
I may struggle and toil a long weary life,
But it worketh no difference to me.

Yes, Fortune has smiled on some of our race,
And blessed them with talent that 's rare.
I wonder, oh dear! why the flattering dame
Did n't fashion me witty or fair.

Or, I 'd be content, if I only was rich,
For then it would n't matter so much
Whether blessings or curses had come in my path,
Or if I were French, Spanish, or Dutch.

S.

CHARACTER.

WHAT is it? As Emerson defines it, it is a reserve force, which acts directly by presence and without means. Character is that which is in a man, known only to himself, which may be moulded according to his own desires. Character is not to be estimated by reputation, for that is merely the opinion which others have of the person; and they can judge only by what they see. The part which he acts in the world may be very

fair to the beholder, full of graceful and beautiful deeds, but who can read what may underlie it all? Policy may give him smiling lips, sweet words, and engaging manners, but, unless the true feeling is there, he is worse than a hypocrite, and is daily growing weaker, and receding farther from that high standard which should always be before him as the goal to be attained. How beautiful to be able to live so that those lines of Wordsworth might be applied to him!

> "Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
> That makes the path before him always bright."

To have one of those sound, high characters, one must have a pure heart, a principle within to actuate him, and a strong will to execute. But how hard a thing it is to keep a pure heart! Who has not felt that sting of regret when he first realized the presence of envy, jealousy, and bitter dislike within him? However hard the feeling is fought against, when, in the strongest moment, he congratulates himself that he is high above all petty disturbances, then is the most likely time for just such feelings to come in, and he falls from his lofty pedestal with a crash, unwilling to rise and make another attempt. Yet, if the attempt is made and carried out manfully, bringing success as its result, the joy that attends it cannot be told; and how strong is his desire to go on and conquer yet more!

There are very few who would deny the absence of principle within themselves; but the great fault lies in the absence of sufficient will power. The fear of what others will say too often lies at the root of this fault, and in this way one allows their influence to control him, even though he knows it should not be so. If he yields, and does as he knows the world will approve, does he not often lower his actions to the plane in which smaller minds hold sway, and "these feeble souls look at the profit or hurt of an action? We boast our emancipation from many superstitions, but if I quake at opinion, the public opinion, as we call it, or at the threat of assault, or contumely, or bad neighbors, or poverty, or mutilation, or at the rumor of revolution, or of murder, — if I quake, what matters it what I quake at?" But, on the other hand, may he not exert an influence which will help others? May it not pervade his whole being, and compel others to look up to him instinctively? As Iole said, when asked why she knew Hercules to be a god: "Because I was content the moment my eyes fell on him: he conquered, whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did!" So when a man is so strong and upright that we can say of him, "With what quality is in him he infuses all nature that he can reach; nor does he tend to lose himself in vastness, but, at how long a curve soever, all his regards return into his own good at last. He animates all he can, and he sees only what he animates. He incloses the world, as the patriot does his country, a material basis for his character, and a theatre for action. A healthy soul stands united with the just and the true, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole; so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object between them and the sun, and whoso journeys towads the sun journeys toward that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong." Surely all can mould their characters more after this pattern.

But how is this kind of character to be formed? What can be a better way than seeking acquaintance with noble people, whose principles are of the highest, and selecting from among these a few firm friends with whom it is always happiness to converse? Then the power of good books is inestimable. Through them a man comes in contact with the grandest minds of all ages, and it is not possible to read such works, in however careless a manner, without gaining. Neither can he read the lives of the noblest men and women without having a desire — perhaps almost unacknowledged to himself, yet a desire — that he may at some time be somewhat like them. Then, if in no other way, surely he cannot attain to a perfect education unless he has that desire to be always what he seems to be, and, combined with humility, that pride which will not allow one to stoop to do a mean thing. Then will the world pay homage to such a soul, and the pure light of happiness will illumine the face, making it more beautiful than any earthly beauty. "There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can dis-

cern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-inspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses, only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it is to own it." X.

ECHO.

Echo, a beautiful mountain nymph, daughter of Earth and Air, was loved by Pan, the forest god. Having a wonderful voice, she delighted every one with her music. In her wanderings about Olympus, she one day met Narcissus, son of the River god, and loved him. Unfortunately, Narcissus could love no one but himself, and Echo, grieving, pined away, until at length nothing was left but her voice. With this she amused herself by mimicking every sound she heard, and so, from that day to this, amid rocks and woody dells, in caves and temples, Echo's voice may be heard.

The history of the world tells of struggles for freedom. The Israelites, escaping from Pharaoh, were the first people whose efforts through years of privation, loneliness, and homelessness are recorded. Sounding through the ages comes the cry of the Romans, driving their king, Tarquin the Proud, from the city; come the words of the final treaty with Maximilian, establishing the independence of Switzerland, after nearly two hundred years of warfare; come the noble declarations of the Magna Charta, insuring equality of rights to the clergy, nobility, and laity.

American liberty of to-day is but an echo of those earlier struggles for right; and has not our success already been echoed in France, in Spain, in innumerable places on the globe? So this echo of the cry of liberty will resound throughout all ages, rousing men to throw off the yoke of slavery and take upon themselves a God-ordained freedom.

In a cathedral at Pisa is a wonderful echo. Every sound, even the most discordant, by echo's magic, comes to the ear as far-distant music. Liberty must often be obtained by a great sacrifice of life, but when we consider the good that follows in its train, even the terrible cry of death, through the long ages, sounds like music in our ears.

While Bayard Taylor was travelling in the interior of India, he visited the renowned temple, Taj Mahal. Standing in a certain spot and addressing one near him, he discovered that the slightest whisper was echoed again and again. To test this discovery, his friend sang the words of the Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The strain was echoed gain and again from a thousand directions, and, as Bayard Taylor said, it seemed as if angel voices were singing praises to their King on high.

Our lives pass by as a tale that is told, but their notes are echoed throughout the earth in other' lives and in heaven by angel voices before God's throne. There may these strains be heard again, in music pure and beautiful, strong and true!

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago lived One whose words have been echoed and re-echoed in the remotest corners of the world. As his wonderful thoughts and sayings are spoken by one voice, the echo is taken up by hundreds of others. Books echo the life of this "Strong Son of God — Immortal Love" — and carry the sound in most noble harmony to those that love his word. As the ages pass, the swell of this harmony will increase, until the universe is filled and heaven and earth are one. M. C. S., '91.

LOCALS.

The first of the three recitals which Mr. Hill's pupils have prepared was given March 24. Miss Sargeant was the soloist. Her selections showed fine technique, and the little nocturne with which her part of the programme ended was particularly pleasing. The *ensemble* classes did very creditable work, closing the evening's enjoyment with the overture from "Taunhauser."

Girls, why is it that, no matter if we start with the best intentions and at the top of our speed, we are so apt to have that dining-room door shut directly in front of us? And no matter how agile we are, it is almost impossible to squeeze by the "keeperess" of the door. It is so comforting to think if we had only been the girl in front of us we could have got in all right, and not had to sit on the stairs for a full three minutes.

From the reports of the girls who made up the Washington party, one would judge they had a most enjoyable time. I wonder if the Washington people know who the troop of girls is that comes so regularly every spring; or do they, when they meet them on their way to see some celebrity, greet them with such stage asides as "Little Wanderers' Home!" "Orphan Asylum!" "Salvation Army," etc., as the intellectual little street gamins of Boston do?

The following officers were elected for the S. D. Society, on March 13:—

President	Minnie Sherwood.
Vice-President	Laura Whitney.
Secretary	Katherine Watson.
Treasurer	Desdemona Millikin.
Critic	Nettie Woodbury.
Usher	Fannie Lamme.
Musical Committee	Gussie Pfau. Amelia Davis. Maude Baldwin.

Let us hope the black cat, in which the Doctor and Prof. R. took so much interest, is at rest in its grave. We can hardly say peace to its bones, for at the last appearance its bones were in a decidedly contorted condition, and unless they were placed in proper position how could they be comfortable?

The delight of the girls knew no bounds when it was announced that we could go to the opera to hear Patti,—and not only once but twice. The merits of the different singers and operas were discussed and the girls made their choices. Many were very disappointed at not hearing Madame Albani in "Faust," but were successful in hearing her the next afternoon.

Who was it who wanted to hear *Miss* Patti?

Would n't it be better for some one to give us a party, so we could put our newly acquired knowledge of accepting or declining into practice?

Mr. Goodrich's invitation for his organ recital was much appreciated, and a large party attended.

THE POWER OF PRESENCE.

The basis of all the force directly exerted by one mind upon another, all the penetrating energy which heroes have in their eagle glance, is something sent from within. The philosophy of presence can be comprehended by the statement, "There went virtue out of him."

In the great Civil War, when Gen. Early's army seemed about defeated, Sheridan heard the cannonading at Winchester, and, knowing the importance of his being present, put spurs to his steed and never drew rein for twenty miles. Dashing into the midst of the nearly discouraged soldiers, he cried, "Turn, boys, turn, we are going back!" Under the magnetism of his presence, they turned, and followed him back to victory.

Another instance in history is the power which Cromwell had in his presence and speech. Judged by the rules of elocution, he was no orator: he had neither polish nor splendor of diction; but in his rugged bursts of earnestness he was wonderfully eloquent. Look at the time he faced Rump Parliament, and by a brave bearing and few stern words frightened them from their hall!

The Dutch, tired of fighting, had sued for peace, but Parliament, thinking a continuation of war would tend to restrict Cromwell's power, refused to grant it. Cromwell, knowing well how the case stood, went with three hundred soldiers to the house, and with an energy of manner and utterance, he denounced the members for their crimes against the public, and, stamping his foot, he said: "For shame! Get you gone! Give place to more honest men! I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament: the Lord hath done with you." Under the influence of his presence and speech the members withdrew, thus showing that the magnetism of the soul makes itself felt, and is the influence which penetrates men, and causes them to yield. Of him who so influenced men by his marvellous presence, Carlyle says: "With that rude passionate voice he was understood to mean something, and men asked to know what. If the words were true words, they would be left to shift for themselves. This remarkable influence is not alone exerted by men; there are many instances of personal grandeur displayed by woman which stand out as bright as beacon-lights. Who came to the deliverance of Charles VII. when he was defeated by the English and his last stronghold, Orleans, was besieged? Was it not the simple peasant girl, Joan of Arc, un-

educated, but clearly comprehending the critical condition of the country, and inspired by her heavenly visions, resolved to save France? Repulsed at first, she finally gained admittance to the court, demanded troops, and repeated the words, "I am Joan, the maid sent from God to save France." There was something so strange, so persistent about her, that the fate of France was intrusted to her care. Her troops, cheered and encouraged by her presence, were stimulated to deeds of heroism and led to victory.

M. F.

PERSONALS.

A FEW words from Della Fowler, who is at her home, in Paris, Texas. She had just returned from a visit to friends.

BY the kindness of Mr. E. N. Kimball, of the Hallett & Davis Piano Company, a party of Lasell girls recently attended one of the Hyllesped concerts, and enjoyed it heartily.

MABEL BOYD writes in most affectionate remembrance of her stay at Lasell and grateful recognition of kindness received there. Come back to us, Mabel, and see how we care for you.

LILLIE EDDEY tells of Sue Brown's home, in Philadelphia, — what a good housekeeper Sue is; of seeing Miss Pennell in church; and Lillie is now at her own home.

ADA DUNAWAY sends a fine photograph of herself, from her home in Carbondale, Ill. It is a lovely picture and a pleasure to possess it.

MARY BEACH is now teaching in the New York Avenue School of Physical Culture. We understand that she is the principal teacher of gymnastics. The school held an exhibition, April 1, of light gymnastics. Mrs. E. M. S. Marble is the principal, Washington, D. C.

SOMEBODY has just seen Nellie Alderman, — wish it were we!

JOE WALLACE, Ida Seiberling, Maud Mathews's sister, and "we" met at the Boston & Albany station — "met and parted" — tantalizing for us! But Maud herself has been at Lasell since that time, with Mamie Packard, just a glimpse of them for an afternoon.

A PLEASANT rumor concerning Rena Day. Of course, we are not at liberty to tell all about it, if we were sure we knew. But we shall expect the usual cards some day.

IT was a sad and sudden message that called Lucy Roberts home to Decatur, Ill., to find that home already bereft of its head, the dear mother. Mrs. Cynthia E. Roberts died March 22, of heart failure. She had been afflicted with dropsy for eight years. The testimony of all who knew her is to great worth and loveliness of character, preserved, in spite of constant suffering. She seems to have been a noble Christian woman. Lucy is now an orphan, her father, Dr. Roberts, having died many years ago. Of the five children, she was the only one not beside her mother's bedside at her death. She and her family have our most cordial sympathy.

MARY BECKWITH has been teaching at the Makawas Girls' Seminary, but found it not so easy as she used to think it, and is "resting up" at home. Her sister is at Mt. Holyoke, and visited Maud Baldwin during Easter vacation, making us a welcome call and looking over Mary's haunts.

GERTRUDE M. RICE, of the graduating class of 1881, was married to Dr. S. Weston Thayer, Thursday, March 27, in the Unitarian Church of Brighton. Dr. and Mrs. Thayer are to live at Allston, and will be at home after May 1. The happy bride and bridegroom have our sincerest good wishes. Gertrude is remembered at Lasell with much respect and affection.

MISS LOUISE L. HURAY spent Easter week at Lasell. She has been with Dr. Grace Preston, at Northampton. Dr. Preston is very busy indeed, and very successful. Miss L. Huray is giving herself a little vacation from teaching, is well and happy.

MISS EMILY SHIFF spent Easter week with Miss Ransom, at Mr. Bragdon's. She is just like her old self when at school at Lasell.

MARY HAZLEWOOD sends a programme of the the Young People's Guild of Park Congregational Church at her home, in Grand Rapids. It suggests an active church with intelligent working members.

ALICE MAGOUN continues to improve in health, we are happy to report.

MARION A. MCBRIDE, who distinguished herself by her journalistic work at the fair in New Orleans, has just put out an able and vigorous pamphlet, called "Woman's Tribute to the American Shipping and Industrial League." It is an urgent plea to restore American shipping, and so increase commercial power, multiply industries, and dispute the possession of the seas with England.

THE Washington party met Jessie Bybee at Mount Vernon. They also saw Emma Gass, Anna Lovering Barrett, Mabel Raum (that was), Myrtie Ginsabough, and Grace Corre, who was with a party stopping at the Ebbitt House.

LITERARY STYLE.

THE great mass of the writing and sermonizing of any age is mechanical; it is the result of the machinery of culture and of books and the schools. But now and then a man appears whose writing is vital; his page may be homely, but it is alive; it is full of personal magnetism. The writer does not merely give us what he thinks or knows, he gives us himself. There is nothing secondary or artificial between himself and his reader. It is books of this kind that mankind do not willingly let die. Some minds are like an open fire: how direct and instant our communication with them! how they interest us! There are no curtains or disguises; we see and feel the vital play of their thought; we are face to face with their spirits. Indeed, all good literature, whether poetry or prose, is the open fire; there is directness, reality, charm; we get something at first hand that warms and stimulates.

There is real fire in Dr. Johnson's conversation as given by Boswell, but rarely in his essays. In conversation the real man spoke; in the essays, the formal writer, like a judge in his wig and gown. The huge mechanical or architectural style is often valuable for its results, as in Gibbon. Ruskin derides Gibbon's style; but what would be the value of "The Decline and Fall" written in the wayward, personal, and capricious style of Ruskin? — three parts Ruskin to one of Rome. Gibbon's work is like a solid piece of masonry: every block cut four square, and to fit its place, and no crevice or imperfect joint anywhere. How smooth and imposing his page is! The mind feels how his sentences are bound together, and feels that here was a master workman.

The style of Ruskin belongs to a different man and a different time, and serves a different purpose. His writing is a sort of personal exhibition of himself — all his caprices and whims and follies in vital play before you. Mr. Stillman has lately pointed out in *The Century* some of his extravagances, some of the gorgeous curtains he hangs before the objects he describes; but, at his best, these disappear. We do not, indeed, then see the object, so much as we see the writer. It is the whole man that speaks, not the tips of his fingers. His books, or sortings and siftings from them, will doubtless last; not by reason of their wisdom, like Bacon's Essays, but by reason of the quality of fresh individual genius which they hold. This is the salt that will save him, if anything does. Never was such an extravagant and unsound critic and guide, not only in art, but in science, in politics, and in literature; but never was a more entertaining one. He is as "weak as is a breaking wave," and as full of motion and of pleasing effects.

In Arnold's books we touch the mind of the author as closely as in Ruskin, while at the same time we feel the force of the reason and common-sense. Arnold has probably written the clearest and most vital English of any contemporary British authors. He stands in a fuller, stronger light than Froude; he is more steady and consecutive, more disinterested and consistent, than Frederic Harrison or John Morley. Froude had a fine, steady, firmly knit mind, a little too sombre, a little too much in shadow, but with never a false note in any page he has written. His style, at its best, is as flexible and genuine as Arnold's or Newman's, but not set in the same strong, open light. I think Arnold's style is more compact and penetrating than Newman's; it is not so much outward and extraneous affair, but more a personal matter. Newman is more stately. Newman is a speaker, a preacher, and we miss in the writing something which we probably should not miss in the spoken discourse. Nothing can be more easy and lucid

than his page, but it does not afford enough resistance to the mind; he does not put his thought to yours with quite enough vigor. Arnold, on the other hand, is pre-eminently a writer, and not a speaker; his spoken discourse makes less impression than his printed essay. A thing to be heard must have a different focus from a thing to be read. That which reads well is more private, personal, and near. One is easier pleased in public than in private; when he is with a multitude, he thinks and feels with the multitude; but in his own closet, things have a different look. Distance no longer lends enchantment. You have the gem in your hand now, and can see its real qualities. — JOHN BURROUGHS in *The Critic*.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

D——N.

That little word — not much to tell,
And yet a word — has tolled my knell,
  And life 's to me a thing that 's dead,
  For all the glamour love may shed
Has flown, and left my heart a shell.

Oh! will the future years e'er quell
The feelings that within me swell,
  As I think of the time I said
    That little word.

For I was strolling with Lucelle.
I swore she was my queen, my belle;
  She spoke of future judgment dread
  On profane men, when off my head
My hat went, and I uttered, — well,
    That little word.

"MR. Maynard's Story," in the *Bowdoin Orient*, attracted our notice. The plot was very well conceived, although the latter portion was rather unsatisfactory.

WE have heard the criticism, that to young women is due the superfluity of love stories. But on looking over the exchanges we found that in nearly all the papers edited by young men there were two, and sometimes three, articles of this same nature. We have, therefore, concluded that the tendency to write in that style does not lie in the young women alone.

The University Magazine for March is especially good. It contains the Inaugural address of President Low, of Columbia, a sketch of President Potter, of Hobart College, and several other articles. "Yale College in the Second Decade of the Present Century" is very interesting, showing the difference between the systems in use then and now. There were also two songs, "The Orange and the Black," and "The Yale Blue," worthy of our notice. We feel assured that the paper will soon become, as it intends, an ideal college magazine.

UPON looking over the *Phillips Exeter Lit.*, we happened upon a most remarkable story, entitled "An Inter-Collegiate Contest." Some of its sentences resemble the "human form divine" in that they are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Several times we were filled with anxiety lest the author would find himself unable to rescue his characters from the labyrinth of phrases and clauses into which he had permitted them to wander.

One sentence made so vivid an impression upon us that we feel we must quote it: "A man incased in a spotless shirt, bearing a not overmodest size diamond stud, a dark suit of clothes, and a brilliant pair of patent-leather shoes, was," etc. Really, that is the most remarkable shirt of which we have ever heard: it must have been a regular grip-sack. Fancy any ordinary shirt bearing, besides a diamond stud of not overmodest size, a dark suit of clothes and a brilliant pair of patent-leather shoes! Alas, poor shirt!

The article, in one respect, reminded us of the Sanscrit language, of which we have recently been reading. We refer to such expressions as "a not too clean shirt," and "the soil-shirted, unblackened booted individual." In fact, the article is rich in adjectives.

One other sentence claims our attention, and after a glance at it, we faithfully promise to lay down the official stylo for another month: "However, there was nothing to sway her intentions, until she had entered a small store in Cape May City that she found the lack of confidence she bore in her determination." Why did she bear her lack of confidence in her determination? Was she a freak of nature, or is that the customary way to bear lack of confidence?

We trust the *Lit.* will not take offence at our frank criticism, for, to quote from its exchange column, "we cannot always coat our criticism with sugar, and henceforth intend to aim at the truth and play the part of an impartial judge."

THE WAYSIDE INN.

THE Springfield *Republican* says: "The Red Horse Inn, at Sudbury, under whose historic roof Longfellow imagined the Tales of a Wayside Inn to have been narrated, has been sold at auction. The building is more than two centuries old, and from its situation on the old post-road between Boston and Worcester, it became a favorite resting-place for travellers. The Inn is well described by Longfellow as

'A kind of old Hobgoblin hall
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall.'

For about 150 years the old hostelry was kept by members of the Howe family. The last landlord, Lyman Howe, held that position from 1831 to 1860, and is thus portrayed by the poet: —

'Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "the Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the walls in color blazed.'

Parties of sight-seers and pleasure-seekers were welcomed at the inn long after it was closed to the public, and it is to be hoped that the new owner will be as tolerant as the old in this respect."

The New York *Press* was sufficiently interested in the matter to publish an editorial, and to hope that "some public-spirited citizen will prevent the destruction of this landmark now more than two centuries old." Boston seems to have been quite apathetic; but, perhaps, with a little outside aid, the wish of the *Press*, which is a very laudable one, will be gratified. By all means let something be done to preserve the famous Wayside Inn!

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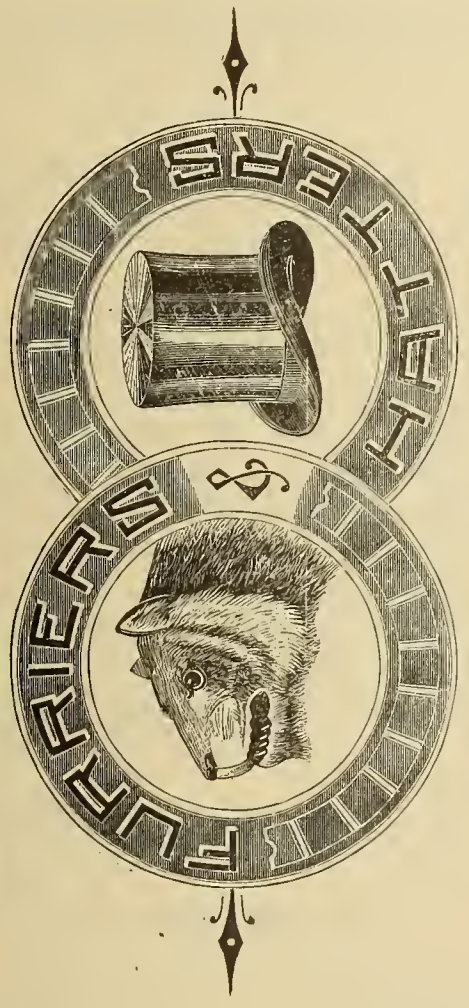
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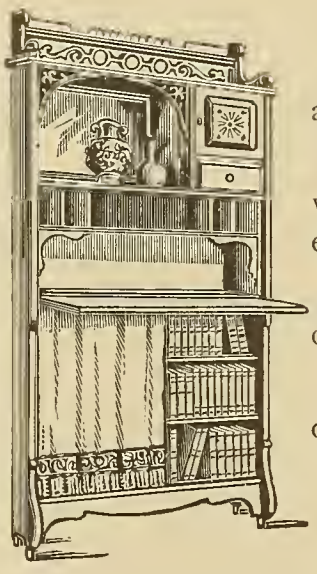
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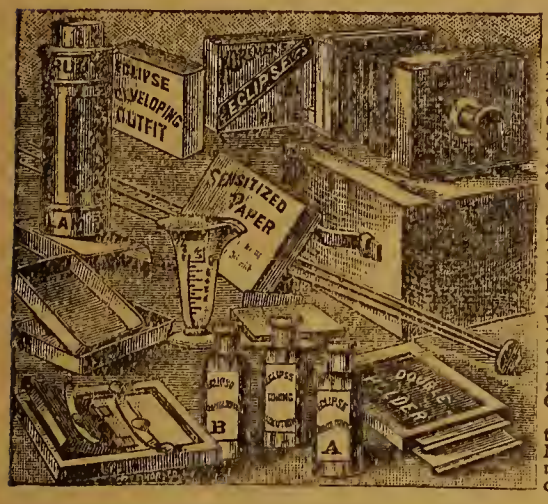
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LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XV.—No. 8.

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WITH the extreme practical and realistic tendencies of the day has come a sceptical disregard for the old fireside tales, which, for decades, have been sources of pleasure to the old, as well as inspiration to the young; that we can no longer think of Romulus and Remus as vested in real flesh and blood is not surprising, for the wonders surrounding their existence demand belief in a whole host of jealous gods. But when we read that William Tell, Pocahontas, and finally Joan of Arc, by some, are now proved to be creations of imagination, and not historic characters, we feel that we have overstepped our rights in our matter-of-fact clumsiness, and that it is a homœopathic kind of murder to doubt their reality, since they have made a part of history itself for so long.

The length of time supporting such stories does not, necessarily, prove their existence as facts, or rather as factors in history, but, assuredly, if contemporary sceptics did not discredit these tales, need we, at our remote point of view, find in them no ground for our disbelief? Joan of Arc, that "Light of Ancient France," may have been a simple peasant woman, devoted to her children, as M. Lesigne thinks he has proved. However he may reason, her domestic devotion would not have prevented her reverence for her country, and her efforts in its behalf. We do not intend to discuss M. Lesigne's theories, but rather to offer a protest against that increasing realism, which can believe nothing unless proved to its smallest detail as fact, simple and undisputable.

What difference need it make to us if an incident in detail never transpired, since the truth it illustrates remains immutable? If truth can attract by grace and beauty of dress, why rob it of its rightful garb? Should we begin to dissolutionize all which is not perceptible to our coarser senses, to what extremes would our realism carry

us? surely to a form of stoicism, which is far from desirable, and which would take away half the joy which comes into most men's lives. Yet we would not, for an instant, advocate the acceptance of all which is charming, though it be false; but rather that we accept whatever is true in its sweetness, and strong in its teaching, in the legends and tales which the past gives us, having a care that those precepts and customs which we follow daily are true. In other words, let Robin Hood have ghostly supremacy over the hills and valleys he used to ravage in the olden time, and let his chivalry be an admonition to all those who think themselves called to the vocation of highway robbery; let Pocahontas be ever pictured in our minds as the faithful protector of Capt. Smith; and let Joan of Arc embody to us all that is spirited, heroic, and grand in woman, which is attainable even now as then; and then, looking forward and not back, make our own institutions and doings, as a people, so upright and so perfectly true, that hereafter no harsh criticism shall be passed upon our age, nor its worth, its reality as a great influence, be called in question.

We notice that in all the college papers of the other sex, that dreadful subject "base-ball" is again coming up to fill the columns of their periodicals. At one time it was with a great deal of pleasure that we felt we could rightfully steal a few hours from the time allotted to the repose of our delicate frames, — after that terror, the teacher in charge, had passed with her dainty footfalls, — to spend by the fireside of our cosey little sanctum in perusing those interesting productions. Now, however, we turn the leaves in vain to find something that will invite our attention. All that meets our eyes is, "The April vacation is over, and with its close the season of spring athletics begins in earnest." If the true office of a college paper is to "reflect the active, busy life of their institutions," then some have begun the work nobly, and are in a fair way to accomplish their undertaking most effectually. If, on the other hand, it should be, as a great many think, and some have been known to avow, a "golden mean," then we shall hope to find in the future something besides organizations of athletic associations and reports of games played. We do not doubt that the subject of base-ball is of vital importance to the participants, but still we have a faint hope that it does not constitute their whole being, and that once in a while we may enjoy a few grains of literary sesame that may unwittingly escape their overtaxed brains.

Did you ever stop to think how little we see of what is around us? How many things we pass by without even a thought; yes, how many things are utterly lost to us, and all through our heedlessness, all because we have not cultivated our powers of attention and concentration! We take a morning's stroll in early spring-time; all about us are hundreds of beautiful forms which call loudly to us for appreciation and interest; yet, all unheeding, we pass them by. The symmetry of the pine-tree, the fragrance of the hyacinth, the heavenly blue of the violet, make no lasting impression upon us, and when we return home a vague idea of spring-time is all that we have gained from our walk. Suppose you visited the Art Museum yesterday; can you describe any one picture accurately? Can you mention every little detail? If you cannot, then your powers of concentration are limited; and if you would be a success in life, you must strive to strengthen and apply them as you have never done.

But let us come nearer home. Can you tell us how many steps it is from our front piazza to the ground? Over this simple question you seem to hesitate; well, then, we will pass it; but surely you can give us a good *idea* of the lecture you heard last Sunday. No? Then you must surely agree with us that you do not get the good you should out of your surroundings.

Lack of attention and of the power of concentration seem to us to be the crying sins of the age. Day after day we wander through our little world, and almost every moment presents something for our notice which we fail to see. How can we hope ever to become of use in the world about us if we are unable to observe and to hold what we observe? How can we hope for enjoyment and pleasure, when we allow so much to slip through our hands? Truly, eyes have we, but we see not; ears have we, but we hear not.

WHAT SHALL I READ?

This is a question to which great and wise men have given so much time and thought, that it seems a piece of presumption to express any views concerning it. It is also a question of comparatively recent date, as our forefathers had to be contented with Hobson's choice, and read what they had to read. But we, with our well-filled and constantly increasing libraries, cannot take indiscriminately all that comes within our reach.

We can never read all the good books that have been written, and if we must choose from the best, how vastly important it is that we eschew all that are even second best. How necessary is the guidance of some one who is wise, to us young people who find such an irresistible temptation in the stories which flood our markets of to-day, and which contain in themselves nothing harmful, but which help to form a taste for fiction, sure *to destroy in time* our love for other literature. In this, and in the fact of its weakening the memory, seem to me to lie the chief arguments against wholesale novel reading.

We can easily understand how the constant devouring of trifling tales we do not care to remember will destroy the habit of retaining that which we read. If we could but train ourselves to read but little and to remember all of that little, what an inestimable gain we should make. The magazines lead many of us astray; the stories are presented to us in so enticing a manner that it is not strange we cannot resist them. We should realize that the varied contents of our monthlies are intended to reach a varied class of readers, and that a careful discrimination is necessary in choosing our part from the brilliant assortment.

The thought of how much valuable time we are wasting in such reading is often brought up before us so distinctly that we make a sudden resolution to reform, and, bringing out some big dry volume of history, try to become interested in it, usually with very poor success. This is a mistake we young people often make. The change in our tastes must be brought about gradually. It is but a short step from the story of some beautiful imaginary maiden to the story of a noble and real woman, who, some time in the world's history, conquered the hearts of her contemporaries, or, in some less romantic manner, made for herself a place in the memory of man; or, if this seems too abrupt, we have some charming writers who have coated this bitter pill of fact with the sugar of fiction in a most delightful manner. Who that has pored over the pages of "Ivanhoe" can ever forget the brave Lion Heart or the Crusades? An interest in these knights of chivalry being once awakened, the history will not seem so dry, surrounded, as it must be, with the halo of romance. Once on the right road, the ascent will not seem so steep. The history of the world is nothing but a chain of events, and one link leads us naturally to another, at whatever point we begin.

Superficial reading is another habit many of us have fallen into, and we do not realize how bad a one it is. "Information got by galloping through a multitude of books is about as nourishing as mustard scraped off a sandwich: it may make your tongue smart, but it won't make you strong." We most of us agree with John Ruskin, who says, "that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate,' uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book letter by letter — that is to say, with real accuracy — you are forevermore, in some measure, an educated person." At first thought we may not realize the truth of this, but if we understand the meaning of those words, "real accuracy," it does not seem so strange. To know the meaning, formation, and derivation of every word, — nay, the history of every letter, — to think of, and understand the whole meaning of the writer, means no little study.

We must think, too, of what John Ruskin would call a "good book." Not the talk of an intelligent, bright man, not the pleasant narration of his travels or experience, but that part of himself which is better, truer, more useful than the rest; some thought which he feels can help his fellowmen to a better life, and which he gives to them, not for this decade, not for this century, but for all time.

To return to story-reading: a good, wise man once said, "It is well enough to read a story which is only and purely amusing, but when it comes to the sad and tragic delineation of trials and suffering, I don't think they ought to be read at all. It only cultivates an overstrained and

susceptible sensibility, and leads to lavish waste of sympathy over the troubles of imaginary characters."

It is this craving after excitement which leads so many of us to what we deem our only resource in these prosaic times, namely, the sensational novel. If we but knew it, there is enough of sorrow and pain all around us, perhaps in the hearts of those we meet every day, to furnish material for plots as sad and tragic as any that have ever been written. C. W.

THE LASELL SONG.

Every Lasell girl, near or far, is begged to read over, once and again, "The Lasell Song," in the March number of the Leaves. How do you like it? And are you willing to adopt it as the Lasell song of the future? If you are not wholly satisfied with it, please ask yourself why not, and then write out your opinion, sign your name, and put it into Mr. Bragdon's box in the office. Or if you are at a distance, write to him. Your letters shall be in confidence. So we can make a literary synod of Lasell girls to decide whether to accept this poem, either as it is, or changed.

If any one can offer an original song for this purpose, let her do it quickly. We want something stirring, with the right ring in it. One who can furnish just the right thing shall not be the loser. It must not be forgotten that the prize offered by Mr. Bragdon to the one who would furnish *the* Lasell song has not yet been won, unless it be by the writer in the March Leaves.

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

In a busy Western city lived a simple German family, consisting of father, mother, two little daughters, and the "Uncle Karl," twin brother of the father, then fighting bravely for his adopted country. One day the little girls brought home with them their beloved young teacher, the daughter of a clergyman. She was very ambitious, and was courageously and successfully working to win her daily bread. She, charmed with the little home, eagerly asked permission to come and live with them, and her petition was seconded by the children. The parents, fearing their uneventful life might be irksome to her, hesitated, but at last gladly granted her request. When, after two weeks, she came to her new home, she found that the time had been given by her kind friends to the beautifying of the room appropriated to her use. She was made to feel perfectly at home, and was very much beloved by the whole family.

One day the sad news came that Karl had been seriously wounded, and was among the missing. The young teacher then became indeed the good angel of the house, for it was a hard blow for them.

As Miss Margaret sat alone one evening, a tall, blond young man, wrapped in an army cloak, suddenly entered, and, embracing her, kissed her very lovingly upon either cheek. His astonishment — for he thought she was his sister — was even greater than hers, and, his newly acquired strength leaving him, he sank upon a couch, making it necessary for Miss Margaret to forget her embarrassment, and to use all her skill to care for him until the return of her friends. Their rejoicing over Karl's return was even greater than their sorrow over his supposed death.

In the heat of the battle in which he was so sorely wounded, Karl had found a four-leaf clover, and had firmly believed, through all his troubles, that at last the little *flower* would bring him its unfailing good luck.

Karl, too, soon shared the love that the others had for Miss Margaret, but he felt that she was too far above him to allow him even to dare to hope for her love in return.

He constantly showered beautiful flowers upon her, showing his love in this way.

Miss Margaret at first misunderstood the spirit in which these offerings were made, and some little difficulties arose. However, these were at last removed, and Miss Margaret made Karl, and therefore the family, happy by becoming his wife.

Saxe Holm.

REMUNERATION OF WOMAN'S LABOR.

Ladies, my subject this evening, I feel safe in saying, is one in which we all feel at least a slight interest now, and possibly the time may come when some of us will find it a vital question. At all events, we all want to be able to talk intelligently about it; so I think our time spent on it this evening will not be wasted.

I presume we are all agreed that in a great majority of the cases where women's wages are too low to buy the necessities of life, a reform for relief should be instituted.

I merely touch on this point briefly, for the real question I wish to speak of this evening is not, do women need an increase of wages? which I think not to be doubted, generally speaking, but, ought they to demand equal wages with men? Now, in treating this subject of trade, let us do it in a reasonable, matter-of-fact way. None of us want high wages just because we are women; not even the most romantic young lady here wants to bring chivalry into this question. All we want is simple justice. We think we are not receiving justice now, but let us be careful not to swing the pendulum too far and overreach the other limits of justice. If woman receives less remuneration than man, there must be some cause. One reason is an over-supply of workers in such occupations as are now open to women, thus causing great competition and, consequently, low wages. The only remedy is to open more occupations to them, and thus draw off this surplus of workers. To do this we must overcome the prejudice not only of men, but also women. Women are one of the greatest obstacles to women. But this should not be. We need not fear to sanction all movements of progress in this direction. A woman ought to be allowed to do all she is able to do, and her natural instincts of delicacy will decide the true limits of propriety.

Again, in adjusting wages from an abstract point of view, we must consider that a man, at some time in his life, is expected to support a family, and a woman is expected to be supported. A woman's real sphere is in the home; and, as she does there the important work of using to the best advantage those wages which the man earns, her legitimate reward is a rightful partnership in all the husband, father, or brother gains from the world. This must be remembered in all our discussions of the subject. There is a degree of justice in deciding that a man needs more money than a woman, although it bears so hard on individual cases that often our sympathies run away with our reason.

Then again, young ladies, you will agree with me in saying we don't want to demand equal remuneration if our work is not equally good. We are all loyal enough to think woman can do almost anything she attempts. Many marked examples of success will easily come to your memory as testimony. But we must remember there are emergencies when a man is needed, even where a woman is ordinarily as good a worker. For instance, women make better teachers, as a rule, because of more tact and patience; but even mothers think it necessary to have a man for principal, to meet chance emergencies. And this power of the man, although not always used, must receive its pay. It is a great temptation to us to overlook this latent power.

Then, often, we do receive full and just recompense. If a superior woman achieves great success, she is usually appreciated, and can command a high price for her work as easily as a man. For examples, we have Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Browning, Rosa Bonheur.

So what I would like to impress on your minds, young ladies, is n't to be content with woman's wages as they are, but to be reasonable in your zeal. We see great needs among poor working women, and also an apparently great difference in the wages of the two sexes, and too often cry against the injustice blindly. Success will not attend our efforts for reform unless we undertake it systematically and intelligently. To do this we must remember these causes of the low wages, namely, the great competition, and the natural reason that man is thought to need more money.

The first cause we can do much to remove, by always encouraging an increase of suitable occupations. And we can help many individual cases which may come under our notice, by paying a fair price for all the work we have done.

With these reasons for moderation remembered, I think we may safely strive for a conservative reform, and trust that the growing tendency to render justice to our sex will soon bring us to a well-balanced adjustment of wages.

If sorrow could ever enter heaven, if a sigh could be heaved there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for the time spent in neglect of duty, and of God, which might have been spent in his spirit and for his glory. — *Payson.*

A PAIR OF RED STOCKINGS.

Polly Dinsmore was a little girl who lived long ago in the troublesome times of the Revolution. Now, Polly's mother was dead, and Polly could hardly remember her; the only real thing that she could remember of her was how one day, as she lay ill, she called Polly to her, and told her that soon she would have no mother to care for her, and that she must be a brave, true little girl for the sake of the dear papa who would be left so lonely. And Polly laid her little curly head down against her mother's face and promised she would be good. Then Aunt Sue came and told her to run and play, for mother was tired; and Polly went out and told her pussy all about it, and cried because she was so little that she did n't see how she could be brave. That was all she could remember about it, but the promise made such an impression on her baby mind that she never forgot it.

When Polly was about fifteen the war broke out, and soon after came her chance to be brave; her father went to the war. The morning he started he took his little Polly in his arms, and kissed her again and again, and told her to be his own little woman, and to help all she could at home. He told her that there were as many heroes at home as on the fields of battle, and that she must be his little heroine. Then he went away, and Polly stood at the gate with the tears streaming down her face, and watched him out of sight. She was very proud of her father, and as she stood there, she thought, even in the midst of her tears, what a fine captain he was.

Just then Aunt Sue came to the kitchen door, and called Polly to come and wipe the dishes; it was always Auut Sue that called just at the wrong time, so it seemed to Polly. However, she went obediently into the house, and after the dishes were done she took her knitting and went out under the apple-tree and began to knit on some red stockings she was making for her father. Pretty soon Aunt Sue and one of the neighbors came out with their work and sat down to talk over the latest news of the war. This afternoon Mrs. Dowd, the neighbor, had a plan in mind which she proceeded to unfold to Aunt Sue and Polly. The plan was this: she had heard that many of the poor soldiers were destitute, and now it was getting late in the fall, and the winter would soon be upon them; and if those poor men did not have better clothing, many of them would die from exposure. So, some of the ladies in the village were going to make up a large box to send for distribution. She thought that perhaps Aunt Sue would help them.

After Mrs. Dowd had gone, Polly sat knitting, and thinking what she could do for the box; for that seemed really like helping, and her father's words were still in her mind. She thought of all sorts of things. At last she decided to send the stockings she was knitting, and forthwith set to work more busily than ever.

So the days went by, with occasional letters from Polly's father, but at best it was a long, hard waiting for those at home. Everything at the Dinsmore homestead went on as usual, Polly knitting, and helping Aunt Sue.

At last the box was ready to send, and the red stockings finished. Polly had wondered many times what poor soldier would wear them, and if he would ever wonder who made them. The more she thought of it, the more she wondered, till at last she resolved to put a piece of paper, with her name and the name of the town upon it, into one of the stockings. For you see, Polly was not unlike other girls in her love of adventure. But she took good care to put the slip of paper far down in the toe of the stocking, lest Aunt Sue should see it and think her silly. So the red stockings went, and not long after were put into the hands of a soldier who was glad indeed to get them, for his feet were bruised and sore, and it was bitterly cold.

This young soldier was Roger Nichols, and a fine young fellow he was, one of the most popular in his regiment. When Roger put on the stockings next morning, he found the slip of paper, and, smiling a little to himself, wondered what "Polly" was like. He put the slip of paper carefully into his pocket, thinking some time he might see the little girl who had given him so much comfort. However, he did not think of her again for a long time, for that day his regiment was led forward to battle. The fight was long and hard. Night found Roger lying on the field among the wounded. When they picked him up, they thought he was dead, but he was taken to a hospital and cared for.

That same day Capt. Dinsmore was killed, and poor little Polly, in her far-away home, little knew of the sorrow that had come to her. It was two weeks before the news of Capt. Dinsmore's death reached his home. Poor Polly! It seemed as if all her young life was crushed. She almost worshipped her father, and her sorrow was more than she could bear. Still the days and weeks dragged on, and it seemed as if the cruel war would never come to an end.

In the mean time, Roger lay at the point of death, and for weeks they thought he would never recover. At last, one day, when he had grown stronger, he asked for writing materials, and began, with a very unsteady hand, to write a letter. When he had finished, he asked the nurse to bring a slip of paper from one of his pockets, and then asked her to send the letter to that address. The nurse smiled a little as she did so, thinking probably it was his sweetheart; and Roger, seeing the smile, told her all about Polly and the stockings. The nurse, who was a kindly old lady, took an interest in them both, and grew almost as anxious as Roger in waiting for an answer to the letter. At last it came, and a pathetic little letter it was, asking if perhaps Mr. Nichols did n't know her father; in fact, it was a letter very like Polly's own sweet self. And Roger did know her father, and wrote Polly all he knew of his life in the army and of his brave death, for he had stood quite near Capt. Dinsmore when he was shot. And now his interest in Polly was deeper than ever, for he had a great respect for her father.

Soon Roger was well enough to go back to his regiment, and he was promoted to the rank of captain for his brave conduct in that last memorable battle. Still the letters passed back and forth between Polly and Roger, and every day each grew more anxious to see the other. At last, the war was over, and after Roger had been home to see his aged mother, he went to see Polly, and he thought her just the dearest little thing he had ever seen; for, although she was quite a little woman now, she had still the same laughing eyes and curly hair as four years ago, when her father left her standing by the gate.

One summer evening we see her once more standing by the same gate looking down the road, as Roger comes rapidly towards her, and she is pondering what it is that he has said he wants to tell her to-night; but the sweet, glad light in her eyes shows us that she has not much doubt of what his message is. If we look once more, a little later, as they say good night by the gate, we shall hear Roger saying softly, "And all for a pair of red stockings, my darling." O.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

YES, I am a country girl;
I glory in the name;
I ask no prouder lineage,
I crave no nobler fame.
Born to roam forever free
Within God's glorious walls;
Taught to love the mighty works
In the great Jehovah's halls.

You call me poor, but heaven has spread
Her richest gifts for me,
And formed my paradise below
With no forbidden tree.
The mountains and the torrents dwell
Around my rustic home,
And timid flowers look up and smile
'Mid their unceasing foam.

The dark old tree in fondness bends,
To shade the stream beneath,
As autumn breathes her plaintive song,
And weaves her tinselled wreath.
My mirror is the boundless sea
That girds the world around,
And gleaming pearls and golden gems
Within its depths are found.

There, in his majesty sublime,
Doth gaze the god of day,
And Night, with all her heavenly host,
Her glorious charms display.
My lamps are hung in gorgeousness
In yonder azure sky,
And there they glow eternally
'Neath God's all-seeing eye.

And He hath robed the fertile vale
And decked the ocean strand,
And scooped the corners of the deep
With his omniscient hand.
The lightning links its fiery chain
Around the whispering wood,
And tempests shriek their anthems wild
Amid the solitude.

Can ye despise the free-born one
Who loves the boundless wilds,
And clothe your haughty brow with pride
To sneer at Nature's child?
Boast, boast, ye vain, the sickly glare
Of wealth; corrupted hall;
And revel in your pompous pride,
Where tones of flattery fall.
But give to me the mountain air,
The country, wild and free,
Where God eternal, wise, and just,
Has formed it all for me.

M. C.

THE ANNUAL.

Every old girl should bear in mind the fact that in May Lasell's first Annual will be published, and every one should hasten to subscribe her dollar to secure *a copy* of the first edition. Subscriptions should be sent to Lucy E. Sargeant, Business Manager.

LOCALS.

This May weather has been without equal for tennis, and the courts, which were marked out last month between the proverbial April showers, have been in steady demand from morning until night. Good, bad, and indifferent players alike come in for their share. It is amusing to notice the various degrees of confidence with which the players begin a game. Some underrate their ability, and are so sure they "never could get a ball over." There are others who err as far and farther the other way, and who, alas! though they are champions in their respective towns, do not distinguish themselves in this less congenial atmosphere.

And boating, too, has been begun again. Every suitable day Lasell is represented on the mighty Charles by a small fleet of boats manned by the girls. Usually, this squadron is to be seen in the early afternoon, but on the very warm days, a short time ago, the time was changed to after dinner, and although we are hurried a little in order to be back in time for chapel, on the whole, we think this time is far preferable.

A reception was given by Mr. Bragdon to the members of the Methodist Conference on April 11. About three hundred accepted the invitation. It was "open house" from studio to swimming-tank. The guests were shown the different points of interest by the girls. The natatorium was an unfailing source of interest, and the room was full of people watching the girls swim, dive, jump, etc. At six o'clock, in the dining-room, were served refreshments; and there the girls assisted also. We noticed among the guests several young men who were very dignified, although not in clerical attire.

Our swimming-tank has been rechristened, by the way, and it certainly must be "legal," for it was one of the members of the Methodist Conference, who called it the "Duck Pond."

About eleven o'clock the other evening, when we were in the very midst of our beauty sleep, we were favored with a serenade. By whom? Oh! "Brown of Boston," and "Smith of Chelsea," were the names given in response to Mike's gentle inquiry as to what it might be. The singing was very sweet and much enjoyed, and when a few moments later the serenaders departed at a subtle hint, forwarded by the aforesaid Mike, we were very sorry.

Thanks to Miss Ransom and Mr. Shepherd, May 1 did not pass without the conventional May-pole and dance. An invitation was given for an evening in the gymnasium, and, needless to say, it was accepted by all. In the centre of the room stood the May-pole, gayly beribboned, around which danced the twenty girls who took part in the May dance. This feature took up but a portion of the evening, and the remainder was passed by all in dancing. A band, provided as a surprise for us, added to the enjoyment of the evening. At nine, in the dining-room, were served refreshments, during which the band gave us several selections. The evening was a very jolly one, and we wish to thank Miss Ransom and Mr. Shepherd again for the pleasure given us.

The second of the piano recitals took place April 21, the programme differing from the first of the series in that there were three soloists, Misses Watson, Sage, and Thresher. The numbers included selections from Beethoven, Raff, Handel, and Schubert, each of which was well rendered, particularly those played by Miss Watson. The last recital will be given Monday evening, May 12.

Instead of the usual Bible lesson on Sunday, April 28, we were favored with a very interesting and beneficial talk by the Rev. Dr. Coxe, of Washington, Iowa, a friend and guest of Miss Farwell. Mr. Coxe's subject was, "How to study the Bible"; and we noticed he put no particular emphasis upon the "scientific method."

THE following officers were elected for the Lasellia Club on May 2: —

President	SARAH HARVEY.
Vice-President	CHARLOTTE WHITE.
Secretary	LUCY SAMPSON.
Treasurer	MARY HUBBARD.
Critic	IDA SIMPSON.
Guards	JOSEPHINE TICHENOR. DAISY WILDER.

A LARGE company of the girls attended a reading given in Boston, Saturday, May 3. Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Pond, with Mr. Murdock and Mr. Powers, gave an entertaining program. We enjoyed Mr. Powers particularly, he having read for us last year. We went prepared for the treat which we received. The perfection of his impersonations is shown in that we seem to recall several different characters individually, instead of the one man, as he represents them.

Mr. Bragdon, who accompanied us, played the role of usher so naturally that he received no thanks from the numerous bewildered women whom he so kindly conducted to their seats. The trip, on the whole, was rather exciting, both to ourselves and passers-by, for the number of girls was so large that several men "worse for wear and tear" declared us in no very gentle tones "woman suffrages," from which epithet our maidenly souls naturally recoiled.

PERSONALS.

THROUGH Rev. Dr. J. F. W. Coxe, who has been visiting the school, we have learned a few particulars concerning former pupils of Washington, Iowa. Hattie Williams, now Mrs. Frank L. Wilson, is of that town; she lost her father last winter. Eva Dye has married and moved away. We would be glad to know her whereabouts. We must say the same also of Helen Canfield, Mrs. Charles C. Cunningham, of whom Dr. Coxe could tell us nothing. How we wish every old student would report herself, from time to time!

THE Washington *Post* of April 6 has a very interesting account of an exhibition in the school for physical training, in which Mary Beach is teaching. She is, as has been said, the principal teacher in gymnastics, and is apparently following the methods learned here, as the gymnasium is furnished with Dr. Sargent's apparatus. Especial testimony is given concerning an invalid class, sent by physicians. Also, the discovery of slight curvatures of the spine, or an outgrowing shoulder-blade, and the methods of care are alluded to. The article is too long to be repeated here, even in brief, but it indicates that this school, founded by a woman for the benefit of women, and carried on by women, is a marked success and doing good work.

THE Evansville (Ind.) *Tribune* has a very pleasant description of an entertainment in vocal and instrumental music, held in that town near the middle of April. Much commendation is given to the singing of our girls, Fannie Barbour and Sade Hollingsworth; such praise seems well deserved, from our own knowledge of the singers, and is pleasant reading for us.

Miss Barbour brought her pleasant voice to Lasell, early in May, to speak for itself. One saw her much upon the lawn, flitting after the ball in the tennis court.

MISS LEHURAY made her friends at Lasell quite happy with her little visit in April. She also visited Susie Garfield Blodgett, and reports her well and happy in the midst of her little family. She (Mrs. Blodgett) made a trip to the Bermudas in the fall, but refused to remain without her husband, whose business compelled him to return quite speedily. Miss LeHuray's chief stay in New England is with Dr. Grace Preston and sister, at Northampton, Mass. Dr. P. is very busy indeed with her practice, lectures, and studies in a second course of medicine in New York. She will finish that course this year, and so, at least, have less travelling to do. She is a successful, as well as busy, woman.

NETTIE LIBBEY, Mrs. Chas. K. Fulton, of Minneapolis, wants her younger sister to come to Lasell next year, though she fears her mother will not spare her. Nettie and her family have had la grippe. Nettie boards in the winter, and lives in a cottage at the lakes near by in the summer.

SOMEBODY tells us something about Tibbie Hosford and an "Oshkosh boy," but the rumor comes in so round-about a way that we shall wait till we receive cards.

Eva Morgan writes to one of the old girls, with much enthusiasm, about going round the world next fall with the Lasell party; we don't understand that the matter is wholly decided yet, or that she is sure to go.

Such sweet gifts: trailing arbutus in lovely great bunches, from Miss Grace Van Buskirk, of West Stockbridge, Mass.; and again, orange blossoms sweet enough for a bride, but meant, as the Mayflowers were, for the good principal of Lasell, and sent by Miss Virginia D. Hogg.

Nellie Alling has made us a call; also Alice Maloon.

Annie Claypool, Mrs. Vajen, of Indianapolis, was a pupil at Lasell in the first year of the present principal. She has not written at all till recently, and gives account of her husband and two children, a girl and boy. The latter is under treatment for hip disease, and getting well, as we are glad to hear. Mrs. V. keeps kindly memory of her school home and teachers.

Etta Fowler expects to be in Boston this coming summer, and will probably take music lessons.

Fannie Baker, that was, sends a charming photograph of her two little boys on one card.

Rena Day took dinner with some of the girls at Lasell, early in May. Her engagement is "out" now, and she speaks of it freely. A Wakefield young man.

Miss Jessie Macmillan, a graduate of and a teacher at Lasell, came on May 9.

Emily Shiff, with nearly all the family, is going to Europe for a year, to be much in Paris.

Emma M. Barnum writes from the Euphrates College, at Harpoot, Turkey, an affectionate letter to Mr. Bragdon, remembering gratefully his good teachings at chapel services. She uses them now sometimes in her own teaching. She enjoys best visiting the outlying stations for evangelistic work. These teachers travel sometimes in this way for a month and more. Judging from a circular issued lately, the work among the girls is more satisfactory than that among the boys. The latter desert their country for our own more favored land. The Missionary Society of Lasell has received a long letter from Miss Baldwin, which awaits its next meeting to be read to the members. She teaches in a college of over five hundred pupils of both sexes.

Our hearty sympathy is most cordially given to Bertha Harris, a beloved pupil of some years ago, now Mrs. I. B. Chesley, of Springfield, Mass. We learn through Miss Carpenter that she has lost her second son, a lovely boy of three years and four months. His mother remembers with pleasure that his little life was so joyous as never to have an unhappy hour. She clings to the two dear children that are left, and looks up through tears to Him who gave and has taken away.

STEERFORTH: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

The study of the character of Steerforth is at once interesting and fascinating; and as one thinks over the many noble and generous traits of which he was possessed, the thought which presents itself to the mind seems to be, that perhaps, under different training and different influence, he might have developed into a grand man. To be sure, when one analyzes his actions, there is a vein of selfishness running through them all; but even this selfishness is condoned by the average reader, for there seems to be something about him which renders even his faults more attractive than the virtues of ordinary characters. One can hardly wonder that he grew into manhood, firmly impressed with the opinion, that to and for him all things must bend. He had been brought up in this belief from early childhood. "The only son of his mother, and she a widow"; it is not at all wonderful that she should have idolized him, and perhaps less so, that in her desire to make him happy she should have done the best to spoil him. Over-indulgence is seldom beneficial, and his case proves no exception to the rule.

One catches a glimpse into his nature when, upon first meeting David Copperfield, in the school at Salem House, he relieves David of his spare cash, and patronizingly spends it for him, persuading his victim, meantime, that he does him a great favor, and indeed thoroughly believing in this little fiction himself. In his treatment of Mr. Mell, too, the result of his home training may be seen, since, after causing the dismissal of that gentleman, he tries to quiet his conscience

and the reproaches of his comrades by proposing to have his mother send a supply of money to Mr. Mell, as some reparation for the injury done him; so we see that, even so early in life, he was convinced that money could wash out the remembrance of every insult.

He was weak in many respects, or rather, perhaps, it might better be said, that he was unduly strong where he should have been more yielding. Generous to a fault, frank and open-hearted, his boy friends were most numerous, and he ruled supreme throughout his school life; his nature seems to have been one of those which like a magnet attract others. When he again meets David, years after they were at school together, he seems to have grown somewhat cynical. Evidently life has bored him, and while yet a mere boy, we find him looking upon David's innocence of the world with compassionate surprise; but he is still as kind hearted as ever, and it seems a most natural thing that David should still regard him as his ideal. In reviewing his life, one feels a keen sense of disappointment that he did not make better use of his abilities; his character was capable of great possibilities; he might have been truly noble, or truly base, and there is a sadness in the thought that he chose the base. One can but echo the wail of David: "Oh, God forgive you, Steerforth!"

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

Allen, Fredcrick H. The Great Cathedrals of the World. 2 vols. Ill. 726. A15
Bartholomew, John. The Literary Reference Atlas 913. B23
Boston Town Records. 8 vols., from 1701 to 1777. One vol. 1876. One miscellaneous. 10 vols. in all.
Ely, Richard T. Introduction to Political Economy 330. El9
Franzos, Karl Emil. For the Right 823. Fr84
Howe, Dr. S. G. Education of Laura D. Bridgman 928. H83
Ingraham, Rev. J. H. The Prince of the House of David 823. In4
Lansing, Rev. Isaac J. Romanism and the Republic 282. L22
Larcom, Lucy. A New England Girlhood . . 920. L32
Martin, H. Newell. The Human Body. An Elementary Text-Book of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene 611. M36
Montgomery, D. H. The Leading Facts of English History 942. M76
Pansy Books.
1. Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On . . 813. P11a
2. Four Girls 813. P11b
3. Chautauqua Girls at Home 813. P11c
Prentiss, Mrs. E. Stepping Heavenward . . . 823. P91
Steele, Geo. M. Outline Study of Political Economy 330. St3
Thorpe, Francis Newton. The Government of the People of the United States 324. T39
Upton, Emory. Army and Infantry Tactics. 2 copies 356.1
White, Sally Joy. Housckeeping and Home Making 640. W58
Wright, A. A. New Testament Greek, advanced course 225. W93
Young, Charles A. Elements of Astronomy . . 522. Y07

EXCHANGE NOTES.

THE minister stood in the minister's place,
And the little boy sat in the pew;
The minister dealt with a doctrinal case,
And the little boy wished he was through.

The minister showed, from his learning and lore,
The point he was proving; and then
Triumphantly asked, "What shall I say more?"
Said the little boy, "Say *Amen.*"

Dartmouth Lit.

THE first number of the *Brown Magazine* lies upon our table, and, after carefully reading it, we turn to bestow a few words of merited praise.

It contains an article on "Old and New in Southern Literature," which is especially good, and "The Enchanted Man" is a well-written story which interests and pleases the reader. The magazine is complete in all departments; it devotes much attention to book reviews, and its exchange column is far above the average. We prophesy that it will become a valuable addition to undergraduate literature.

THE locals in the April number of the *Geneva Cabinet* are extremely interesting, and reflect great credit upon the editor. "Who Stole the Ice-Cream?" "Are n't They Silly?" and "Papa Don't Allow," were especially appreciated. Throughout the two pages which they cover, the locals display the keenest wit and humor, and it is evident that they must have been evolved from some master mind after long and careful thought.

THE *Hamilton College Monthly* for March greets us with the startling intelligence that "the largest snow of the season fell during this month. Many of the girls had never seen as large a snow stay on the ground so long."

What excitement must have been felt when "the largest snow of the season" was falling! We presume each flake was enough to crush one out of existence. However, the snow seems to have been very well behaved, for, after once reaching the earth, it seems to have made no more disturbance. Doubtless, this is not always the case in Kentucky, for we are led to infer from the last sentence that "large snows" do not usually remain quietly resting upon the lap of Mother Earth.

THE *Princetonian* and the *Nassau Lit.*, although published by the same college, do not seem to be very amicable. The *Princetonian* for April 16 contained a long communication with reference to some comments made upon it by the *Nassau Lit.* As the *Lit.* has always been thought one of our best exchanges, we wished, of course, to read the article which called forth such an invective against it. But imagine our disappointment when, on looking in the *Lit.*, we found that the page sought had been carefully removed. We trust there was nothing published in the *Lit.* that it did not wish the other colleges to read. However, with regard to the "little dog's barking to make itself heard," we should place the two papers in exactly opposite positions to those in which they are placed by the correspondent of the *Princetonian*.

THE *Tuftonian* contains "A Night of Ill Luck," in which we read of a young man who throws down his "Hermann and Dorothea," exclaiming that he had spent just two hours and twenty-nine minutes upon the lesson.

Now, there must be some reason for his requiring that length of time to master it. If the young man was a representative of the college, we infer that the lessons there must be very "tuff"; the class here, who are reading the same work, translate it at sight with ease, grace, and precision. We have given the matter much thought, but are still unable to decide whether the fault was in the young man's mental disability, or in the extreme length of the lesson.

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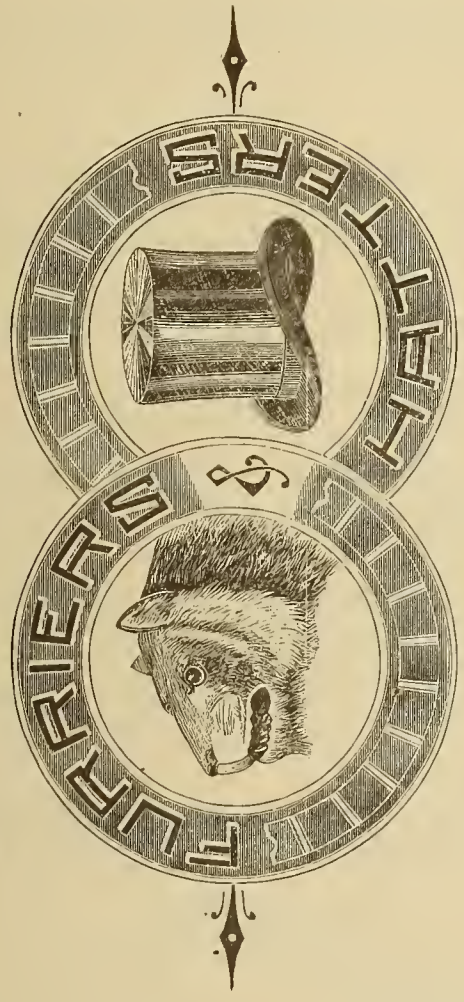
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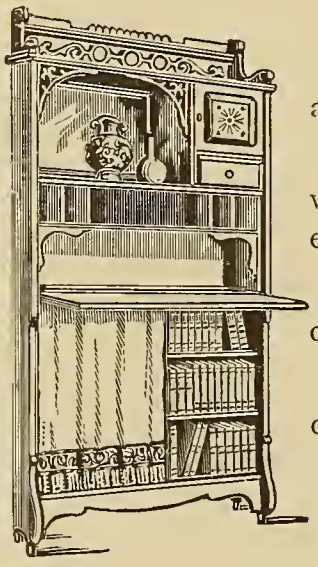
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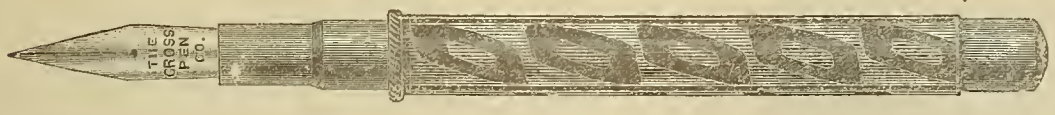
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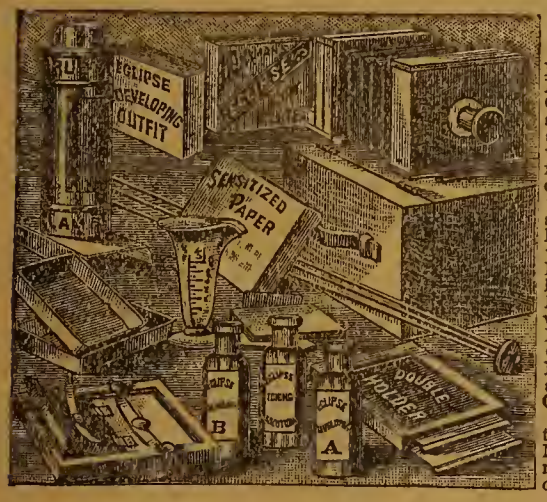
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LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XV.—No. 9.

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Volume XV. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JUNE, 1890. Number 9.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

Lasell Publishing Association

OF

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Associate Editors.
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GOLDSMITH says, "They seldom improve much who have only themselves as models"; and thus he would enforce our sense of indebtedness to those who have preceded us. A picture was once shown Michael Angelo, which an artist had painted with his fingers; he would be original in something. "Silly fellow!" said Angelo, "he'd better used his brushes." And so, lest the clamor for inventions or for "originals" be the mark of superficiality, it becomes us to respect the models of the past.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter. Many will read a book, before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done it, that line will be repeated east and west. There are a great many ways of borrowing. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "But he was more original than his originals." Voltaire imitated, but with such superiority that Dubue said: "He is like the false Amphitryon: it is always he who has the air of being master of the house." "Goethe frankly said, "What would remain to me if this art of appropriation were derogatory to genius? Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand persons, a thousand things; wise and foolish have brought me, without suspecting it, the offering of their thoughts, faculties and experience. My work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Gœthe."

Our debt then to the past is great. Although we shall always be too poor to pay it "in full," nevertheless, we may treat the debt honestly. We may acknowledge the obligation; we may allow the claim, and we may seek to pay it by making the most of the present, and by passing along the obligation unimpaired to our successors.

We all know what we have come to. We no longer recognize anything high; we even put "higher" and "lower" in quotation marks, to show our scorn. Obligation is but a vestige of tribal self-interest. The most eminent and dignified among us indulge in our little flings now; thus, in a scientific work on ants and bees, we query whether ants are "moral and accountable." As to religion, it grew out of dreams and things unexplained. And the beautiful,— 't was foolishly believed to have a high ideal sanctity, to be spiritual and divine; but it can be resolved into accidents at most, into the intellectual pleasure we take in order and the semblance of handicraft.

The glories of an American October are good for nothing, and all is said when we tell you what a schoolboy knows: that they are due to oxidation. The graceful vase of the convolvulus and its relative, the morning-glory, — we can enlighten your ignorant admiration,— is due to the coherence of the once separate petals, as we learn from any first lesson in botany; and that is all there is to say about it. The bees created the blue of the bluebell, and hence there is no Creator. The peahen was the only and exquisite designer of the peacock. Every thing had an immediate cause, and therefore there is no cause of causes. We are inclined to think,— yes, are sure — that beauty is a verity in the brute mind, but in man's, it is an illusion, nothing. We ourselves are only bubbles, swept along the stream of time, and beauty is but the iridescence of the bubble.

"*Tempus* does *fugit!*" "I should say it did; can it really be nine whole months since we began school this year?" "It does not seem possible, yet the calendar tells us so; and that is a thing which cannot 'make a lie.'" We hear these remarks on every side, nearly every hour in the day; and, in truth, it does not seem as though a year never did go quite so quickly as this one.

In the middle of last September, when the doors were thrown open, admitting a hundred or more girls, some here for the first time, others, to whom the place seemed like a home, how long the time seemed till we should leave it, and how much there was to be done!

To those who came for the first time, how strange it all seemed, this first going out from the home where all was happiness, and in which their every wish was a command to be obeyed on the instant. These girls had a hard lesson to learn; there was many another girl in the world just like themselves, who had received the same amount of attention, and who expected to be treated with as much consideration as if she were the only one in the world. Then there were other girls, who cared for no one: the I-can-look-out-for-myself kind. These were harder to deal with, for they would not be approached with anything savoring of kindness and good-fellowship; but once the door of their hearts opened, they proved strong, firm friends. Again, there were the old girls, who kept to themselves, and talked about the new girls coming in and taking the places of last year's girls, and would have nothing to do with the newcomers. They made the innocent offenders feel as though they should like to pass out of existence if there were a loop-hole, but, none offering itself, they resolved to stand and face it out. But the old girls were not so bad after all, if once an acquaintance could be made with them; even they could throw off their iron masks. There is always some sweet mingled with the bitter, and this instance was no exception to the rule; there came among us some lovely, gifted, wholly charming characters, who brightened all the dark days, and made our disappointments seem a mere passing shadow.

Probably each one had a desire to learn, and improve herself as much as possible, and make this one year a stepping-stone to a higher life, and if it was to be her last year of school life, all the more must it be employed for the best; while, if several more were to follow, this one must be made a sure foundation, on which all the others might be built.

With all our cares and vexations, we can truly say we are heartily sorry that this year is gone, and hope that in some ways at least, we have made ourselves better, truer girls, more fitted for the ensuing years of this life. And now we wish to bid farewell to our classmates, hoping that we shall all meet again, if not next year, in the years to come, to exchange greetings and wish each other all the good things that life can offer.

An appeal from the business manager of *The Northwestern* has been brought to our notice. That a college of seventeen hundred students cannot support a college paper seems rather peculiar. The Leaves has paid its way from the start and laid by over $1,700 to help girls; and we are *only girls*, gentlemen! It is evident that the future business magnates of the West have not exercised their energy upon the subject. Our Junior Class, also, has proved its admirable business capacity in editing the *Allerlei*, which has more than paid for itself, although there are a number of copies as yet unsold. The literary merit of this annual reflects much credit upon the Juniors. Let every Lasell girl possess herself of a copy.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

The characteristics of women are varied, more so then those of men, and on account of their very variety are more difficult to understand and follow out. It seems, and in reality is, impossible to discuss woman but in contrast with man; her destiny so closely linked with his in their creation, is equally inseparable to-day, and ever will be.

Much of the space in the magazines is now devoted to lengthy discussions upon woman's adaptation to and aims in life; to the thought that the girl of the period has been, for some time past, a girl of one idea, and that idea marriage. How to divert her from looking to this as her sole end is the great question before the world.

Woman's characteristics, — because she is such a creature of whim, and such a weather-vane, as it were, — change as the generations glide by. They have changed, and will change, but, even as history reports itself now and then, many traits remain unchanged throughout the ages. The woman bids fair to be the "one"; at any rate, she will be in the near future the subject of an absorbing national question, and her future, which now begins to peer above the horizon's line, will be of vast importance to herself and all others. Will "Woman's Suffrage" be our next Constitutional Amendment?

How tiresome it is to be always happening upon our British friends (?) comments on "The American Girl," "Impressions of America," etc., for when were they anything but humiliating, when looked at as truth, or startling even when known to be false? Types must have existed to furnish so much material for English pens, though we cannot but blame them for decisions made upon articles in the rough.

"Woman's coquetry, *finesse*, and arts," Herbert Spencer tells us, "are modified hypocrisy: notwithstanding, they are found to be adorable." Woman has studied to be what men would have her, and now and then a woman has succeeded in being what she would have herself.

Infinite tact has been woman's weapon for all time. In the days of woman's barbarity, when she was a cipher in society, her tact and power to please shielded her from much, and has brought her where she stands to-day, with all her rights.

Women, as brilliant conversationalists and interested listeners, have made hall and salon brighter and more attractive, and drawn there the noblest masculine minds.

The vivacity, the freedom of speech and manners, and the quick power of adapting thought and action, possessed by our countrywomen to-day, is very attractive to foreigners. These characteristics have won for our women liberties and stations in life enjoyed by few other women in the world, and yet there remain the sweet, womanly dignity and feminine delicacy. Her further powers of adaptation will be strained to their utmost in the coming life of the American woman, but we venture to say it will be found fully equal to the strain.

In the every-day world, one may see much that is characteristic of women. Many women's characters are so telling that their presence is not needed to denote they have been this or that way. In a home where a true queen of the household reigns, the dainty touches prompted by thoughtful mother love, and the wifely tendernesses are shown in more than just the happy faces looking up into hers, or in the soothing words of comfort which fall more sweetly from the low, distinct voice of woman than from any other. O woman! note that of all her characteristics that is best which shows her influence from her own hearthstone.

To be sure, woman's world-renowned loquaciousness, curiosity, jealousy, and ironical, even

sarcastic, characteristics, we have overlooked. These have been worn threadbare and denied again and again, but always with the same result, man is willing to be convinced that woman is not talkative, etc., but just the person to convince him has never yet been seen. Yet, in passing, let me say, take men in their club-rooms and compare them with women in theirs; talk to a man upon a subject in which he is much interested, and hold back what he regards as a telling point; compete with a man in his dearest desires; talk with a man of embittered hopes, and, after all this draw, your own conclusions as to his characteristics and woman's in these particular lines. The balance may tip.

What can we say of the general femininity of such as Charles Egbert Craddock, so long supposed to be a man. Surely, those things which led people to believe her masculine, through her powerful writing, do not debar her, or others, from the sphere of womanhood. Rather let us say, true men and women have in themselves interchangeable characteristics, and each may be manly or womanly, as the case may be, without compromising other individual characteristics, and becoming, the one effeminate, and the other masculine.

Woman, at this day, is not properly estimated, if Craddock's books create less enthusiasm since the double discovery of its author. Yet, once more a characteristic of true womanhood is pure, refined language. It seems to belong to her native delicacy, and coarse or uncouth language seems to gather additional vulgarity when dropped from the lips of a woman. Is anything more truly lovely than good, pure, holy, helpful words heard from the sweet voices of some women, partaking of all that is most beautiful in their natures? As we stated at the beginning, woman's characteristics are so varied that they cannot be set down at a single writing. Good, indifferent, and, I must say it, bad, we have found in this short inquiry. According to our beloved Milton

"Firm they might have stood,
Yet fell."

And so with woman it still is: she holds it in her power to be great or infinitesimally small. O woman!

"Remember, and fear to transgress."

L. E. S., '91.

THE LASELLIA BANQUET.

THE Lasellia banquet, held annually in honor of the Seniors, was given on the evening of June 7.

The guests went first to the beautifully decorated club-room, where they were cordially received by the President, Miss Sara Harvey.

Some time was there spent in genial conversation, which was pleasantly interrupted by a piano solo by Miss Sade Burrill, a guitar solo by Miss Ada Marsh, a visiting member of the club, and recitations by Miss Annie Brown, and Miss Langley, also a visiting member.

But the four brilliant Seniors, around whom we eagerly gathered, were the centre of attraction.

When Miss Harvey and our honorary member, Prof. Rich, led the way to the banquet hall, no one seemed loath to follow, but all entered as heartily into that part of the evening's entertainment as they had in the former.

The long tables were beautifully decorated with smilax and flowers. At each plate were exquisite roses, the Seniors being favored with larger bunches.

The respective seats were found by the aid of mysterious envelopes, each bearing an individual's name, and tied with blue ribbon, the club color. On opening these we found in each a dainty card, bearing an apt quotation, and an artistic sketch in water colors or pen and ink. These were the work of two of our members, and were worthy the praise which they received. The *menu* was also very dainty.

We were favored with the presence of Misses Langley, Marsh, Best, Skinner, Sue Brown, Pearce, and Thomas, all loyal members of the club.

After we had partaken of the good things prepared for us, the President gave her address of welcome, and received a witty response from Miss Sutton. A song in honor of the class of '90 was then well rendered by three Lasellians.

Miss Eva Bond as "Regina Vini" entertained and amused all by her witty remarks. Miss Pearce disposed of her questionable subject (? ? ? ?) in an entertaining manner, and succeeded in proving that the class of '90 is not so much of an enigma after all. In her prophecies regarding the prosperity of the Seniors in their future contact with "The Cold Cold World." Miss

Sherwood provoked much mirth and laughter. The experiences of "By-gone Times," told by Miss Marsh, were much enjoyed by all. At her suggestion, the health of the old members was drunk. Miss Lucie Sampson prophesied in verse as to the fate of some of the Lasellians "In After Days." Mr. Rich favored us with a few terse and interesting remarks.

When all too soon the clock struck the "hour," we bade each other "Good-night," and stole quietly to our rooms, agreeing that the banquet had been a great success, and wishing the Lasellia Club success and prosperity in the future as in the past.

S. D. RECEPTION.

The S. D. Society held its annual banquet and reception to the Seniors, Saturday evening, June 14, in the Lasellia club-room, which had been kindly offered by that society. After being presented to the President and the Seniors, a delightful musical programme was given me consisting of a

PIANO SOLO	Miss Soule.
SONG	Miss Whitney.
GUITAR SOLO	Miss Snyder.
PIANO SOLO	Miss Watson.

The march was then formed for the supper room, and the tables presented a beautiful sight, profusely decorated with flowers and laden with a bountiful repast. At each plate was laid a pretty *menu* and roses, and the Senior's places were marked by large bouquets of roses.

Toasts were introduced by Miss Peabody, toast-mistress, with a few witty remarks. Miss Lamme responded to the toast, "The West"; Miss Shellabarger, "The Lasellia Club"; Miss Commins, "The Unrepresented Sex."

The latter was particularly interesting, refering to our past efforts in seeing our Harvard "cousin" and explaining to the powers that be that our great-aunt's husband's cousin was as near as a brother.

The president of the club, Miss Woodbury, then gave a short address, which was responded to by the president of the Senior class, Miss Sutton, which closed with the appropriate quotation, "It is good to be here," and the Freshman, looking around on the festive board, echoed the words, and thought it almost paid to stay here four years to get to be a big Senior and be feasted in this royal manner.

Miss Packard, our member who represents us in the Faculty, then responded to an impromptu toast, which elicited much applause. After a short adjournment to the club-room, the company parted, with many wishes to the Seniors for a successful life.

LOCALS.

For some reason or other, there appeared to be more "Engaged" cards up than usual on Sunday, the 8th.

On Wednesday evening the 3d of June, the Euterpian Guitar Club gave its first concert. The programme comprised solos, duets, and trios, and pieces by the club. The quartette singing was very much enjoyed. Most of the compositions were by W. L. Hayden, — not, however, Haydn the great master, as one of the Boston papers reported.

The competitive drill was on Wednesday afternoon, June 4. Each company was drilled separately in the gymnasium before three judges. Then the individual competitive drill took place, in which twenty-one took part. After this, dress parade was executed, the companies forming three sides of a hollow square. Master Loring, of Newton, kindly gave his services, for the afternoon, and sounded the different calls on his cornet. After the dress parade, the order, "Place — rest", was given, and the prizes were awarded by Major Benyon, a former commander of the Lasell Batallion. We congratulate Company C as possessors of the prize banner, and Private Bragdon and Sergeant Brown as winners of the first and second prizes.

The sum total of money contributed for benevolent purposes by the school during the school year just ended is $608.48.

The Lasell Art Gallery has received some valuable additions: one of J. Appleton Brown's charming pictures of apple-trees in bloom, a Spring Scene in France, by F. H. Richardson, an American artist still studying abroad; four of Mr.

Philip A. Butler's transparent water colors, De Montfort's "Little Protégée," Munger's "Twilight," A fine Moonlight by Van Elten, "The Eagle's Nest," Otis Webber, A Funny Song," Edwin Long's "Diana or Christ," and an etching of the old Norman church of "St. Bartholomew the Great," in London, -- a fine thing indeed as an etching and an architectural memory.

LASELL SONG.

We would sing a song of a village fair,
Near the hub of the world, so charming,
Where, far away from home and from care,
And the strifes of the world alarming,
Young maidens oft gather from far and near,
Great lessons to learn, great lectures to hear.

And here you may see them with studious looks,
As the bell for morn chapel is sounding,
Come all trooping in, eyes intent on their books,
For on books their future they 're founding,
And the songs they soon sing with faces so bright,
Bring in a new day, with joy and with light.

With work all completed and studying o'er,
They gather with mirth and with dancing,
And tennis, and bowling, and many sports more,
Which bring to them charms all enhancing,
They enjoy, till at length, to books they return,
For honest enjoyment brings longing to learn.

Thus ever the years speed on in their flight,
And the maidens from school are oft going;
Altho' some may reach their air-castles bright,
While others sweet patience are showing —
We know that our maidens will always be true,
And reflect in their lives our emblem of blue.

COMMENCEMENT, 1890.

Commencement week opened Thursday evening, June 12, with the commencement concert.

The following programme was rendered. No better rehearsal was ever given by Lasell pupils:—

PART FIRST.

CONCERTO FOR THREE PIANO-FORTES . . *Mozart*
(First Movement.)
MISSES WATSON, WILDER, AND BRAGDON.

CHORUS. Charity . . . . . *Faure*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

SERENADE . . . . . *Goldberg*
MISSES M. SLAVENS, PEABODY, G. WOODBURY, AND SUTTON.

PIANO-FORTE. Variations Sérieuses . . . *Mendelssohn*
MISS SOULE.

VOCAL DUET. Zuleika and Hassan . . . *Mendelssohn*
SOPRANOS AND TENORS.

PIANO-FORTE. Sonata, Op. 26, Theme and variations, *Beethoven*
MISS THRESHER.

CHORUS. O, come let us Worship . . . . *Mendelssohn*
MIXED VOICES.

PART SECOND.

PIANO-FORTE. { a. Cachoucha — Caprice . . . *Raff*
{ b. Hexentanz . . . . . *MacDowell*
MISS SARGEANT.

CHORUS. { a. O wert thou in the cauld blast . . *Mendelssohn*
{ b. My bark is bounding to the gale . *Mendelssohn*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

GUITAR. Gondellied . . . . . *Oesten*
MISS SNYDER.

SPRING SONG . . . . . *Lynes*
MISS PEABODY.
Violin Obligato, MR. SABIN.

CONCERTO FOR THREE PIANO FORTES . . *Mozar*
Adagio and Finale.
MISSES WATSON, WILDER, AND BRAGDON.

CHORUS. Green Vale and Vine-Clad Mountain . . *Cowen*
MIXED CHORUS.

The *Baccalaureate Sermon* was delivered Sunday, June 15, by Rev. Dr. Frank M. Bristol, of Chicago. The service was opened with an organ voluntary, scripture reading, and prayer by Bishop Foster. Dr. Bristol took his text from I. Corinthians xv. 10: "By the Grace of God I am what I am." The magnificent sermon is reported in the Newton *Graphic*, and published in pamphlet.

Class Day did not break so clear and fair as it might have done, but by degrees all the cloudiness disappeared before the ardent rays of King Sol, and at his going down there was promise of as pleasant an evening as heart could wish.

The walls of the gymnasium were gracefully draped in a soft material of the class colors. Conspicuous among them was the banner bearing the class motto, "*Per ampliora ad altiora.*" At eight o'clock the Seniors, arrayed in Oxford caps and gowns, entered to the sound of music. The president of the class, Mai Louise Sutton, then addressed the audience with these words: —

"With greatest pleasure the members of '90 welcome their friends this evening, although the pleasure is not unmixed with sadness, since Class

Night sounds the knell of our school-days. Never more shall we meet to discourse Peabody on Habits or Wayland on the Memory; never more shall we give the wrong commands in drill. All these things, for us, are over; our course here is ended, and in a few days, 'the places that knew us shall know us no more.'

We have looked forward to this time even from the days when as guileless and harmless Freshmen we roamed about the quiet streets of Auburndale; and as Sophomores and Juniors the anticipation of the joys of our Commencement was all that sufficed to help us over the many obstacles which impeded our progress along the rough and stormy path of knowledge. But, though the way at times has seemed long, though we have often felt inclined to envy the future existence of the old woman who said to the relatives assembled about her death-bed,

> 'Don't weep for me now,
> And don't weep for me never,
> For I'm going to do nothing
> For ever and ever.'

Yet we cannot but agree with the famous philosopher who said that the pursuit of knowledge was more fascinating than the possession of it. Perhaps, however, we do not realize what it would be to possess knowledge, since one learns only from experience; but at any rate, we can give you many bits of information in regard to its pursuit, for we have enjoyed our work deeply, and also our few successful attempts to escape it.

Despite the fact that we have often been misunderstood, our life has been a pleasant one; we have had many sore trials, yet we have borne them all with meekness, and with a sweetness of disposition unparalleled in the history of Lasell. Imagine your feelings, had your natural reserve been accounted as laziness; and what would have been your sorrow, had your habit of 'taking your pleasures sadly' been regarded as an evidence of lack of class spirit? Yet we bear no malice to those who have misjudged us, and as we are about to sink into 'innocuous desuetude,' to use the words of one of our eminent statesmen, we but ask you to be to '90's virtues very kind, and to her faults a little blind, for we feel that the treat which is to be afforded us by the address which is to follow is more than sufficient to make up for our shortcomings.

Owing to misunderstanding, Dr. Hale is unable to be with us this evening, but it affords us much pleasure to introduce to you our honorary member, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston."

Dr. Gordon in his address dwelt upon the enlargement, in this the nineteenth century, of woman's sphere. He showed that wherever she goes her greatest influence must be in the ancient role of the world's conscience.

After Dr. Gordon's address the Orphean Club sang the class song, written by Etta Pearce and set to music by Wallace Goodrich. The graduates then led the way to the grounds, to solemnize the time-honored ceremony of planting the tree and burning the books.

At different points over the lawn red lights were burning, which cast a rosy glow over the whole.

The company, having assembled in the most advantageous listening positions about the spot where the slender linden was to be planted, were somewhat surprised on being told that the oration would be delivered from the piazza. But all were repaid the extra promenade through the damp grass by hearing every word of the tree oration by Miss Pearce, and the elegy by Miss Commins. It was not in a very elegy-like manner that the books were consigned to the fire, and between the lines of the apt discourse we thought we could read a little exultation at the thought that soon all the miseries (?) of school and Senior life would be past and gone.

PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION.

THE evening of the reception, Tuesday, was one of the most pleasant we have had. At eight o'clock the guests arrived, and were introduced to Dr. and Mrs. Bragdon and the Seniors by the members of the Junior class.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns and presented a very bright appearance when crowded with people. The noble Seniors looked very dignified as they bowed to the right and left, making up in quality what they lacked in quantity.

At nine o'clock all adjourned to the dining rooms, where tempting little tables stood, inviting those who entered to sit and refresh themselves. Shortly after returning to the parlors the

guests departed filled with pleasant thoughts of our Lasell and having passed a delightful evening.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

THE day was beautiful, and the church filled to overflowing. The audience will not soon forget the impressive service of the morning. Rev. Dr. Cuyler gave the address, and for those that have heard him, anything we can say would be very insufficient.

ORDER OF THE EXERCISES.

MUSIC. PRAYER. MUSIC.
COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS. REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.
MUSIC.
GOOD-BY (for the Class). MALVINA HARPER SHERWOOD.
MUSIC.
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.
BENEDICTION.

The "good-by" for the class was delivered by Miss Sherwood in a clear, penetrating voice. It reads as follows: —

It is true, as Pope has said: —

> "That education forms the common mind,
> As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

However, the beauty and utility of the tree depend as much on its nature as on the training of the twig. Education cannot make, it can only improve what already exists. The person depends not so much on the education as the education on the person.

Confucius says, "Learning without thought is labor lost." Does he mean that the learning of a person is simply a reflection of that person's mind? That education is only a means by which that may be brought out which already exists in the mind? That this learning can be brought forth from its hiding-place unattended by any thought on the part of the person concerned? So it seems; for it is an acknowledged truth that we are able to answer to learning, to the accumulated wisdom of ages, in proportion only to the activity of the divine spark in us.

"The world," says Emerson, "is an echo, and returns to each one of us what we are ourselves." When a botanist looks at a tree, he marks the mode of its branching, the shape and position of its leaves, the thickness of its bark; he determines its age, its order, its genus. An artist looks at the same tree. He observes whether it is symmetrical or otherwise, the curves and angles in its outline, the light and shadow cast upon its leaves. Another person looks at the tree. He does not see even what kind of a tree it is. He has only a vague impression of a tree in his vicinity. As Wordsworth says: —

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

Our world, then, is an echo of ourselves. Objects return to us just what we give to them. We live in the world we ourselves make.

The divine hand is visible in everything. If we fail to see it, the fault is in us. It was not consummate skill that made Millet. It was the fact that the world he showed us was an echo of himself. He could call out the best side in nature.

It is the same with people. If we are with those who can make the best part of us answer to them, it is well for us. At the same time, are we not responsible for the echo we cause to be returned to us from other people? If we see naught but evil in a person, it is because that person has a stronger will than we, or else because we are not disposed to see the good; for he compels the evil part of our nature to echo to his own evil. If, on the other hand, we can make people answer to the good in us, we shall not feel their evil. The triumph of the stronger will, thus directed, will lead us then to a true and all-embracing charity. This conflict of will is going on continually. Dr. Holmes speaks of it as the "Close Indian hug." Let us then be masters. Instead of being an echo to evil, let us compel all with whom we have to do to answer to the good in ourselves. We shall then feel the evil of none, but live in charity with all. "For the whole world is an echo, and returns to each of us what we are ourselves."

We must each translate our world, our echo into a language of our own. If not into a picture, a statue, a sonata, why then, into a trade, an art, a mode of living, a character, an influence.

What our world shall be has been determined to a great extent by these our teachers. Whether we shall show the fruit of their patient labor or not lies wholly with us. In saying our good-by

we turn first, gratefully to them, for all they have done to open in us the power of responding to the best in art, in science, in literature, in life. And then let us, school-mates, say a mutual farewell, which, if it come with a resolve to echo to the best so far as within us lies, is truly a "God be with you."

Just before the presentation of the diplomas, Mr. Bragdon awarded the prizes for the best loaf of bread. Miss Staley received the first prize, Miss Bond the second. We congratulate them.

After the service the friends crowded around the Seniors, who were the recipients of many beautiful flowers.

At noon a lunch was served on the lawn to the friends, and, to judge from their remarks, they heartily enjoyed the good things brought to them by the Lasell girls.

At 2.30 the Alumnæ held their business meeting, and at 3.30 the literary exercises took place.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

INVOCATION.
ELSIE WALTZES. *Haydn.* — The Euterpian Club.
ADDRESS. "Middle-aged Women."
Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.
GROUP OF SONGS. — Miss Lizzie May Whipple.
REUNION SONG.

At five o'clock was held their annual banquet, and no doubt they enjoyed that as well as the rest, but, not being an alumna, we were not present, and so cannot say with certainty.

Mr. Bragdon, the teachers, the Seniors, the school, should feel very proud of the success of this commencement week. May they have many more!

One of the sights of Commencement Day was the quartet from the West filing into the office, each with outstretched hand and mouth,— Hattie Seiberling, Mattie Henry, Martha Prentice, and Nellie Parker. It was better than a collation! Another was Gertrude Early, from Detroit, thinned down into so graceful and bewitching a lady that no one knew her except Mr. B. His sharp eye saw Gertrude Early in her face at once. A touching sight was Anna King and Nellie Alderman roaming around in search of the ghosts of their old mates, but finding none. Their cry, "Why! where are all the girls?" was, indeed, pathetic. Another was Etta Jackson and her —— what do they call them?

One of the sure proofs of passing years is the earnest but innocent statement, "Why, Miss C., the girls are so much younger than they were when I was here!" Yes, my dear girls, but you were younger when you were here, and these will think just the same of the company they meet when they come back as "old girls."

A good joke on Miss Carpenter: she met two of the girls in the parlor, asked after their late history, their children, and children's children, and then, seeing the same girls on the lawn, greeted them with her strongest effusion, was delighted to see them, etc. O Miss Carpenter!

The most surprised girls were Emma Cardell and Lou Barker, who had not been back since 1876. They could not believe their eyes! The changes were beyond all the stories they had heard. They wished they — oh,— a dozen things. Fourteen years, though they have been full of history and experience, have not taken the old Emma and Lou out of their faces.

Mrs. Jennie Johnson Millbank left her two babies to be with her sister and take her home after Commencement. Misses M. Mathews, P. Parmenter, Blanche Merrill, McLaughlin, Bessie Towle, M. Packard, G. Skinner, M. Oliver, A. Lane, R. Stearns were at the early exercises of the week and many of them at all. Of others who were at Commencement, and whose names we are able to recall, were Misses Gertrude Newcome, Bessie Merriam, Lizzie Whipple, Fannie Barbour, Jessie Hayden, Anna King, Nellie Alderman, Alice Hamilton, Lizzie Burnham, Gertrude Early, Mamie Noyes, Lillie Eddy, Sue Brown, Ada Marsh, Mattie Henry, Caroline Coburn, Inez Bragg, Sallie Head, Alice Maloon, Nellie and Lizzie Whipple, of Wellesley, Etta Jackson, Etta Stafford, Fanny Thomas, and Inie Sanford. Of married pupils, Mrs. Lou Barker Hardy, Emma Cardell Clerke, Mrs. Nellie Parker Lewis, Nellie Packard Draper, Hattie Seiberling Miles, Lillie Fuller Merriam and baby, Annie Kendig Pierce, Susie Gregg Wilson, Emma Cutler Baxter, Bertha Gray Richards, Anna Curtis Beaver. This imperfect list does not include all the Alumnæ present of between thirty and forty

persons, some, living near, are our yearly dependences and most honored. In the hurried, crowded day it was not possible to remember every name, though all were most welcome.

MARRIED.

At Des Moines, Ia., June 5, Winnie Belle Ewing and Nathan Emery Coffin. At home, Wednesdays, after half-past two o'clock, 1534 Linden Avenue.

June 3, at Flint, Mich., Lucy Crapo Orrill and Arthur Jerome Eddy.

At Adams, N. Y., June 18, Kathryn H. Totman to Charles E. Brownell. At home, Wednesday evening, July 2, 13 Morgan Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Cora M. Dawes to Herbert R. Denison, Wednesday, June 25, at Harrison, Me.

At Norristown, Penn., July 2, Augustine M. Lowe to Henry M. Brownback.

At Newtonville, June 4, Minnie W. Page to Charles A. Soden.

Mr. Thomas J. Stilwell married Miss Lucy J. Gillette, of Chicago, Thursday evening, June 5. Invitations were received by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, who, with other friends at Lasell, rejoice that Mr. Stilwell has renewed the home life once so sadly broken. Mr. Stilwell was the brother-in-law of much-regretted Julia Miller.

The marriage of Nellie Hall Packard, daughter of Dr. L. D. Packard, to Dr. Joseph R. Draper, both of South Boston, occurred May 14, at the St. John's M. E. Church, South Boston. Rev. L. A. Banks officiated, assisted by Dr. Gregg, pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. The bride was formally given away by her father; her sisters were the bridesmaids. A bright day, good music, an abundance of flowers, and many friends helped to make the event a happy one. A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the ceremony.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, Misses Carpenter, Cushman, Blaisdell, and Cutler. The Lasell girls present were Clementina Butler, Polly Stebbins, Lizzie Canterbury, Mary Harmon Hellier, Anne Wallace, Jessie Macmillan, Edith Andrews, Lizzie Whipple, Harriet and Mabel Sawyer. Telegrams of congratulation and regret were received from Stella and Lillie Wadhams and Ida Sibley Webber.

Dr. and Mrs. Draper took a short trip, and are now "at home" at No. 512 Broadway, South Boston.

MRS. DWIGHT GODDARD.

Another dear pupil has gone. Mrs. Dwight Goddard was Hattie Webber, of Holyoke, Mass., whose funeral took place in that town May 19, at the Second Congregational Church, of which she was a member. She held a high position at Lasell in the esteem of all who knew her. In Holyoke, where most of her life was spent, she seems to have been universally beloved. Quiet and retiring, she was yet active and untiring in the church and in every good work. A cultured musician, she was the leading soprano of this church for years. She had served long in the Sunday school, and some two hundred of the children joined in singing the Lord's Prayer, and as they marched by the casket of their dear teacher cast upon it some quiet tears, tributes of lilies and roses, till with the many that already lay upon it, it was almost buried in flowers. The children sang also Dyke's "St. Sylvester." Barnaby's beautiful "O Paradise!" and "Jerusalem the Golden" gave a certain jubilant tone, as if to say, "O Grave where is thy Victory?" And the flowers were rich and bright in color, creating a cheerfulness even in this mourning hour.

We took our journey back to Lasell thinking of the sweet bride, married only last October, whose young life had been sapped by an insidious disease, mourning our own loss and pitying the relatives who are bereaved of her presence in their home, yet remembering how "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

The mother of Edith, Sarah, and Laura Pew died very suddenly at her home, in Gloucester, May 17, of heart disease. Laura was in Maine with Edith. Sarah was at home. Our sympathy goes very warmly to these bereaved daughters, so suddenly deprived of an excellent mother. May

they be sustained by Christian grace and comforted with every spiritual consolation!

We are much grieved to hear that Margaret Leavitt lost her mother suddenly by heart disease. The death was some months ago.

We are much pained to hear of the death of Mrs. F. P. Bailey, the mother of Florence E. Bailey. She died at her home, in Erie, Penn., and was buried there, June 3. She is spoken of as one who devoted much of her life to charities. She was especially efficient in her services for the Home of the Friendless.

An early graduate of Lasell, of the class of 1855, Georgiana Robinson, of Exeter, N. H., wife of Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, of Yale College, died in January, 1889. This is a late record, but we are glad to speak of her noble and lovable character in all its relations, and the Christian patience with which she bore years of physical suffering.

Just as we close this record the saddest news comes to us, and our love and sympathy go freely to the dear girl.

Maude Evans, last Saturday, started for the Excelsior Springs with her sister and mother. At the very gate the horses took fright. Mrs. Evans was thrown out and died within twenty minutes. The sister was somewhat injured. Maude not at all. Just one week Maude had been home! How little we guess, and how merciful it is that we do not know, what a day will bring forth!

PERSONALS.

Laura Place is at 153 Walnut Street, Montclair, N. J.

Tessie Shiff made us a little call, and Miss Call a bigger call early in June.

Maggie Couts, in reply to a letter of inquiry, states that Leah is less hurt than was feared, and is on the road to recovery.

Helen White has joined the Episcopal Church.

Maud Snyder fell victim to the light fingered gentry of the Hudson River boat, losing purse and contents.

Lida Peck had a serious accident, that might easily have been more. A gun was discharged full into her face from a few feet distance. The load — of course, powder only — was received mostly in the forehead. A grain less of elevation and Mame would have had the privilege of reading Lida's lessons to her the rest of her life, for which grain less we are all thankful.

Mabel Boyd spends the summer with army friends at Detroit. Reports Mary Wilcox as attracting much attention at Fort Keogh.

Whom should we run across at the Eastern station, July 2, but Kitty Morrill VanHusan, with her two chicks, all the way from Detroit, on the way to Hotel Preston, Beach Bluff, where she spends the summer.

We saw Sarah Perkins, who graduated from New England Conservatory of Music last week, on her way West. She will spend the summer in Wisconsin, expecting to get to St. Joseph to see Yetta Westheimer and the rest before she comes home.

Carrie Ebersole went abroad in April with her uncle's family, to return in August.

A letter from Paris describes Miss Elizabeth G. Gardner, who was the pupil of Miss Imogene Robinson, now Mrs. Morell, of Washington, at Lasell Seminary many years ago. She has been famous for some years, and sells many of her pictures in America. When she went to Paris there were no good opportunities for women. She wore her hair short, and, disguised as a boy, studied in the government drawing-school at the Gobelin factories. She met with no indignities. She was the first woman to enter the Julian School. She is a disciple of Bouguerreau, to whom she is engaged to be married. It is very difficult for a foreigner to win even the third medal at the Paris salon. Miss Gardner was the first woman to receive it. Miss Gardner's struggles in Paris for an art education, and her brilliant success, have opened the way for other American women, who have won more easy victories.

Prof. J. A. Cassedy tells that his school at Norfolk is prospering wonderfully. In the boarding department, five last year, thirty-five this.

Lillie Potter has been a sufferer from nervous prostration, and is only slowly recovering. She had to give up a European trip in consequence. Last fall, in Paris, she sat at dinner-table with a girl who had spent a short time at Lasell. She found it *too* "*religious*" a school. Mr. Bragdon urged the girls too much to go to prayer-meeting. Lillie remarked to herself, "so the dear old tone of that most blessed spot, Lasell, has not changed, and Mr. Bragdon is still more anxious that the girls should get to heaven than to get their diplomas."

Grace Richards sends an invitation to the Commencment exercises of Drew College, Mt. Carmel, N. J., June 19. Presumably, she will be graduated then.

The June wedding of Winnie B. Ewing that was, Mrs. N. E. Coffin that is, must have been a very brilliant society event. Two of our old girls were among the four bridesmaids — Laura Conger and Helen Gilbert. May the future of the happy pair be as bright as the beginning!

Rev. R. Winsor, of the Marathi Mission, Sirur, India, with his wife and son, have arrived in Auburndale, after an absence of six years from their native land. They left their daughter, Daisie, with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, and under instruction at Lasell, where she is much loved. It is a most happy reunion.

Profs. J. A. Hills and J. W. Davis sailed by the Cunard ship "Servia," June 13, for a summer trip in Europe. They lunched at the school that day, as usual. Their pupils took this opportunity to surprise them with the gift to each of a steamer chair and rug. Miss Sargeant slipped into the club-room, and led at the piano, while all sung a dolorous ditty, representing the "two teachers spending their pay, over the ocean wave far, far away." At an appropriate moment the gifts were brought in. Mr. Bragdon made bright asides and jokes, while Mr. Hills returned thanks for himself and comrade in a lively little speech. There was much laughter, handshaking, and cheery good-bys.

Mrs. Jennie Darling Folsom came from her Vermont home in Lindenville to Auburndale for a few days in May.

Carrie Brown was here before Commencement, but the attraction at the West was too great for her to stay long. She is not always to be Carrie Brown. Poor thing!

Of old girls, Frances Gregg, Ada Dunaway, Edith Gale, Lizzie Burnham, Bessie Merriam, Emily Little, and Annie Kirkwood are in the Lasell European party; of new, Bertha Hammond, Bessie Shepherd, Katie Hamilton, and a sister of Kitty Ellis. Mothers and friends made up a total of nearly twenty-five.

Clara Gowing Richardson brought her husband and baby to visit her old schoolhome. She was a pupil here twelve years ago. She lives at 4 Marlboro Street, Boston, but has a summer home in Weston. They drove over to the school. She has sent us since a pretty photograph of the baby.

Virginia and Willie Stowe received a box of beautiful Cape Jessamine from their home, in Galveston, Texas. They have been very liberal in giving them away. Mr. Bragdon had a fine vase of them on his desk. It is wonderful that they preserved such freshness through the long journey.

Lou Walston, late of Lasell, graduated June 18, at Smith College. She sent invitations. There are various exercises for the week, much as usual in all colleges. The oddity is the "Representation of the Book of Job," by the Senior class, June 14. That awakens our curiosity.

By favor of Mr. C. M. L. Sites, who graduated this year in the law department of the National University at Washington, Mr. Bragdon had an invitation to the commencement exercises June 4. This invitation, like another recently noticed, has in the corner the words "No Flowers" — flower giving *has* become an excess.

Lizzie Pennell Sanborn, who is a widow, and lives with her mother in Portland, has been in Boston lately, and intended to visit Lasell with Emma Cutter Baxter, but somehow failed to do so.

A few words from Ida M. Phillips, who lives at 139 Ross Street, Brooklyn. She is building up a little in health, and hopes to complete the improvement by a trip to Europe, next year, if not this.

CLARA MALTBY STEVENS, of Northford, Conn., tells of her four boys, and one baby daughter. Her cousin, Stella Smith, Mrs. James P. Strong, was at school here at the same time, lives in New Haven, and has two daughters.

BLANCHE HENLIN ROBINSON'S address is 125 East Forty-Sixth Street, New York, and they have a summer home on Long Island at Patchogue. She sees Mamie Marshall now and then. Blanche is grieving for the loss of her baby daughters.

FANNIE L. BAKER BONNER lives at 1915 Chicago Street, Omaha, Nebraska. By an absolute mistake, when the picture of her little boys was referred to in the May Leaves, it was not said that Robbie, the eldest, had recently died. His mother has passed through great sorrow, but is slowly becoming reconciled to life, since she knows it must be God's will. He must have been a beautiful boy. No wonder life seems changed to Fannie. Lizzie Frost is, Fannie writes, a happy Christian, once somewhat a doubter.

BY another blunder in the May LEAVES, Mrs. I. B Chesley, who has recently lost a lovely child, was spoken of as Bertha *Harris*, instead of *Russell*, and her home called Springfield, instead of Pitts, field. Bertha Harris is Mrs. Armington, of Providence, and it is not long since she met with a like affliction, to which reference was then made.

MISS FLORENCE MANN, of Cincinnati, comes to Lasell next year with an excellent reputation for good literary work in the Woodward High School, where she has just graduated. In token of this excellence, she was presented with a medal by the Woodward Alumnal Association.

LIZZIE M. NORTON, a pupil of Lasell some years ago, writes from Forestville, Conn.

SALLIE HEAD came to Commencement. If she had known a little sooner that Lizzie Burnham would join Mr. Shepherd's party to Europe she would have done the same.

ONE of the prominent residents of Cliftondale tells us that our Minnie Nickerson is having fine success in her kindergartning. The children think there is no one like her, and she does marvel with them. We knew it!

HELEN GILBERT writes a lively letter.

MYRTIE SINSABAUGH is interested in the Garfield National Memorial Hospital, for which a garden *fête* was recently given by Mrs. John A. Logan. Myrtie was one of the committee on the art department. The affair was wholly managed by ladies, we understand. It seems to have been a brilliant social event. At the close, the ladies presented to Mrs. Logan a beautiful set of white silk table doylies and scarf hand painted, by Miss Sinsabaugh, with a variety of orchids. This exquisite set was valued at $100, and netted the fair over $80. It was presented by Dr. Corey, of the Metropolitan Church, and Mrs. Logan in accepting the gift spoke appreciatively of the artist who wrought this work of skill and beauty, for whose sake she should treasure it, as well as for the sake of the ladies of the sewing-circle.

LOUISE DIETRICK has spent the winter in Boston. Her mother is with her. Louise is studying with Miss Call.

RUBY BLAISDELL and Ada Marsh came in May, to spend some time in Auburndale, at Mr. Nye's. Ruby has been studying art in New York.

ROSA BEST has been out from Boston occasionally. She has been visiting her brothers. Mrs. Best was here a few hours.

Dr. WM. SPENCER brought his wife and daughter to visit Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, in May. Dr. Spencer is engaged in the Methodist Church Extension Society.

Rev. S. J. HERBEN, assistant editor of the Epworth *Herald*, Chicago, has been at Lasell. He belonged to the same literary society in college as Mr. Bragdon.

OUR pleasant lecturer, Miss Mary A. Greene, is compelled to leave Boston, because of a delicate throat. She goes back to her old home, in Providence. It is hoped that she will open the Rhode Island bar to women. No women have yet been admitted to practice in Rhode Island.

OUR old-time pupil, Josephine (familiarly called Birdie) S. Mason, of Helena, Mon., has just finished a fine head of Father Damien, the leper priest. It is done in chalk, and is pronounced by critics an excellent piece of work. Miss Mason studied in the Lasell studio, but of late in Europe, in Berlin, we believe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have been spending some time at Woodlawn Hotel, to see Bertha before her trip to Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd.

Rev. Mr. Peloubet visited Mr. Bragdon's Sunday-school class, May 18.

Mamie Cole brought Mr. Smith of the Junior class at Dartmouth, to see her *Alma Mater*.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, from Galveston, Texas, have been among the guests recently at Lasell. Also Mrs. Wellington, Miss Goodell's mother, Lella Ninde's brother, from South America, and Miss Egerton's father, from South Carolina.

Dr. Grace A. Preston sent an invitation to her graduation exercises at the Woman's Medical College, May 28.

Mary O. Beach's address in Washington is 809 Twelth Street, N. W. She will study with Dr. Sargent this summer. She has met Mabel Raum Littell, who told of her baby daughter.

The letter from Emma M. Barnum, Harpoot, Turkey, referred to in the May Leaves, was accompanied by a letter of thanks from a little native girl, Aroosiag Nahegian, whom the Lasell girls are assisting to educate. The letter was translated by Miss Barnum.

Mrs. Grace Fribley Pennell, of Portland, with her husband and bright little boy, made a call at Lasell on their way from Ohio, where Grace has been visiting her mother and sister Lou, our former pupil, Mrs. Dann. Mrs. Pennell visited Grace and Florence Durfee, in Marion, Ohio.

Inez Bragg, with her mother and brother, are now living near Boston. A change was necessary for her health. She has been at Lasell. Among old pupils who have lately been at Lasell are Amy Hall, Inez Sanford, Daisy Parkhurst, Mabel Cogswell, Lizzie Burnham, Grace Skinner, Marion Pearce, Fannie Thomas, Ada Langly, Harriet Whitmarsh, and Sue Brown.

In alluding to Florence Mann, of Cincinnati, who is to be a pupil here, it should have been said that she is descended from Horace Mann, and that she formerly lived in this town.

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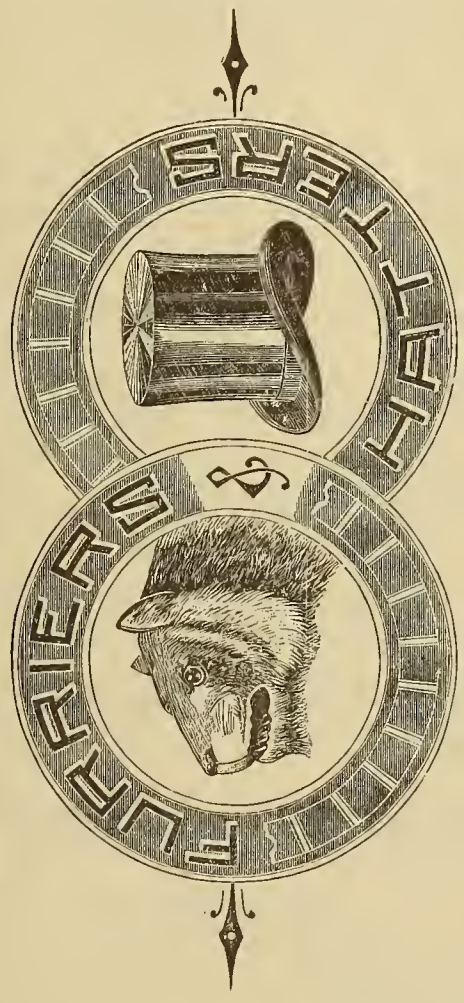
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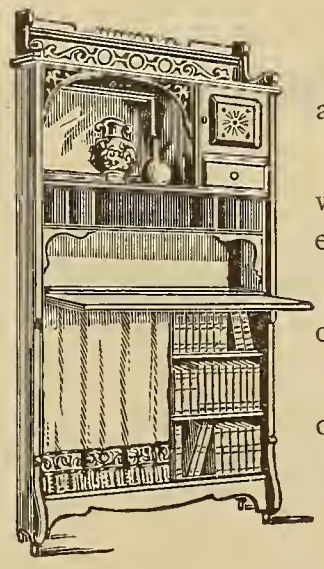
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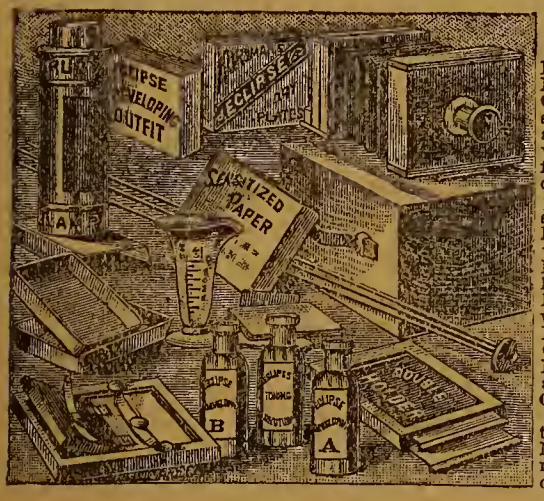
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OCTOBER, 1890.

LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XVI.—No. 1.

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Is conversation an art? If the answer is no, then can it be made an art? Is it possible for us so to live that our conversation may be artistic?

It is a broad and many-sided question that we have in hand and one that forces itself upon us more and more. But let us see. Art includes skill in fitting or joining, and this is applicable in respect to imparting our thoughts to others, and fitting our lines of speech to the surroundings. One of the objects of the study and use of Art is to educate our perception of beauty, and how better can this be done than through the medium of our intercourse with each other? Thus we may say at the outset that conversation, at least, may be artistic, requiring, as it does, much skill.

Conversation comprises always two or more. Thus, if we would converse it must be in such manner as to include the listener not exclude him. Conversation denotes communion, though only for the time, it may be.

General knowledge is an essential in brilliant conversation, in order that we may rise to the level of superior minds or drop gracefully to the inferior minds brought in contact with us.

A fine conversationist thinks little of the acceptability of his words. "Not caring to shine he shines the more." There are many who so carry away those about them by their ease and tact in conversing, that it becomes a natural and delightful thing for persons to talk who always shrink from so doing in ordinary society.

Simplicity in diction is a great attraction and a grace to be sought. To this is wedded directness. Loud-talking, "independent" Americans too often suggest by their lack of reserve that here is an element very desirable in society talk. However, there is a decided limit and it may easily be carried to excess.

The conversation between mother and daughter seldom lacks in interest and the secret here is congeniality, as to subjects and each other. Congeniality may not always be found, but adaptation is a key powerful to unlock many secrets.

The art of being a fine conversationist is not entirely acquired. As some are said to be born with silver spoons in their mouths, others have a wealth of words which seem to rush forward at a single sign of command.

Even our greatest writers have not all been conversers, though some have been able and interesting talkers. Hume, Goldsmith, Rousseau, and Corneille could not converse; while, on the other hand, Luther and Sydney Smith shone resplendent in conversation.

We may not all be humorists or, like Madame De Stael, "make ourselves beautiful by our words," but we can be well read, have command of a good vocabulary, be simple and direct, think much and lose no opportunity to converse with fluent conversationists and learned people, or at least listen to them. A good listener almost ranks beside the good speaker. One who can listen without interrupting, and appear always interested and attentive.

If through these means, conversation is artistic, it is a beautifier of every-day life for which we ought to seek. That which ornaments our daily lives, which at best are much too prosaic, or we allow them to be so, we ought to cultivate; and not only for our own higher education and pleasure but for the benefit of the society in which we move, we ought to strive to converse with ease and beauty.

On the 29th of September, Principal Bragdon was missed from his accustomed place, when we gathered for the evening chapel exercises. To our surprise he had stolen away, with no word as to his departure, and had actually started upon that long-talked-of "tour around the world."

Behind him, however, he had left us his tender words of farewell, and, in response to his wish, as his train sped past Auburndale, the girls sang heartily and feelingly, "God be with you till we meet again."

On Oct. 9, the Lasell party, numbering eleven, and including Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and their two children, Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Bragdon, of Evanston, Ill., Miss Amelia B. Coe, of West Newton, sailed from San Francisco to Japan and China, thence on to Siam, Burma, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, and Sicily. They sailed on the steamshp "China." They will round the globe, and reach home June 12. Lasell bids them God-speed, and, in the absence of our principal, will do honor to Miss Chamberlayne, the reigning queen, and to the work he has left us in hand.

When we take up that useful article, the lead pencil, how seldom do we cast upon it a single thought, even so much as to wonder how we should do without it. Its history is not a very old one, yet none the less interesting. Probably in the very earliest times there was some substance used by men for the purpose of making signs, or writing on parchment, paper, or other material, but the first mention made to an article resembling the black-lead pencil is, that a parchment of Theophilus seems to have been ruled by one. The first allusion, however, to the form now in use was made in 1565, by Conrad Gesner, of Zurich. He described it as "an article for writing, formed of wood and a piece of lead."

About this time the Borrowdale mine in Cumberland was discovered, and this mine gave to the world a supply of very fine graphite, which was used in its original state for pencils. The lead was then square, enclosed in a casing of wood. Attempts were made to make lead as good for use as that obtained in Cumberland, but they were unsuccessful until Conté, of Paris, invented the method by which all lead pencils are now made, and which is considered the best.

The lead made by this process is a mixture of graphite and clay. The graphite is first pulverized, washed with an acid to free it of iron, and then made friable at a red heat. It is then put into a vat with water, and the heavier grains sink. This is done many times, until only the finest part of the substance remains. The clay is treated in a like manner, and then the two are mixed in different proportions, according whether the pencil be hard or soft. After being ground together, they are placed in bags, and compressed into a

dough by means of a press. The dough is put into a brass cylinder, having small circular holes in the bottom, and as the piston works, it presses the dough through the holes, making long threads, which are laid on a board without being broken. After drying on this board for some time, they are placed on grooved boards and dried by a slight heat. This makes the form which we now see.

The cedar, prepared to receive the lead, is made of two pieces ; one grooved and being very thick ; the other is thin, and after the lead is placed in the groove, is put on and glued to the thick piece.

Nuremberg is the centre for the manufacture of pencils. This is where the great factories of the Fabers are. In these factories 5,500 persons are employed, and 250 million pencils are manufactured yearly.

BEETHOVEN'S ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE, by Beethoven, is an air of serene joy, tinged with melancholy, the sense of which is enhanced by a knowledge of its origin.

One evening a large company was assembled in the salon of Countess von D——, at Vienna, to be present or assist at one of her favorite evening *conversaziones*. Many of the nobility of the Imperial City were present, and engaged in the most animated conversation. Much was expected from this soirée, for persons had promised their assistance whose names alone were enough to keep the whole company in a state of excitement.

The countess was at this time enjoying a visit from her niece, Adelaide von W——, whose great beauty and accomplishments had won much admiration. She was expected to sing, and, with queen-like demeanor, soon entered the room. The countess introduced her to those present. She looked very handsome in a white satin, adorned with jewels, and a simple, yet costly, string of pearls wound about her brown natural curls.

There was also expected an artist from Vienna, named Von Beethoven, who had created a sensation in the musical world. He was personally acquainted in the house of the countess, through his instructions on the piano to her little daughter.

Upon the arrival of a tall and manly figure with firm steps, many contradictory opinions were expressed about his talents, glory, eccentricities, unpolished manners, their doubts as to their hearing something of his much-praised piano playing, because at times he would not comply with special requests.

The countess introduced Beethoven. The manner which he assumed and the mere name "artist" gave to him kind reverence from all.

Soon the countess requested her guests to take seats, as the soirée proper was to begin. Beethoven retired into a window recess, where, without being observed, he could see everything. The first number, a recitation by a young lady, was well received. After a pause, Adelaide stepped forward. She seemed to be excited, yet her motions showed only a natural or spontaneous and graceful vivacity. She sat down to the piano and began a prelude. Deep silence reigned throughout the room. All eyes were upon her. Even Beethoven regarded her with interest. She slowly lifted her eyes and looked smilingly around, then began singing to her own accompaniment. Accidentally she had turned her dark eyes towards Beethoven. Just in that very moment it became clear to him what he had so earnestly desired. He became flushed, but controlled his excitement, and listened with apparent repose but internal emotion to the soft tones from Adelaide. Having finished several airs from favorite operas, she arose, and ended the great applause which followed by repeated bows. The enthusiasm among the guests was warm. Only one was silent and looked towards the piano where he had heard the sweet sounds, and seen the heavenly apparition; it was Beethoven, upon whose soul Adelaide's picture was deeply impressed. He saw nothing around him, for he only listened to the vibrations of a chord in his soul, which, until that evening, had never been touched.

Aroused by some of his admirers, and by refreshments, he was compelled to leave his revery and enter into conversation. After this he retired to his hiding-place, thinking some one else would take part and thus enable him to give free scope to his thoughts. He was surprised when Adelaide approached with grace, and in a melodious voice requested him, in the name of all present, to

play something on the piano. Cold shudders ran through his frame; any other person he would have refused, but her he could not. Soon he sat musing at the piano; he looked up and saw Adelaide near, watching him with eager expectation. Sudden thrills ran through him. His soul urged him to express newly excited sensations. He sank into strains so replete with hope and trust that the listeners were completely carried away with it, and he left the piano in the midst of their most sincere and enthusiastic admiration.

Because of nervous excitement and sudden indisposition, he was obliged to leave the company. The next morning he sat in his own residence, before his writing-desk, and composed. He was somewhat exhausted, this morning, by the irresistible impulse he felt in himself; however, he was inspired with new life, and the notes seemed to flow from his pen. The piece he then wrote he intended for one being only, it was a song of spring and love, — "Adelaide."

As he read it through, complete happiness rested on his countenance. He restlessly seized another pen and piece of paper and began to write. Excitement drove him from his chair; he walked up and down the floor and seemed unable to come to a conclusion. He returned to the desk somewhat calmed, wrote a letter, folded it, and sealed it with the just finished song. While musing, he was aroused by a knock at the door. The Countess von D—— had sent a servant to inquire after his health. Saying he was quite well, save a bodily exhaustion, he rushed to the table, took up the letter and handed it to the servant, with the words, "This to Miss Adelaide von W——." The servant departed, but in the afternoon returned with an invitation for Beethoven to visit Adelaide. He immediately followed the servant.

On reaching her home he regained his self-possession. Adelaide received him with that grace which had charmed so many hearts. She told him that she felt herself highly honored in seeing at her own room so celebrated an artist and composer, and tendered him graceful acknowledgments for the letter and the beautiful song dedicated to her.

Beethoven said, "Your picture inspired the song; my true regard for you dictated the letter." Adelaide tells him how his music can enrapture one's soul.

"Ah! would my sounds had spoken to one heart!" replied Beethoven, seriously, as he looked at Adelaide firmly and quietly. Adelaide understood Beethoven, and when, in her enthusiastic remarks in regard to true artists, she said, "Happy the maiden for whom an artist's heart beats! Happy the woman who is allowed to love an artist!" Beethoven arose, with tears of joy in his eyes, tremblingly took Adelaide's hand, and said, "I love you."

Adelaide was startled, but soon said, with an ironical smile, "Permit me to leave you: my cousin expects me. I beg you write to me often. When Count Saintovere, one of my relatives, arrives here, this matter will be arranged." Beethoven kissed her hand and left her.

Adelaide went to her young cousin Clementine. They comment on the artist and his manner. Adelaide knew she could trifle with his feelings, and thought, "To play with one artist's soul is more interesting than to be in possession of many others." She thinks how Saintovere, her husband, will laugh when, on his arrival, he learns how she, his own wife, has been representing herself unmarried, and has been playing with the hearts of the high Germans.

Beethoven now passed the happiest days of his life; he wrote frequently to Adelaide, and was answered as often by her. During this time he wrote his "Second Symphony," a pure and deeply-felt work, and the admiration of all lovers of music.

One day, on his return from an agreeable promenade, he found in his room a package. He was astonished to find in it the song which he had sent to Adelaide, and a note reading as follows: —

Dear Sir, — It seems necessary to me to open your eyes in regard to a certain affair, and, at the same time, to "settle it." You have served my wife for an entertaining toy. You are excusable for having been deceived, because artists are generally short-sighted in such affairs; I know that by experience. My wife has requested me to send you this song, because she could keep it only so long as she was called Adelaide von W——. I do not know whether this will astonish you. Console yourself with many a simple-hearted German, who deceived himself in the settling of his affair. At close, I take the liberty of announcing to you, that, as you are reading this note, we are on our way to Paris, and we think of you with the liveliest interest. SAINTOVERE.

Beethoven was excited; his pride was hurt; his passions raged furiously within him. He tore the note into many pieces, and delivered it to the flames. He then took up the song, with intentions to treat it in the same way, when one of his friends, the celebrated singer Barth, entered the room.

He soon learned the condition of affairs, and said quickly to Beethoven, "What are you going to do with it?" "Destroy it," was the short reply. "Oh, let me look at it but once," said Barth. "A song, — oh, let me sing it!" "Then sing away," cried Beethoven, with a sinister look; and Barth took the song from him. Beethoven remained in the middle of the room, with arms folded and eyes cast down. Barth played and sang the song with his pure, enchanting tenor voice. At these sounds, so well known to Beethoven, his wrath changed into deepest pain; for each expression of true and warm feeling, each soft note, wounded his tender heart. He listened without breathing; he heard that last joyous call, "Adelaide," and felt his pain dissolve. With tears of sorrow in his eyes, he slowly approached Barth, and, tremblingly taking his hand, said with subdued voice, "Adelaide shall not be consigned to the flames."

Thus through the heartless play of one character on the true and strong yet emotional character of another this song was written and given to us. D.

The following lines will be interesting to recall many happy hours and pleasant scenes, to those fortunate travellers who summered abroad with the Lasell party: —

I want to be a tourist,
  And with the Shepherds stand;
A shawl-strap on my shoulder,
  Umbrella in my hand.

I want a little upper berth
  Upon an ocean steamer;
There in sleep I 'd cradled be,
  A calm and peaceful dreamer.

I want my meals upon the deck,
  I sigh for kith and kin;
I feel 't is more than life is worth
  To see the steward grin.

There kept from sleep by whispering Gale,
  I 'd watch the waters gray.
Now for once, let trouble cease,
  Let care be Dunaway.

I want a little guide-book, too,
  A Loomis is the best;
I 'd sit and read it all the night
  'T is full of interest.

I want a little camera,
  That works with just a snap
I 'd press the button double-quick
  At a military chap.

I want to see a gondola,
  I sigh for Dresden ware;
I mean to buy a large supply
  Of mosaics rich and rare.

I want to toil up Peter's dome,
  'Neath Capri duck my head;
Then on the view from Pisa Tower,
  And go at once to bed.

I want to see the Milan spires.
  'T is they, without a doubt;
"Just lean a little farther round,
  No fears of falling out."

I want to sleep 'neath feathers light —
  'T is bliss to mind and soul;
I want to sharpen well my teeth
  Upon a "beastly roll."

I hope to ride up Rigi's height
  O'er railroad with a cog.
I 'd gladly risk a cold to see
  The sun shine through the fog.

Each place I want to buy a spoon,
  'T is fun, though friends may doubt it
Each one 's "too large, too small, too dear,'
  Or else there 's gold about it.

I long to hear the organ play
  In Fribourg's ancient loft;
First a peal of thunder loud,
  Then like human voice soft (!)

We all have seen where monarchs sit
  In rooms with gems resplendent,
But most of us prefer to live
  In Bay State, independent.

The Eiffel Tower now leads the world
  In respect to upright standing;
But some who started for the top
  Just reached the second landing.

I dread to cross from sunny France
  To merrie England's shore, —
Such sounds on shipboard ne'er were heard,
  Not since the days of Noah.

I want to stay in London town,
And shop for days together;
This London climate may vex some,
But we 've had lovely weather.

I like to coach it through the fields,
O'er roadways smooth and hard;
It is a pleasure rare to see
The home of Stratford's bard.

To Scotland's lovely hills and lakes
Our weary party turns,
For e'en though tired we still do love
The land of Scott and Burns.

This Windemere 's an Eden fair,
The rain can't damp our ardor;
Then forward march for Liverpool,
And toward the great Cunarder.

Nine days we 've spent 'tween sea and sky,
For Boston's dome we 're pining;
Though far away we still can see
The lights of home are shining.

Oh, could I be a tourist,
In the Shepherd's fold I 'd go,
To scorch in blazing sunlight,
Or freeze in Alpine snow.

FLAME FLICKERINGS.

As I sit dreamily dozing before the open-grate fire, the flickering, dancing flames seem to assume fantastic shapes; and as one picture is finished, it fades away and is replaced by another.

My interest is greatly excited by watching the oncoming flames gradually shape themselves into human figures.

This first picture, as nearly as I can distinguish, is a court scene. It appears to be a room in a French palace. The walls are hung with rich tapestries, while in the centre of this spacious room, under a canopy of purple velvet, stand two chairs of state, on one of which sits the queen, surrounded by her maids of honor. My attention is riveted by the simple grace and elegance of carriage of one of these maids, whose station is at the right hand of the queen.

Her features are exquisitely formed, her nose slightly aquiline, her chin beautifully rounded, her brow smooth and white as snow, and her cheeks vie with the rose in the brilliancy of their coloring.

Her neck is long and slender, her eyes large and blue, and full of winning softness. I see, from the glances cast upon her, that her superior beauty and grace make her the envied of all.

The flames are now dying away, and my heart sinks, for I fear I will never see this beautiful maiden again.

But no, the flames rise, and a new picture is presented. My beauteous maid is seated in the garden of Windsor Castle. She is dressed in a robe of the cloth of gold, trimmed with pearls, with a bodice of blue, and large, open sleeves. Over this is thrown a mantle of white satin, lined with ermine.

A chain of orient pearls encircles her neck, from which is suspended a diamond cross. On her head is a black velvet cap, embroidered with pearls, and ornamented with a small white plume. Her feet are neatly incased in blue satin shoes, decorated with diamond buckles.

Soon to her side the reigning monarch quickly advances, and is now tenderly bending over her hand.

His countenance is handsome and manly, though his eyes and mouth are slightly diminutive. He is attired in crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, and wears a vest of velvet embroidered with precious stones, and over this the decoration of the Order of the Garter.

He now pleads very earnestly, and his face is lit with intense passion; while she, with a look of modest indecision, is a type of pure maidenhood.

But ah, what strange forms the flames are now shaping! I see a scaffold, a block, an axe; and now, slowly, but unhesitatingly, a black-robed figure advances. Can this be she whom I so lately saw listening to the impassioned words of her royal suitor? Can this be the newly crowned queen?

Yes; for, as she raises her veil to take leave of her attendants, as she slowly but firmly mounts the steps of the scaffold, as she looks around and addresses the spectators, I recognize the music of her voice, and the old-time loveliness of her face. She now prepares for the fatal axe; she kneels and prays. She lays her head upon the block — and then I know that my beautiful queen is no more; while nothing but dying embers remain to remind me of my past fanciful "flame flickerings."

M. B. G.

PERSONALS.

GRACE FRIBLEY PENNELL, of Portland, made a flying call at Lasell, Oct. 1.

STELLA MCCHESNEY and her mother are in Pennsylvania, debating whether they shall go to Europe for a year, or wait till fears as to cholera have subsided.

ONE of the Lasell people saw Sadie Hitchcock lately at her home in Bath.

THE invitation to Commencement exercises of the St. Joseph Conservatory of Music was in the name of Miss Hax. Sorry not to go, for the sake of seeing her and her sisters.

EDITH FLINT BARKER, of Fall River, Mass., has a daughter, born last July. Her sisters Cora (Mrs. Anthony) and Jennie are both quite out of health, but under treatment by a New York specialist, with much confidence of recovery. He feeds them with beef pulp only.

ANNIE BRAGDON WINSLOW is the happy mother of a son, now approaching three months old.

THE other Belle Bragdon, who used to be at Lasell, cousin to the one who has grown up in this school, writes affectionately from Pulaski, N. Y., where she has lived since her mother's death.

HAPPY to see Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stilwell, in August.

A KIND word from Louise Morrison, Bryan, Ohio.

NELLIE BUBB wrote, in July, that she and Florence Ryan were happy together at home in Williamsport.

CAPT. WM. L. FOX sent invitations to Mr. Bragdon for the Annual Encampment, at South Framingham, of the Charlestown City Guard. Sorry no one could accept.

AGNES W. FANNING signs herself "one of the girls."

MARGARET BLANCHE BEST, who is well remembered at Lasell, began here her training in physical culture, which during five years' absence she has carried forward in Boston and New York, and for the last two years has taught physical culture and elocution in Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa., and also at the Meadville Conservatory of Music. Miss Best was a pupil at Dr. Sargent's summer school in Cambridge, and has just received the prize awarded for the most perfect female development. A Bowdoin student took the prize awarded to men. One thousand dollars was divided between these two, selected from three thousand competitors. We congratulate our Lasell girl, Miss Best.

CARRIE BROWN wrote of Minnie Hartzell's death, and of the love she had inspired.

MR. PRIEST, of Auburndale, of the firm of Priest, Page & Co., agents for the Home Scale, has made one of the first presents to Lasell. Scales gratefully received. Lasell girls are weighed twice a year.

MR. MCECHRON, Carrie's father, is building a new house at Glens Falls.

IRENE SANFORD and her mother talk of coming to Auburndale for a year. Mrs. Kendig, with her daughters, Carrie Kellogg and husband, Annie Peirce, husband and children, have been visiting her.

IDA PHILLIPS dates from Kingston, R. I., but has been summering awhile in Maine, on the seashore.

MARY STEBBINS proposes to take a few pupils in drawing and painting at her home in Marlborough, N. H. It is a winter plan. She wishes herself back at Lasell.

KIND words from Alice Magoun. She seems to be decidedly gaining in health; has been known to go out to dine with a friend, to take a sail down the Kennebec, and expects yet to be "an Amazon." Good news.

NELLIE CHAMBERLAYNE was again at Cumberland Foreside, in Maine, this summer, and lately visited Lasell.

WE hear that Alice Linscott Hall is studying German, in view of going to Germany next June, to remain a year.

ELLA HOLDEN, of Montreal, presumably went to France in August to study music. Her sister goes to study art.

CARRIE EBERSOLE dates from Bellagio, Lake Como, Italy. She is very enthusiastic in describing her journey through Sicily.

MAME HATHAWAY has been visiting Elsie Jones Rouse. Sue Day has been with Lillie Eddy; and among other summering parties, Annie Bushnell entertained Ida Simpson, Lina Jones, and Bertha Simpson in a cottage, "Camp Content," which at high tide was surrounded by water. Maud and Mabel Mathews, while in Bangor, often saw Nellie White.

AN old magazine shows that Dio Lewis was teaching his gymnastics system in Lasell Seminary in 1860, and it was liked better than any other.

NELLIE ANGUS CALDWELL, with husband and child, have taken a journey from their home in Omaha, through Central America to San Francisco. They found the heat of Panama, etc., excessive even in January.

SOMEBODY has had a glimpse of Mabel Stevens and Milly Swan, at Lowell.

GERTRUDE WOODBURY tells of a visit from Mollie Lathrop, and describes the quicksands of their vicinity (Burlington, Vt.), and the sudden wash-outs that occur.

A WORD from Emma F. Strong, Madison, N. J.

WINNIE EWING COFFIN sends most cordial greetings to her *alma mater*, which she calls the "Mecca" to which her heart turns. She says Mamie Bierford is back from Europe, and Sue Hallock has been visiting her. Maude Van Horn was the guest of Bess Harwood, Annie Gage of Josephine Farnum, and Lida Peck in Port Jervis.

ETTA STAFFORD has been teaching a little during the summer. She writes from her home in Decatur, Ill.

GERTRUDE REYNOLDS writes amusingly of her futile attempts to study in hot weather, and of her experiments in cooking. She calls her years at Lasell the happiest of her life. She has a word to tell of Mabel Boyd, from whom she has a letter.

MRS. HATTIE WILLIAMS WILSON sends photographs of her two lovely baby girls, for the school album.

MRS. SARAH COREY BRAY enjoys the church work at Leominster, which she shares with her husband. She has met Cora Dawes Denison, Lucy Dudley, and hears from Carrie Waters.

MR. BRAGDON was happy to meet Carrie Allen at Winthrop Beach in the summer. She now lives in Boston.

MRS. SUE MILES KINSEY has a baby daughter; a summer gift, we believe.

GERTRUDE STEWART is famed for tennis playing. We think she learned at Lasell, or began there.

A THIEF broke into the Peabody mansion and stole Nan's S. D. pin. Does that make him an honorary member, as she asserts?

JOSEPHINE E. BAKER, of Rockford, Ill., called at the school late in July with her mother, two sisters, and brother.

NANNIE WOOD (Mrs. Leonard) lives in Piqua, Ohio, and writes of a happy home there.

LINA JONES has been visiting Maud Oliver.

THE "big four" of Mr. Shepherd's party in Europe were Misses Burnham, Dunaway, Merriam, and Gale. So *they* say.

VIRGINIA AND WILLIE STOWE had a visit from their father during the summer.

GRACE RICHARDS has won a prize in elocution at Drew College.

JOSEPHINE FARNUM called in the summer. Her sister Nellie will be Europe until October.

THE Kiser family moved to Davenport, Iowa, some months ago, a year perhaps.

MRS. KEILER, Mr. and Mrs. Vilas, and Mrs. Anderson, parents of pupils, were here in the summer.

ADA MARSH has been visiting Blanche Pruyne.

FLORENCE DURFEE expresses warm admiration of *Allerlei*. Grace is busy with her music class.

MABEL COGSWELL has been part of the summer at Yonkers, with Virginia Johnson Millbank, and the latter has been with her a little time. The Cogswell family is now large, ten in number, as Ida (Mrs. Bailey) is at home with her children for a year. They are making a change; Mr Bailey goes into business at Stillwater, Mass., next spring.

A BRIEF good-by call from Mr. and Mrs. Rowe in September.

A NOTE from Helen H. Sangree, Tarrytown, N. Y. The last time heard from was at Berlin, Germany.

MYRTIE SINSABAUGH'S father has bought a charming house in Washington, and moved into it. Myrtie and her mother spent the summer at Saratoga, also visited Round Lake, and Bishop and Mrs. Newman.

HATTIE ROBBINS REEVES lives at Syracuse, N. Y. Her baby boy died in July, we regret to hear.

MAUDE MATHEWS writes most gratefully to Mr. Bragdon for the good counsel he gives in chapel and at the prayer-meetings, and seems to appreciate his religious influence everywhere in the school.

ALICE HAMILTON, of Medford, Mass., teaches physical culture and elocution this year in Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

FANNIE LAMME wrote from Dresden, Aug. 4, that she decides to stay in Europe, now she is there, and is enjoying so much, even though her sister comes home.

LUCY CURTIS tells of Lillie Potter, who has been summering in Plymouth, quite out of health, but happily improving.

MISS ELIZABETH D. MOWRY, of 22 St. James Street, Boston, called in the summer and reported herself, as she should. She was of the time of Mr. Cushing.

WE are assured that Jennie Williams, of Omaha, will change her name this fall, but we don't dare yet to tell the new one she will take.

JENNIE BROWN has been visiting Lizzie Day. She tells that Lutie Price spent the summer at Cape May. Nellie Alling is to be married in October. Fannie Hanscome Herbert has a nice new house. Mary Beach is reported engaged to a Washington man. Sue Day has been away nearly all summer. Lizzie hears from Laura Munger Ninde indirectly, through her brother at Brown University.

Zion's Herald, of Aug. 27, has a long account of St. Bartholomew's Church, the oldest in London. It is of this church that Lasell has lately obtained a very fine etching.

MARTHA H. HENRY, of Akron, Ohio, writes about the old girls of her time, and thinks so many girls have come to Lasell from that town, that even these old ones have a claim on Mr. Bragdon.

MRS. E. C. VAN HUSEN, once Kittie Morrill, the late loss of whose father we have noted, made a visit to Alaska in July. In a late number of *Zion's Herald* we find a graphic description of this trip from her pen. The Muir glacier is the central point, the mountains surrounding, the flowers upon them, and the missions of that region, make a very interesting article.

NELLIE CANFIELD sends the picture of her little boy, Charles Canfield Cunningham, a bright little fellow of three and a half years. Another Lasell grandchild is Arnold Brooks Bradley, a cherub of ten months, of Portland, Ore.

MR. FRANK W. RICHARDSON, who painted the large picture, a view at Grez, France, bought by Lasell last spring, has returned from Paris, and with his uncle, Mr. C H. Richardson, made a call on Mr. Bragdon during the summer. He will probably take a studio in Boston.

MR. LEAVITT'S large fruit painting came in during the vacation, and is a delight to the eyes as it stands now, on an easel in the reception-room. It is wonderfully true to nature.

FLORENCE M. CROWELL, we learn through the press, is called to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in Otterbein College, Ohio, on a salary of $700 a year. She was at Lasell in '78.

MAY CLARK (Mrs. Tylor) called during the summer. Annie Clark, from Mamaronek, also was at Lasell some time in vacation.

MR. BRAGDON and family, with Miss Ransom, were at Cottage City in the summer for a time. Mr. B. made a note of other Lasell people and their friends who were in the same place. The list may not be complete: Mabel Ashley, Geo. Batstone, Pauline Collins and their family, Susie Baker, Fannie Dillingham, Mrs. Keyes, Emma Cooney, Maggie Livingston, Dr. Packard's family, Mrs. Sawyer, with her family, V. and W. Stowe, Maude Whitney, Nettie Woodbury, Miss Woodward, Mrs. Skinner and daughter.

Gertrude Benyon (Mrs. Walter E. Parker, of Kansas City), during many months of her husband's severe illness, has carried on his business (real estate), made herself acquainted with its details, and kept it in good condition. To do this, she has to be out every day, and ride a long distance; but her family think the outdoor exercise has helped to keep her in good health.

Miss Mary Coe is spending the winter with friends in Florence.

Miss Lizzie Freeman, while at the Thousand Islands this summer, fell from a horse, spraining both ankles. She expects to remain at home this year.

Allie Gardner met Julia Cay in Chicago. She had been making relatives a visit, and was soon to return to the East.

Frances Barbour, '89, has been visiting Etha Pearce, '90, at Elmyra, N. Y.

Mame Fisher and Amelia Davis visited the Seminary, Monday, Sept. 29.

MARRIED.

Aug. 27, Kate W. Forsyth to Edwin M. Herr, in Northumberland, Pa. She was at Lasell in '81.

In September, Laura Conger to George Lendrum, Jr., at Des Moines.

Sept. 17, Elvira L. Hitchcock to Charles L. Williamson, at West Haven, Vt.

Sept. 30, Carrie Marcia Brown, '89, to Robert Tilton Cassell, at Denver, Col.

Sept. 30, Lottie Freeman Hardy to William Herbert James, in Boston. They will live at Newtonville. Here in '82 and '84.

Oct. 1, Lucy Helen Foster to Herbert Lincoln Fenn. Will continue to live in Canton. At Lasell in '83.

Oct. 1, Etta M. Jackson to Dr. James H. North, Jr., of the United States Navy.

Oct. 15, Anne Mi chell, '87, to Edward R. Martin, in Martinsville, Ind. They will reside in Kansas City.

Oct 21, Nellie E. Alling to Herbert A. Thayer, in Grace Church, Denver, Col. Will live at Vernon Street, Brookline, Mass. She was here in '84 and '85.

DEATHS.

In July, at Carbondale, Ill., Dr. James Roberts, father of Mary A., pupil at Lasell in '85 and '86.

At his home in Detroit, Mich., the father of our whilom pupil, Kittie Morrill (Mrs. Van Husen).

At Warren, Mass., recently, Minnie Strickland's father.

Mr. Hiram R. Anderson, who has just died at Lake Forest, Ill, was the eldest brother of our Julia. A young man of great integrity and promise.

Mai Sutton, '90, too, has lost a dear mother during the summer vacation. Mai was still wearing mourning for her brother, Lieut. F. E. Sutton, lost at Samoa.

At her home in Denver, Col., Minnie Routt (Mrs. Chas. Hartzell). She leaves an infant son. Those who knew her at Lasell will mourn with her family in this bereavement.

LASELL ROUND-THE-WORLD PARTY.

Oct. 3.

We're in Nebraska now, not far from Lizzie Davis's home and Bertie Burr's and Miss Hathaway's; and a beautiful land it is, too, — beautiful! I like its wide reaches, its long long views, its rolling surfaces, its big herds and generous acres, its sense of size! Its colors are as brilliant and deep as New England's. The reds and greens and yellows of its young trees have charmed me all the morning, while the acres of bright, dark-red sumach brighten the browns of the weeds and grass and corn into pictures as beautiful as varying, and as varying as only God's own unlimited thought can form. It is wonderful!

The party is slowly gathering. We are now six, Miss Oskamp, of Cincinnati, joining us at Chicago. Mary Wilson could not go now, but may join us in Japan by a later boat.

We lunched at Pawnee just now. A good car, good road (Rock Island), good food, good com-

pany, and good spirits make a happy party. At St. Joseph we had double good-fortune, meeting the elephants, camels, dromedaries, ponies, zebras, etc., of Barnum's circus, and at the station (Lasell folks don't say depot), Annie McDonald and Edith Hax, handsomer than ever and as cheerful as if their old Principal were come to stay instead of being on his way to the ends of the earth! They gave good account of St. Joseph Lasell girls — most of them — and wanted to be assured that Lasell was taking good care of the last of the McDonalds, Marie. I gave my word for it, so see you do! Good by was not said this staid and proper city till we had seen one of its sights, the long wagon of "Cyclone Bob, the gun-maker," two wheels gone, the other two serving only to give the whole machine a quarter tip earthward. It takes the West to do things up in shape!

But the West is the land of expansion! Here is room to stretch! Miles of hedges run green lines, over these broad sections. They reckon by sections not acres. That "patch" of corn covers half a section. They count by hundreds not heads. The main streets of many of these embryo cities are breast high with grass and weeds, but they are not narrow or pinched for space. The houses are mostly one story or one and a half, but they are not *huddled*. Saw a village a bit back whose houses were all freight cars, but bright-looking girls as any down East were doing the work, stopping to look at us as we passed.

OCT. 4.

We awoke to the sight of Pike's Peak, covered with sunlit clouds and draped with snow! Seventy miles away they said it was, but it looked ten. The brown hills look sturdy and strong. We ate a good breakfast at Colorado Springs, and are now running into Pueblo over brown and gray prairies.

LOCALS.

OUR number has been increased by eighty-three new members; they are: Frederica Adams, Lottie Appel, Mary Baily, Lizzie Baldwin, Jessie Baxter, Sara Bond, Jean Brookmire, Laura Brooks, Bessie Brown, Edna Burdick, Bertha Burchard, Mary Busell, Mable Case, Emma Choate, Blanche Chance, Grace Coon, Margaret Coon, Hattie Cooper, A. Cornell, Elizabeth Crawford, Elizabeth Creswell, Daisy Curtis, Edna Dice, Alice Donallan, Clara Eddy, Lottie Eddy, Mabel Falley, Carrie Fisher, Jessie Gaskill, Carrie Gilman, Grace Griffin, Emma Hackett, Mary Hagar, Alice Howe, Elizabeth Hatch, Lilly Hathaway, Flo Hartwell, Abbie Hartwell, Julia Hogg, Belle Horten, Dora Jackson, Mabel Jaques, Minnie Jones, Grace Keiler, May Klein, Eloise Knowles, Hilda Knowles, Anna Lewis, Mary Loomis, Florence Mann, Patti Means, Mary Miller, Hattie Mitchell, G. McDonald, Mabel Morse, Margaret Morse, J. Neidringhaus, F. Neidringhaus, Lizzie Overman, C. Perrin, Florence Palmer, Bessie Phelps, Lucie Pinney, Alice Platt, Elizabeth Prescott, N. Pitcher, Vinnie Rose, Anna Sands, Hattie Scott, Florence Silloway, Gertrude Simpson, Ellen Simpson, Lucy Simon, Nellie Taft, Mollie Taylor, Ida Tillar, May Tullys, Hattie Van Cise, Carrie Van Sickle, Jessie Vilas, Fanny Watson, Emma White, Lulu Whitney, Charlotte Witte.

IT has now become quite the proper thing to wear your heart — well, if not exactly on your sleeve, in some conspicuous place on your person, and Lasell girls make no mistake as to the proper position of this organ.

MONDAY, Sept. 22, proving pleasant, a party of about fifty, accompanied by Prof. Bragdon, took the 12.50 train for Bunker Hill and the Navy Yard. Of course they ascended the monument, and saw all there was to be seen; then returned home very hungry and tired but more than pleased with their pleasant afternoon.

TEACHER in Literature. — What kind of literature prevailed chiefly in the reign of Elizabeth, in England? Bright Junior. — English literature.

ONE of "Our Honorable Seniors" requests that it should be announced in the LEAVES that their table is the centre of attraction.

THE usual large number of students visited the places of historic interest in and about Concord and Lexington, Monday, Sept. 29. Four barges left Lasell early in the day, arriving at Concord in time to take luncheon on the battle-ground. Emerson's, Hawthorne's, and Louise Alcott's

homes, the old School of Philosophy, Walden Pond, where Thoreau lived as a hermit, the Old Manse, — these alone are things which make this trip by far one of the pleasantest of the year.

Some of our old girls have changed their names. Nothing serious; it 's only their first names.

Miss Tappan, as English teacher, is successor to Miss Cutler, whose resignation went into effect last June; and Dr. Hoyt is now our resident physician.

Extract from Geography examination. — "Some of the wonders of Ancient Egypt were its long lines of kings, pyramids and needles."

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE, IF YOU 'D BEEN ME?

One summer eve, as through the woods I strolled,
I chanced to meet a maid both young and fair,
Whose guileless countenance most plainly told,
Beyond a doubt, that she of wrong had ne'er
Been conscious; yet this maid divinely fair
Looked sore perplexed. I marvelled much at this,
And longed her troubles great and small to share.
"Pray tell me, little maid, what is amiss?"
Quoth I. "Aught I can set aright, sweet miss?"

She stopped, and looked at me right earnestly,
Then said: "O sir, you look so kind, I wis
I may ask *you*. Pray, truly answer me,
What is a kiss?" "What 's that? What is a kiss?"
That 's what she said. I' faith, a staggering question this
For any youth to have to answer. No?
Not when 't is asked him by a pretty miss?
"Whence hail you, pretty one, that you don't know
What is a kiss?" She made a courtesy low.

"Oh listen to my mournful tale. That I
Of worldly wickedness might never wot,
My father built a castle, guarded by
High walls and sentinels. And oh, sad lot!
My life I spent in that secluded spot.
Thus guarded e'er, with grief I pined away,
Till from my prison I escaped one day.

"As through these woods I hastened, 'Hail, sweet miss,'
A man's voice cried. 'Give me one kiss, I pray.'
Give him a kiss? I was perplexed. A kiss?
I thought, now what on earth can that be, pray?
I 've ne'er heard of a kiss before to-day.
The youth he gazed at me so pleadingly.
Was he in pain, that I could take away?
A kiss — was 't aught that I could give! Ah me,
A kiss I knew not what that thing could be!

"I cried, my ignorance ashamed to tell,
'I cannot. Some one else must give it thee.'
Did I aright?" "No, maiden, thou didst tell
A lie. Ah, cruel thou!" "I did n't mean to be,"
She sobbed. "What is a kiss? Pray tell it me."
"I' faith, I 'll give you one, so you can see."
A lovely moonlight night — a great big tree —
A pretty maiden — no one near to see —
Say, what would you have done, if you 'd been me?

Exchange.

EXCHANGES.

It was with fear and trembling that the editor returned to find so many exchanges with the wrappers still unbroken. Again the time has arrived for careful examination and relentless criticism of contemporary magazines. The mind is weary and the heart sick to find so many articles deserving of mention, but time and tide pass swiftly by, and the publisher is loudly clamoring for "copy."

It is so interesting to learn that "the summer vacation is over," something so new, so deserving of mention. Anxious to learn of this new departure from old and well-established customs, we peruse the numerous editorials with more than usual interest, and after several hours of delightful reading the craving is appeased and the appetite satiated.

We welcome the Dartmouth *Literary* with particular delight this month, for in it is a delightful picture of our favorite, Robert Browning. It is an article tersely put, and shows an ardent admiration on the part of the author. Let us congratulate our friend on his superior knowledge, which enables him to say, "Much that we hear nowadays about the obscurity of this poet savors of cant and ignorance."

When one of the best established and most renowned colleges finds it necessary to write such self-sufficient editorials as one of our exchanges brings us, it bespeaks degeneration surely. What flourishing educator needs to praise its own increase, and enumerate reasons why students desire to have their names enrolled there?

How marked are the characteristics of different papers, especially in the line of poetry. Some treat of "Sweethearts and Wives," some of "My Best Girl," and one paper makes a specialty of early rising, viz.: —

INVOCATION.

Open thy window, lady,
Let in the fair sunbeams,
Breathe the crisp air of morning —
Awake from thy curtained dreams.

Oh, the lark has long since risen,
The swallows and sparrows fly,
And the robin-redbreast on the lawn
Is chirping joyously;

Oh, the dew-drops dance on each grass-blade,
They dance on each leaf and flower —
Awake, awake, my lady!
'T is the day's best, brightest hour.

Yale Courant.

LASELL SONG.

LASELL, Lasell,
What tongue can ever praise thee well,
What song of mine suffice to tell
What are thy beauties manifold
To those who may not them behold?
Or satisfy, with praising thee,
The hearts of those whose mem'ries be
But picture galleries full of thee —
Thy rounded slopes of living green,
Thy wind-swept trees, the lovely sheen
Of gleaming light, the quaint design
Of woven shadows, clear and fine.
A lovely Danae, sweet and fair,
With Jove's gold tangled in her hair,
Lies sweet Lasell, my loved Lasell,
Whose praises I so faintly tell.

Lasell, Lasell,
Tho' rich thy charms of hill and dell,
These are the least that make us hold
Thee dear; thy best is yet untold.
We linger as the twilight falls,
Again within thy dear loved halls,
And mem'ry to her duty true
Brings back the old, blots out the new.
We tread again thy class-room floors,
Again press thro' thy wide-swung doors,
And fast as fall the April showers
Come mem'ries back of happy hours,
The pleasure crowding thick and fast.
Small ills endured that turned at last
To blessings rich and added strength,
And conquerors' joy was ours at length.

REFRAIN.

Lasell, Lasell,
Thou art so fair,
Thou 'rt loved so well,
I cannot praise thee as I should;
Oh, might I praise thee as I would.
The world should know thee, O Lasell,
And love thee as I love thee — well;
Yes, past the power of tongue to tell,
Lasell, Lasell.

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Of all the national holidays of the year, this time honored festival comes home to the hearts of the American people with the strongest appeal and the greatest significance. Christmas comes with its joyful bells, and is a time for merriment and rejoicing. Washington's birthday brings to our minds thoughts of our patriotic hero, who was indeed the father of his country.

Fourth of July also has its patriotic signification, but with Thanksgiving Day there come those higher thoughts, and man's better nature stirs with the approach of the time which has been so wisely set apart for the giving of thanks and praise to our Heavenly Father.

The restful and peaceful influences of Thanksgiving Day appeal to us far more strongly than do those traditional associations which cling about the festival.

It may truly be said that Thanksgiving Day is the oldest of distinctively American festivals. It is a legacy of the Puritans, and has been observed as a holiday more than a century longer than has the Fourth of July celebration.

The Puritans abolished Christmas as a relic of popery, or prelacy, each of which they detested, and passed laws to punish its observance, but wanting some day to replace it, the colonial assemblies, and later, the governors of the State, appointed some day in autumn, generally towards the end of November, as a day of solemn prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the year and especially for the bounties of the harvest.

On this day services were held in the various churches, discoures delivered, bearing, of course, upon our dependence upon the great Giver of all good and the gratitude which we should feel for his countless mercies. At these services the proclamations fixing the day and setting forth the

reasons for its observance were sometimes read. The devotional part of the celebration being concluded, the enjoyment of the social pleasures of the day followed. They were the reunion of families, and the Thanksgiving dinner.

The evening given up to fun and frolics, and merry lads and lasses find pleasure enough in its glowing hours to tide them over the weary interval of waiting for the next holiday, Christmas.

With the older people its memories abide all through the year, and many lives were made richer and brighter for the day's sweet and simple pleasure.

The New England Thanksgiving of half a century ago and earlier is observed to-day in nearly all the States, and has become a national institution. The day thus kept is usually the last Thursday of November, and is designated by proclamations signed by the governors of the several States.

Nor have we changed in the manner of observing the day. We have our devotional exercises, as of old, and then our social enjoyment. It is to us the one day of the year sacred to the family reunion, and on the day before Thanksgiving all our public conveyances and thoroughfares are crowded with people going to these reunions.

At the feast, the turkey is the universal dish, so much so that a witty Frenchman suggested that the turkey should have been the national bird. Mince-pies are also indispensable. This dish dates back to Queen Elizabeth, — books of that period mention, "y^{e} mynce pye."

As each year rolls by we look with pleasure and thanksgiving on dear, familiar faces around the table, or note with sad heart some vacant place, and as time passes on, and the vacant places grow in number, we look forward to the reunion again in a happier land where there shall be no more parting, and an eternal thanksgiving. "There 's music in the air." Yea, verily ; but how little we think, in our hurried pursuit of knowledge, what it has done and is doing for us !

Some one has likened it to a language ; the translations are sometimes hard, and again may be read very fluently ; there are the puzzling idioms and the tautological expressions.

Some pieces are visions of fairy-land : all light and laughter ; others, hard realities in tales of war.

We go to a musical, enjoy it at the time, but how seldom do we derive any good but the good of being, for the time, pleased? A piece which in its grandeur inspires us to nobler thoughts, elevates our characters to a higher plane, makes us more charitable toward our neighbors, is worthy of a place beside any sermon that was ever written.

What was it but a simple song that kept the men of our Civil War courageous and brave to the last. A song stirred all France at the time of the Revolution. And what is more noteworthy than that line from Congreve, which comes home to our own country, so applicable in regard to the poor Indian, —

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

It was with much pleasure that we learned, shortly after our arrival at school this fall, that the Bible was to be made a regular study It had been attempted before, more seriously last year, when Dean Wright, well known in Chautauquan circles, gave a series of lectures on "The Scientific Method of Studying the Bible," but each time the attempt failed to produce a practical result. For this and succeeding years, however, a regular plan has been adopted, subject to improvements if desirable. The object is to make a study of the Bible, without regard to its spiritual character. In this way we aim at an intelligent knowledge of the different books, their historical setting, their authors, and the circumstances in which they were written. It is hoped that thus a more comprehensive view will be obtained of the book, and a groundwork be laid upon which we may build our future study. Having acquired a knowledge of the book merely as a book, we can look to its divine character, and make those parts our own which most strongly appeal to us, and will aid us in our life ; and surely, too much kowledge will not hinder us in this work. For the general study, classes are formed which meet once in the week, and on Sunday mornings we are happy in having Dr. Peloubet for instruction in the International lessons.

In these days, when the minds of students are so engrossed by their studies, and their leisure hours,

if they have any, taken up with the literature of the times, which pours in upon us in such great quantities, there is danger that the Bible will be crowded out, and even those who do not mean to be careless of the matter neglect its study. This fact ought to be deplored among young people, it seems to us, and we are glad that Lasell has followed the lead of many English and a few Americans colleges, in making the Bible a required study. The only drawback is the short time given to it, but we can do our most to make what time we do have profitable, and hope for more in the future.

THE POETRY OF PILGRIM LIFE.

It is a common, but it seem to me quite an erroneous, belief, that the lives of our Pilgrim Fathers contained only hardships and privations, and that they were lacking in those qualities of the mind which would enable them to see the picturesque and romantic side of their existence.

It is because we ourselves do not see this bright side that we do not give them the credit of seeing and feeling it. To be sure, they were men of stern, hard exterior, of determined purpose, but still they must have had an appreciation of the beautiful when they beheld for the first time the wild forests and swiftly flowing rivers of New England. They came to a new country where the white men had never wandered, which lay spread out to them full of vague but bright promise.

Think how they must have enjoyed that feeling of exultation, of freedom from restraint, which always comes to one in the woods, where there are no confines or boundaries.

We never consider these poetical touches which make more perfect the character of our forefathers. Unconsciously our idea of them and their lives is formed by those well-known lines of Mrs. Hemans, in which she describes the landing

> "The breaking waves dashed high
> On a stern and rock-bound coast,"

etc., and we always think of them either as under that cloudy sky by the rock-bound coast, or as standing up to their knees in snow under the cold, cheerless pine-trees, as they are depicted in our old United States histories. We never think that the sun must have broken through those clouds, and that spring, following the winter, melted the snow-banks, and set the frozen springs to running again.

Then imagine the feeling of ecstasy in the sense of power to overcome difficulties that must have rushed over them. Though outwardly they were men of cold, composed demeanor, and never showed their deepest, truest feelings openly, yet I believe in their very hearts they had an intense love for nature, and realized to the fullest extent the poetry in their lives.

The peril of their situation could not but enhance its attractiveness, as their dispositions were bold and daring; besides, whatever they underwent was for principle, and principle was of all things most worshipped by them. They also had the satisfaction of having acquired their purpose, for they now had a place where they might serve their God as they believed right, and bring up their children in accordance with the doctrines on which they rested.

In view of all these facts and suppositions, can we say that there was no poetry in the lives of our Pilgrim Fathers? I grant that when food became scarce and so many of their number fell sick it looked dark and dreary indeed for them; but how cosey and comfortable they must have felt on those winter nights, shut in from the cold and storm which always accompanies our New England winters. The little huts, which we know on the outside were rough and rude, within must have been warm and bright, because the mothers were there. We can picture to ourselves the interior: cheerful, with blazing hickory logs which crackle and fall now and then on the hearth; two or three rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed children sitting about the fire break out into a game of romps frequently, for it would be impossible to keep children, even of those stern, sober Pilgrim Fathers, quiet. The sweet, gentle-faced mother sits among them, telling them stories of her life in old England, with both a smile and a tear, as she speaks of dear friends and kindred way across the waters. Then, when the father comes in from his day's toil, chilled and tired, can you not see his grave, wearied face brighten, and his eyes soften, then glow with love and tenderness, as he joins his little family group, and asks for God's blessing upon them?

We are proud of our forefathers and the noble work they did, but to the picture of stern, uncompromising duty which always appears before us when we think of them let us add that of love, which softens all hard outlines and makes the greatest privations seem light. '91.

COOKERY.

"God is perfect in proportion as he comes down, not as he remains above." This thought may seem distasteful to the reverent mind when first spoken, but consider for a moment his minute creations, his tender care for them, and his wonderful dealings with man, and you see its truth. If he had not sent his Son down from heaven to earth there had been no perfect redemption, no perfect God. The perfect woman should not be unlike the perfect God. A frequently discussed question is this; Ought women to pursue the same curriculum of study as men, and obtain what is commonly called a higher education, or should they first learn domestic duties? Few women graduate from college under twenty-one, many marry before they reach that age. How many are fitted to assume the duties of housekeeping and motherhood at their exit from college? True, all girls do not marry, but few, when preparing for college, if asked, would say that they had no intention of so doing. The ideal life, I believe, up to twenty-five years of age, would be a college course, followed by faithful domestic training. For what woman would agree to be a helpmeet to a man until she had made herself in the highest sense worthy of that name! Let us consider for a few moments why she should follow these two courses, whether she afterwards marry or not, and if she cannot be sure of time enough for so much study, which she should follow first. Let us speak of domestic training, as cooking, since that occupies so important a place in life, for we must eat to live.

The poet sings:—

> "O fortunate! O happy day!
> When a new household finds its place
> Among the myriad homes of earth,
> Like a new star just sprung to birth
> And rolled on its harmonious way,
> Into the boundless realms of space."

But how many a young husband has paraphrased the stanza thus:—

> O sad! O miserable day!
> When a new Bridget finds her place
> Among the myriad homes of earth,
> And the new loaf, ill risen to birth,
> Rolls on its inharmonious way,
> Not bounding in the realms of space.

The influence of the physical upon the mental and moral condition can scarcely be estimated, and is certainly no less than the mental and moral upon the physical. Just where physical dyspepsia ends and spiritual dyspepsia begins it is difficult to determine. Unsatisfied appetite will not rest until it finds gratification, young ladies, if not at home, then away from home. You will find it so with your brothers. A man, unless he be more than human, will turn from a table scantily filled with badly cooked, poorly served food,— the rich man to the club, the poor man to the beer saloon. Are you satisfied to have it so?

Into all households sickness comes, she knows no rich no poor. The good nurse must be a good cook. There is no family whose door is so closed to adversity but that rapid life or a turn of Fortune's key may open it, and though to-day you are queen of the parlor, to-morrow you may be slave of the kitchen. Coming down to its drudgery? I hope not; but by wise management and knowledge of the culinary art to make yourself queen of the kitchen also. Widening the circle of home life, your boy goes out into the world, to the south or west. No city so large, no town so small, in all his travels, but he can find gilded wine-parlor, brilliant saloon, or dirty rum-shop, and any kind of liquor at a comparatively small sum; but a good, wholesome, appetizing dinner or supper,— at a moderate price, that is at any thing less than a four or five dollar hotel — next to impossible. The former leaves him unsatisfied, eager only for more, while the latter, could he but find it, would meet his needs. If our country contained more good eating-houses at reasonable rates we should have fewer saloons and fewer drunkards, making wretched wives, mothers, and sisters.

Girls, if you want to get a good husband, show him for one thing what you can make that is good to eat! A man will appreciate good food

no less than a good education, and education no less than ability to prepare good food — get both. The higher the intellectual training, the better housekeepers we shall make, brains being indispensable in cookery, and the stronger to embrace the home-life and the world at large.

No woman can tell in which sphere her life will lie, intellectual or domestic, therefore, let her prepare for both. If the domestic training cannot be attained along with the college course, let us prepare for the latter, and then ere we step upon it gain a fair knowledge of the former, trusting the future for what we like best but may not always choose.

Woman in this country and century is a potent factor in reforms of many kinds, — remarkably so.

Into the darkness of heathendom she is sending gospel light, planting in the home-land hospitals for the sick and homes for the orphaned and wandering, and even reaching her pure hand to the drunkard in the gutter.

Has the pendulum swung too far, and shall she leave the work begun? Does her own home need reform? Are her own boys straying? Listen, sisters, to the Voice divine: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

VISITOR.

IN ULTIMA THULE.

TO L. G. P.

O MOON, where leads you path of gold
Across the silver wave?
O would that I might flee
Into that unknown sea, —
To what, an ocean grave?

O maiden with unfathomed eye,
What 's hidden for me there?
O could I wander down
That path of wondrous brown,
What should I find, — despair?

I floated adown the golden stream,
I fathomed the eye without a chart;
I found in one a quiet dream,
In the other the maiden's heart.

Bowdoin Orient.

WHEN was the first lullaby mentioned in the Bible? When David rocked Goliath to sleep.

EVENING AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA HIGHLANDS.

Sunset! a hush is on the air,
Their gray old heads the mountains bare
As if the winds were saying prayer.

ALICE CARY.

IT has been a long, golden, summer day, and it is going now, just as so many have gone before it, and as so many more will go.

Do not miss this beauty. Come with me, and let us walk again, in memory, up the silent, dusky road that winds over yonder hills. Slowly the light grows dimmer, and tired insects sing their evening hymn of praise, while the daisies and clover nod a sweet refrain. A soft breeze steals down from the mountains, laden with the breath of ferns. Notice how tenderly it lifts and caresses the vines on yonder old gray face. And now a solemn stillness comes over us, for we are passing a silent city on the hillside, the eyes of whose inhabitants have long since been closed to the mystic beauty around us.

Now we have reached the top of the hill, and are in the midst of God's picture-gallery, for on sky and mountain are hung masterpieces — those bare ledges, softened in the fading light, the glowing hills, the silent river.

What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan,
Those purple veils of air?

Yonder is a narrow path leading through the still, dark woods. Let us turn from the road, and follow it. How the trees whisper to each other! What are they saying, think you? Their branches look like ghostly, outstretched arms, and they make strange, flickering shadows. Now and then you hear the sleepy twitter of birds, and sometimes the night owl startles you with his weird cry. Hark! what was that? A falling stone dislodged by your foot; and yet it sounded like — But look! saw you ever anything so beautiful? We are now close down to the river. Behind yonder hill is a rim of light; breathlessly we watch it. Slowly the dark scene is changed to one of marvellous beauty. The river before us is a broad sheet of shimmering light, and far away it winds in and out among the mountains like a silver thread. "Moonlight is sculpture." How

pure and distinct are all outlines : the face of your companion, yonder boat on the river. And our hearts turn towards the Maker of this beauty, "He that formed the mountains, the Lord is his name."

L. A. A.

At the annual business meeting of the Lasell Alumnæ Association, held in June, 1890, the Constitution was revised, and now reads as follows ; —

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS experience has shown that good fellowship can be more readily promoted by combination of effort than by single endeavor, we whose names are hereunto affixed, have agreed to form an association to be called the LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, and do hereby establish the following constitution for its government.

ARTICLE I. The name of this Association shall be LASELL ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, and its objects shall be to extend acquaintance, and to promote sociability and friendliness among its members.

ARTICLE II. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall be elected annually, and shall continue in office until others are chosen in their stead. Their powers and duties shall be similar to those of like officers in like associations.

ARTICLE III. This Association shall meet annually, due notice of time and place having been given by the Secretary ; and at such other times as it may be called by the President, upon the written request of six members. At each and all of these meetings six members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE IV. Any former student in good standing, not an alumnæ, may become a member of this Association upon payment of the annual fee, but such membership shall not include the right to vote at business meetings.

ARTICLE V. This constitution may be altered or amended at any stated meeting by a vote of two thirds of the members present, — provided that written notice of said alteration or amendment shall be given at a previous stated meeting.

A GRANDMOTHER'S TEA PARTY.

THE air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, the buzz of the locusts suggested forcibly the heat of a June day. All nature was bright but languid.

The sun indeed fell in burning rays on all beneath it, but it shone more on the yellow and black brick masonry of a Dutch homestead in New York, and seemed to light up conspicuously the figures ornamenting its front. The date, in large lettering, 1670, stood out there in proud defiance of time and looked grand in its pompous position. The weathercock from the gabled roof alone seemed to withstand the power of the sun and almost crowed back an answer.

The roses on the porch clung faintingly to their support and some of the little heads peeped in at the open door, as if to gain admission to the cool precints within.

As the day wanes the rays, less powerful, perhaps, but equally persistent, light up the old Dutch house and fall upon a charming picture.

The whitened floor of "the best room" gleams cool and throws into relief the high-back furniture, the tiled hearth, and the queer pictures on the unpapered walls. How suggestive is the chest of drawers in the corner of deftly spun linen!

Through the tiny window-panes one audacious streak of sunlight rushes at length and falls directly upon the silvery locks of a demure lady seated there knitting. She sits, and her lips set firm in Puritan manner, her blue eyes now and then flashing the thoughts of her busy brain, bend over the knitting-needles, which fly so fast, and vie with the Dutch timepiece on the mantle.

The little sun-courier darts from her across the wide room and discloses, sitting half in shadow, a placid little woman, the folds of whose pearly gown sweep the floor, and whose snowy kerchief rises and falls upon the calm breast, or is stirred by a stray breeze from the window. The quiet repose of this gentle lady who would not emulate ? The little sun-ray tarries an instant.

Nearer the vine-covered door sits the hostess of this colonial mansion, in short stiff satin petticoat not deigning to reach the floor but displaying to good advantage the high-heeled buckled shoes. The lacing of the red bodice holds in its clasp the buxom form of its wearer.

Farther in the shadow that we cannot see is a gleam of more buckles and dainty feet and we hear the rustle of stiff garments.

The hum of the teakettle warns these old ladies it is time to drink tea. They draw nearer, and sip the fragrant herb from the delicate blue china cups.

The little sun-courier now dances up on the

rows of shining tins and upon the strings of onions, and watches the tea-party.

Above the drowsy murmurings of the twilight come their voices mingling in soft laughter and talk of other days. The little sun-ray grows sleepy, and is borne away by a crowd of his bright companions in search for him to join in the sunset, but ere he goes he darts a last time back into the room and rests lightly on the cheek of one of the dear old ladies, who blushes faintly at the caress, and then he is gone, and night closes about them, and only the sound of their voices can be heard, and these too hush at last, and in the deepening gloom they sit and muse.

LASELL ROUND-THE-WORLD PARTY.

Oct. 16.

We are coming to Honolulu sooner than expected, so that I have only time to give a bare outline of our way up to now and leave the "graceful filling in" until later. Oahu is showing his brown teeth to us as we round his eastern face to reach the capital. We are six and one half days from San Francisco and have had a fine trip in every respect. We come out of our way hither to leave three hundred Chinese from Canton who were refused landing by quarantine authorities on account of cholera in Japan, the steamer having touched at Yokohama. The Hawaiian Government has said it would receive them if at the end of forty days from leaving Japan no sickness had broken out. It is not yet quite forty days, and we are all wondering whether they will insist on the letter of the time or let us leave the poor fellows, cooped up so long, and go on our way.

These coolies have wives and children with them. The babies are cute little things, as cunning and pretty (or ugly) as babies and children average. They begin to shave the head and cultivate a cue in childhood, boys and girls alike, only girls are not shaved. I noticed the barber shaving on Sunday. He used no soap, and he shaved forehead, all parts of the face and neck as well as head. It looked as if it ought to hurt.

I mailed my October scrap at the feet of the great mountains. We breakfasted at Colorado Springs which looked barren and uninviting enough. We wondered what strange change could put the "Garden of the Gods" — if it be a garden — in this desolate region. Pike's Peak, they said, was very clear and very grand. Else there was nothing to notice. We stayed one day at Pueblo, a mighty city but not yet very handsome, and went on by Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to Ogden through Salt Lake City. The cañons are rough and in some spots grand. The mountain disappointed me, and I could n't believe when we drew into the broad valley of the Salt Lake that we had passed the crest of the continent, had really climbed the mighty Rockies. They are bare, without vegetation for most part and without snow. There are no mighty peaks in sight, covered with perpetual snow and lifting hoary heads into great silences. At Salida only did I get a glimpse of such. But remember, I speak of only what I saw on this little, very little passage. I don't think I have seen the Rockies yet. On through desert and sagebrush, up and down great grades, now needing three engines to pull up, now almost three to hold back, for a day and a night, over useless land, till we strike California. Then a new land appeared, and San Francisco, the city of hills and Chinese is reached, more I 'll not say now. We had come over the continent, every moment on time, with every connection perfect, and in great comfort. At Frisco we met Mrs. Lowe and others of the party, and at one o'clock Oct. 9, as per programme, we stood out from dock. But for six hours we lay off waiting for late mails. At 7.15 we passed through the Golden Gate and pointed our bow straight for King Kalakaua.

The "China" is a fine boat every way, very spacious and comfortable. Some oddities strike the Atlantic seafarer. The time is changed for the day before breafast, on the Atlantic at noon. I like this way better. The waiters, chambermaids, etc., are all Chinese or Japanese men. Their strange talk is new music but not unpleasant. The Pacific has long swells, which have rolled us about some, but the boat does not pitch at all. It has surprised me to find so much sea with so little wind. Our passenger list includes English, French, Spanish, Chinese, Jananese, Corean people, as well as Americans. We are now five

and one half hours behind you in Boston. It is four o'clock P. M. with you, and 10.30 A. M. with us. I follow you in your work and play, keeping my watch at Boston time. If I had only Maud Baldwin here now for a guide to these Kalea jaw-crackers!! We are just going ashore. Honolulu is in sight. We passed the leper island, Molokai, some hours ago.

This desultory letter is an object-lesson to you on the sad practice of "putting off till to-morrow what you ought to do to-day." I ought to have written yesterday, but I was too busy getting beaten at chess! C. C. B.

JOSEPH A. HILLS.

AMONG the teachers in Boston who accomplish a great deal of important work and exert a large influence for good with no attempt to win a merely ephemeral reputation Mr. Joseph A. Hills holds a high position, by reason of natural disposition and talent no less than by culture, experience, and energy. Born in Hudson, N. H., he early gave promise of an artistic taste; this came rightly to him, for his father, Mr. Alden Hills, was a musician well deserving of the esteem in which he was held, being a performer upon the clarionet and an able director of sacred music. While yet quite a little fellow he had become a member of his father's choir, where his keen boy's voice was heard regularly among the altos. This practice, necessarily limited, stirred in him a desire to know more of music and to pursue it as his life occupation. With a boy's curiosity, he tried such instruments as he could put his hand upon, both stringed and wind, but eventually made up his mind that he preferred the pianoforte — a disposition which afterwards broadened sufficiently to include the organ also. His father judiciously fostered his son's desires and gave him the best instruction obtainable, Mr. E. T. Baldwin, of Manchester, being his first instructor upon the pianoforte and in harmony, the organ, together with the study of counterpoint, being taught him by Mr. John K. Paine, now professor of music at Harvard University.

It was not long before the result of the youth's studies began to show themselves in practical form, so that he was early employed as an organist, and was furthur moved to find other occupation for his talent in the composition of church music. By this time he had made himself a recognized position in Boston as a church director and organist, taking charge in such places of consequence as the Central Church in Winter Street, the famous old church — Dr. Young's, now long gone — on Church Green, Summer Street, Dr. Webb's on Tremont Street, and others. He also held the position of musical director and teacher at the school and sanitarium established by Dr. Dio Lewis at Lexington, which was then in the height of its fame and prosperity.

Present success made him only the more ambitious to rise and to excel. Giving up all his advantageous home connections, he went abroad to study, locating himself at Berlin, Germany, where he had among his teachers the world-renowned Carl Tausig for the pianoforte, and the eminent C. F. Weitzmann for harmony, theory, and composition, while among his fellow-students were Max Pinner, Reif, Beringer, and Joseffy.

On his return to Boston many applications for his services were made, out of which he accepted that tendered by the New England Conservatory, where he remained seven years. In the course of this connection he was solicited to add other engagements to those which he was already fulfilling. He finally accepted proposals made him by Lasell Seminary, and continued to instruct in both institutions until increase of labor became excessive and it was evident that one or the other must be given up.

Mature consideration favored the seminary, where he would be chief of his department, and thus free to impress his own individuality on his scholars and continue his own private work with more art profit to himself. Time has justified his choice, as the increase of the department shows, having increased fourfold already, and the standard has been constantly advanced to keep pace with the spirit of the times.

Technical training is pursued under his direction according to the best and latest methods, while knowledge of musical literature broadened and taste refined by frequent illustrative concerts. Sometimes miscellaneous programmes are arranged for those concerts, and at other times an entire evening is devoted to an exemplification of

some one master's style and writings. As a consequence, the many pupils who have been able to complete their course of study under Mr. Hills's directions, either as his private students or as representatives of the institutions which have had the advantage of his co-operation, have been at once accepted as educated exponents of musical science and art. Mr. Hills has edited valuable editions of standard music, has prepared helpful technical studies and commentaries, and has written many songs for various voices, anthems, part songs for male and female choirs, a sonata for pianoforte, and numerous shorter pieces, including some for pianoforte and violin, besides which he is now just finishing a trio for pianoforte and strings upon classical models, while other sketches are begun and only await a little season of leisure for their completion.

Mr. Hills is now in his seventeenth year at Lasell, and all who know the enterprising and active administration of that important seminary will find this in itself to be an indorsement of his vigorous, progressive character and of the absolute merit of his work. — *N. Y. Key Note.*

TALLULAH FALLS.

Tallulah Falls are heard of comparatively little yet, in my opinion, and I fancy I am not alone, they are extremely beautiful; even more grand, if possible, than those of far-famed Niagara.

Being in the beautiful mountain district of Georgia, the Falls of Tallulah have an advantage over Niagara in being able to boast of wonderful surrounding scenery. The waters fall seven hundred feet in three quarters of a mile; but they do not fall this distance continously, there being three distinct falls. The river rises far up among the mountains and rushes down over the rocks with such violence that the spray seems almost like rain. Tall mountains rise on either side, at the bases of which it is dark and cool, even on the brightest and warmest of summer days.

By means of a rude walk, built in curious fashion, the river can be followed for nearly a mile of its course. The trouble is well repaid.

The almost innumerable baby waterfalls gushing forth from most unexpected places are a constant surprise and delight. Here were rock basins filled with comparatively quiet water, and there were others into which the waters, dashing spitefully, after a hasty visit, rushed madly on.

At the foot of the lowest fall, a high tower has been erected, and from here a grand view can be obtained. Close at hand the unceasing roar of the over-hurrying waters, but far away, a quiet picture. The distant mountains, with there embroidery of countless water-falls, formed a wonderful background. We were told that on one had been successful in reaching many of these water-falls.

It was with great regret that at the top of the mountain I turned for my last look at Tallulah Falls.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

Written for the Lasell Party of 1890.

I remember, I remember
  A pleasant Boston day,
The day we left the city
  To sail so far away.
With saddened hearts and many a farewell
  We bade our friends adieu,
And on a visit to the Old,
  Left far behind the New.

I remember, I remember
  The pleasant steamer trip —
The games we played, the friends we made,
  Upon the "Scythia" ship.
And also those funny days
  When all were quite content,
Quietly in their chairs to rest,
  Or give their feelings vent.

I remember, I remember
  The pleasant concert night,
When the singers did so nicely,
  And the pieces were so bright.
And that interesting paper,
  Whose fault alone — 't was short,
And those pleasant hidden places
  For those who wished to court.

I remember, I remember
  A very dismal day,
When we left the steamer "Scythia,"
  And landed at the quay,
And our really funny feelings
  When we fully came to realize
That at last the longed-for Europe
  Was before our very eyes.

I remember, I remember
A long and joyful tour,
When we had no need to worry,
For our plans they were all sure,
And the many different countries
With their very different sights,
But towards the last so anxious
To see the Boston lights.

I remember, I remember
The day ne'er to be forgot,
When after those pleasant 'leven days,
We came to Boston port,
And the many hearty greetings
Of each and every one
Showed me that after all, perhaps,
There *is* no place like home.

LILY FRIEDMAN.

PERSONALS.

MAUDIE L. STONE, graduate of 1888, though slow to write, is faithful to her Alma Mater. She is caring for her grandparents in her New Hampshire home, but goes away occasionally, and has met Bertha Gray Richards, whose wedding she attended, also Nan Bushnell, Annie Gwinnell, Sue Brown, Jessie Law, who is teaching in Springfield, and enjoys her work, Emma Gass, Grace Skinner, Lillie Upton, and Miss Ransom, who was going downstairs in a public place at Nantucket as Maudie went up. In a visit of six months at the sea-shore she has learned to swim, dive, and float. But it was not at the sea-shore that she studied Greek or English literature with the Chautauquans, being one herself.

MISS JOY, of Mt. Caroll Seminary, Illinois, was a recent visitor at Lasell. She introduced herself as Associate Principal of that school.

THE Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, embracing such institutions as Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, having established a "European Fellowship" to provide for the member to whom it is assigned the means for foreign study and travel, has selected as its first recipient Miss Louisa Holman Richardson, A. M., a graduate of Boston University, and professor of Latin in Carleton College. Miss Richardson will pursue her studies in Cambridge, England." We copy this from the New York *Christian Advocate*, and heartily congratulate Miss Richardson. She was teacher of Latin and Greek at Lasell for several years.

CLIFFORD WARNOCK, and her parents were at Lasell some time in the summer.

IN the October Personals, Nellie *Angus* Caldwell should be Nellie *Hugus* Caldwell, Florence M. *Crowell*, should read *Cronise*, and Julia *Cay* should be *Coy*.

MISS ELIZA ANNA PARSONS was married to Mr. Ralph Marden, Oct. 23, at Rye, N. H. Their home will be in Montclair, N. J. Miss Parsons was at Lasell in 1882 and 1883.

MISS JANE BOWMAN JACKSON and Mr. Samuel Hughes Watts were married Nov. 11, at Berwick, Pa. Jennie was at Lasell from 1882 to 1885.

MISS JENNIE COE WILLIAMS was married to Mr. Don Channing Brainard, Nov. 12, at Des Moines, Ia. Jennie came to Lasell in 1883 and was graduated in 1885.

MISS ANNIE CLARK, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., married Mr. Alfred P. Butterworth, Oct. 29, 1890. Annie was at Lasell in 1887 and 1888.

MISS LUCIE MARIE ADAMS JOHNSON, of Auburndale, married Mr. Jonathan Parker Bishop Fiske. Oct. 29, 1890. Miss Johnson was a day pupil between 1885 and 1887 inclusive.

OF "old girls" who have visited the school in the past month are Nora and Elva Gibson, Nina Burr, Inez Sanford, Miss Merriam, Miss Ellis, Amelia Davis, May Fisher, Mrs. Sarah Corey Bray, Daisy Hanmer, Mamie Noyes, Lou Burridge, and Kitty Colony.

MR. AND MRS. OGIER, of the Maine conference, were here as school visitors, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Best spent a night at Lasell.

OUR invalid friend, Dr. Pierce, of Plymouth, being able to make some fancy pen-wipers, has been requested by the school-girls and teachers to make them two hundred and sixty for Christmas gifts. They are very pretty.

MISS J. GERTRUDE SMITH, of Portland Me., was at Lasell in the year of 1888. She died at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 27, 1890. She went to visit a friend, was taken ill four days after her arrival, and died in eighteen days, after much suf-

fering. Her funeral was held at the house of her father, Mr. F. A. Smith, Oct. 29. Miss Smith was an only daughter, intelligent, amiable, and attractive. She was at Lasell little more than five months, but made in that short time an excellent impression, and won for herself the respect and affection of all who knew her. Her untimely cutting off brings a thrill of profound sadness and much sympathy for the bereaved family, who have lost so much of their joy and sunshine. She was loyal to Lasell, and when her body was prepared for her last rest the Lasell pin was used to fasten at the throat a robe of delicate pink silk which she had ordered in Paris a year ago and thought to wear only upon festive occasions. Fair and strong in youth and happiness, how could she think that it would become to her the bridal robe of Death! Truly the dealings of Providence are beyond our comprehension.

Mr. Alexander Hogg, of Fort Worth, Texas, father of three Lasell pupils past and present, spent several days in October at the school. Mr. Hogg is a prominent educator of the South. He has not only been for years superintendent of schools for Texas but has exerted a wide influence in neighboring States by his voice and pen; also in his native State, Virginia. As an educator he holds very advanced views.

Lois Soule, who was with us last year, has been visiting Eva Bond, also Katharine Watson at Toledo. She is now with Bessie Williams in Indiana.

Miss Edith G. Andrews will marry Mr. Arthur M. Wright, Nov. 25, 1890, at her home, in Roxbury, Mass. Miss Andrews was at Lasell through the years of 1883 and 1884.

LOCALS.

Saturday, Sept. 13, a harvest festival was given. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with autumn leaves and wheat. After dancing for some time refreshments were served. We are indebted to Mr. Shepherd for this charming entertainment.

Cicero Romæ doctissimus; Cicero was the best doctor in Rome.

Sunday, Oct. 19, the Lasell Missionary Society held its first regular meeting in the chapel. The programme rendered was as follows:—

ORGAN VOLUNTARY	Miss Thresher.
DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES	
LETTER FROM "WINONA"	Read By Miss Sargeant.
ADDRESS	Miss Chandler, of India.
VOCAL SOLO	Miss Gale.
GLORIA	

We were pleased to see such a large attendance.

The Senior class have chosen for class protographer, Holland.

Brothers, first cousins, and *fiancés* seem to be numerous this year. At dinner we have been known to have one young gentleman to every four tables. Is it only in the spring that the young man's fancy lightly turns, etc., etc.? "Head lights" and presentation speeches seem to be in order even at this unromantic period of the year.

New Girl in Teachers' Parlor.—And this is where the teachers receive their friends?

Old Girl. — No, indeed, this is for the exclusive use of certain young ladies and their — ahem — gentlemen friends. It's perfectly safe, doors all warranted to lock, and curtains can be fastened securely.

The following were elected officers of the S. D. Society. President, Katherine Hamilton; Vice-President, Laura Whitney; Secretary, Alice Goodell; Treasurer, Marie Shellabarger; Critic, Maud Baldwin; Musical Committee, May Hagar, Frances Watson; Usher, Grace Griffin.

How do you divide a fraction by a whole number? Insert the divisor and proceed as in multiplication.

Discussion on Smoking. — *Teacher.* — Let me see, which was it, Grant or Garfield, who died from the effects of smoking? Oh, yes; I remember, it was Garfield.

Friday, Oct. 24, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller lectured at Lasell, — Mrs. Miller with her winning ways, delightful lecture, and charming costumes. It is needless to say that she was listened to with marked attention, and the wish was unanimous that the pleasure might soon be repeated.

That "excellent thing in woman." These few simple words have come to mean much to the Lasell girl. We have them in the chapel, on the stairs, halls or in the secrecy of our own rooms, and they have been so impressed upon our minds that we even hear them when sweet sleep has claimed us as its willing subjects. They have been known to change a bright and happy girl into a most proper woman and a joyous laugh into a very sweet but dignified smile. We are now all practising "articulation without sound," and expect before many years to be the joy and credit of our seminary.

A most delightful piano and violin recital was given in the gymnasium, Friday evening, October 31. The Messrs George and Willis Nowell were the artists.

Miss Chamberlayne, accompanied by several young ladies, visited the "lumbago" tower Sunday.

The very latest thing on the banjo is called The "Niggers' Dreams."

The Lasellia Club's officers are:

President	Jessie Baxter.
Vice-President	Janette Brookmire.
Secretary	Vinnie Rose.
Treasurer	Belle Horton.
Critic	Mabel Falley.
Executive Committee	Gertrude Simpson.
	Nelle Davis.
	Florence Silliway.
Guard	Lu Pinney.
Assistant Guard	Clara Eddy.

EXCHANGES.

Why is it some colleges can edit papers so much more commendable than others? Is it lack of brains, lack of interest, lack of system, or can it be a combination of all which draws such a decided line between college journalisms. Some are hastily perused by all and the next number eagerly awaited, while others the wrappers are merely broken. Look at "A Story from Maine," abrupt as a whole, lacking the soul and sympathy of the writer while the sentences themselves are stiff and ungainly.

A question of matrimony in the Wesleyan *Argus*, which has been continued in two numbers is finished, and the end only fulfils our expectations which the first number lead us to anticipate.

"Νυὲ Γαρ Ερχεται."

Deep in the west the sun is sinking,
And the day's bright life blood is ebbing away.
The dark chill mist from the river, rising,
Spreads o'er the shores its mantle of gray.
While the shrill sharp voice of the chirping tree-toad
Hera'ds the last death throes of the day.

The air grows still and dark and chilly,
The stars peep forth with their blinking eyes,
As there, towards the east where the plain turns hilly,
A pale light pledges the new moon's rise.
And the muffled flap of the leathery bat's wing
Beats a weird time to the heron's cries.

Yale Courant.

THE REASON WHY.

Inez is neither bright nor fair,
Has neither wit nor beauty;
To love her, one would think, would be
Forsooth a painful duty.

Grace is a charming little witch,
Perfect in figure and face;
She knows a little of everything,
Is at home in any place.

Yet never a lover follows Grace,
Not a solitary one;
While old men, young men, poets, dudes,
Alike after Inez run.

Now hundreds are counted by Inez's papa,
Where Grace's scarce reckons dimes,
And it's money that causes love, you know,
At least in these modern times.

And that's the reason, the cunning ones say,
As Inez and Grace go by, —
"Beauty's way below par to-day,
But money is ruling high."

Dartmouth Lit.

Did I love her? well, I guess I did!
I loved her with might and main.
Did she love me? well, I thought she did;
And that's about the same.
Did I marry her? well, not exactly. You see,
After I'd spent my tin,
A husband came down,
He'd been up in town,
And told me I'd been roped in.

University Cynic.

SHAKESPEARE'S JESTERS.

THE jesters of Shakespeare's plays have been greatly misunderstood by many of the poet's critics; and it must be confessed that the true meaning of their parts is somewhat difficult to grasp. They often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it; we may think they would be better left out, but, were they left out, we should somehow feel the loss of them.

The most noted of Shakespeare's jesters is the fool in the play "King Lear." It seems that, without him, Lear's character would not have been entirely developed. The fool disguised by his folly much truth which would have been accepted from him in no other way.

His affectionate tenderness overpowers all his nonsense. Lear evidently loved the fool, because he too loved Cordelia; and on this account we see a delicate sympathy between them, the more perhaps that neither of them ever speak to the other of her, showing that their hearts are too full to speak. The fool cannot be better described than as an earnest, tender man, masked as a simple foolish clown; "one in whom fun and frolic are elevated into tragic beauty," and whose mournfulness appears beneath his gayety. Who can fail to see the true man when he says, "I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nunch," speaking to Lear.

What a noble spirit he shows in his vain attempts to avert Lear's melancholy thoughts, while his jests come from a heart bursting with pity and sorrow! The most noteworthy point in him is, that while his own heart is slowly breaking, he never speaks or even appears to think of his own suffering.

"His anguish is the anguish of sympathy, a sympathy so deep as to make him forgetful of self."

We see him no more after he says, "And I'll to bed at noon," which simply means that the poor fellow is dying. He cares no longer to live; for Cordelia, whom he loved, is gone, Kent and Edgar are lost to him, and, last of all, his dear master has lost his wits. Our estimate then of this drama depends entirely on how we construe the fool, and how his part is interpreted.

Touchstone, the jester in the beautiful comedy of "As you like it," is one of the most entertaining of Shakespeare's characters. But he nowhere strikes within us so deep a chord as does the poor fool in "King Lear." He lives for nothing but to make men laugh, and he speaks for effect, and not for truth. Instead of thinking of the natural force of things, his vocation is to transform true things into nonsensical things.

Yet his nature is not so formed as a fool but that, amidst the scenes in the forest, he changes from the fool into a man. "We see" beneath the affectations of his calling "some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the real man."

Nor must we forget to mention the clown in "Twelfth Night." Although we have much interest in him, he does not stir our sympathies as does the fool in "King Lear," nor is he so wise as Touchstone. We see him first trying to divert Oliva's thoughts from her dead brother. His chief pleasure seems to be to invent or coin names for the occasion. To prove other people fools, by his odd questions and witty sayings, delights him.

Although in his jests he mimics the grief of Olivia, yet he truly pities her, and loves her as his mistress. He will not allow himself to be called her fool, but her corrupter of words. "On the whole, he has," to quote a critic, "a sufficiently facile and apposite gift at jesting out philosophy and moralizing the scenes where he moves, and whatever he has in that line is perfectly original with him."

A great many people have complained that they could not understand this fool, which is strong proof that they did not understand the poet.

We can only mention the names of Gobbo, the clown in "Merchant of Venice," Trinculo, in "The Tempest," and the clowns in "Othello," "Winter's Tale," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

Perhaps no better description of the fool in Shakespeare's plays can be found than that of Viola in "Twelfth Night." "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; and to do that well, craves a kind of wit. He must observe their moods on whom he jests, the quality of persons, and the time; not, like the haggard, check at every feather that comes before his eye. This is a practice as full of labor as a wise man's art.

> "For folly that he wisely shows is fit,
> But wise men's folly shown quite taints their wit."

What 's in a name, anyway?

LASELL.

In the heart of the dale of sweet Auburn,
Whose beauty the river e'en charms,
And it stops on its way to the seaward
To linger and sport in her arms,
Lies that which will long be remembered and well,
Our dear Alma Mater, our lovely Lasell.

Oh, thy daisy-crowned hills I remember
As they glow in the first flush of dawn,
And the sun loath to leave them at even
Clings there when light elsewhere is gone, —
Oh, the beauties, the beauties words never can tell,
Of our dear Alma Mater, our lovely Lasell !

How oft in the twilight at even,
To the tune of our light guitars,
We 've watched the moon rise on the river,
As each ciphered her lot in the stars
And pondered her destiny, heaven or hell,
On earth after leaving our lovely Lasell.

God's blessing be with thee, O noble Lasell !
And when e'er of women the earth muses sing
Thou thyself a share of the glory may claim ;
For even the angels a garland would bring
Thee to crown like thy hills, if they only might dwell
For a time in thy precincts, O lovely Lasell !

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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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WITH the coming of winter comes suffering for all the poverty-stricken portion of humanity. It would take a perversely hard heart to pass unheedingly the poor little street waifs, patiently selling their papers or blacking boots all the cold, wintry day, with scarcely enough clothes to cover their shivering bodies. A pitiful sight they present, and one that, were it in our power to better, without much trouble, we would gladly; but it takes time to hunt up deserving people on which to bestow our cast-off garments. Selfish we surely are in our comfortable homes with plenty to eat and wear.

"There are charitable institutions," you say. Yes; but how many answer the every-day need?

As you walk down Park Avenue, in New York, you see a large white marble building, which is now the "Park Avenue Hotel," but was originally built as a "Home for Working Women." The rules and regulations were so needlessly strict and exacting that to stay there was harder for the women than their former way of living, and soon the institution was closed.

A good thought, but disastrously carried out.

The poor we must have, however, all that can be done for them by the numerous charitable organizations is being done, and there is no end of good we could do if we would only forget our own selfish thoughts for a while, and try.

HAIL to the holidays! Lasell girls have lived for many past weeks within the alluring thoughts of vacation days. The Thanksgiving, especially in New England, means much to every heart. It seems, however, to be but the initiation to the happy Christmas-tide. No longer is it customary to have the masses of glistening snow, to enjoy

the tinkling bells, or even feel the biting cold of old days; still the thought of "what has been" sheds its influence over this season, and the one suggests the other.

If there is ever a time when hearts are light and happy, it is at this midwinter holiday season. Excitement is in the atmosphere; it breathes through the newspaper when one reads the startling advertisement column, and makes one yearn to shop indefinitely.

The fond hopes and bright anticipations Christmas brings to the children are all about us wherever their prattle can be heard (and desolate indeed is the household devoid of little ones at Christmas) in the intervening weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The hungry eyes of the poor as they gaze at the teeming stores of food and wonderfully decorated windows suggest a longing intensified at this season.

It is a happy time, and every year there is an increase in gladness and preparation. This is as it should be; Christmas ought to be the day of days and the season of seasons. Let "Merry Christmas" ring on the air, and echo and re-echo until every one takes it up and it girdles the earth.

Our libraries, do we value them enough? When we step foot in one of the stately rooms where so many authors look down at us from their elevated positions on the rows of shelves, are we not awed in spite of ourselves? It truly is an awful thing to realize, as one then does, the presence of the men and women whose works have lived after them, and seem to live so much of the throbbing lives of their authors.

It not only seems a proper thing, viewed aside from form and the comfort of the public in consequence, that voices be lowered in the library precincts, but very right and fitting to reverence such a place and people.

As the eyes rest upon the brilliant covers of some of the books, their looks attract and draw us to review hastily in the mind line after line of Mrs. Browning's sweet and tender words to and for humanity. Robert Browning's philosophy grows brighter as one is led to think of all he has done hrough that very philosophy for the world of literature. But what to say of the books upon whose covers the dust has gathered, the bindings of which are not gorgeous in array, but sober and often demure. What can one say enough of these? Only to be lost in their labyrinths and find no expression is our lot; to muse over the quaint sayings or the words that have echoed and re-echoed through the ages.

Not only do we think of all they contain, but the authors' faces seem to stare at us, and their forms, clad in the strange fashions of their times, stalk about in the space between us and them.

Following close behind come their characters they have so skilfully woven and fashioned, out of the many volumes. Uriah Heep's cadaverous figure again startles us; even the three-legged stool looms up somewhere there. Becky Sharpe dashes past, Ivanhoe brandishes again his spear on high, and countless others.

As the twilight deepens in the dim old library, casting weird shadows upon even all this procession which have passed, the more glowing, perhaps, sunsets and sunrises collected in verse shine until the library is aflame, and vibrates with sound from the morning song of the lark to the mournful evening plaint of the whippoorwill.

At length the shadows indeed are too deep, and all sinks into apparent oblivion for a time. The library and its many occupants are at rest, and as we turn away we must think there are many there unknown and unappreciated and our libraries cannot be too precious or revered too much.

Christmas, — what a multitude of pleasant thoughts come to us at the bare mention of that word!

For weeks, even months before, we have been thinking and planning, then working for those we love. Since it is so blessed to give, no wonder Christmas is by far the very happiest time of all the year.

The receiving is by no means an insignificant part of the programme; to the infant mind it is a most engrossing subject. A small boy with his "saved up" pennies is all excitement on the 24th, when he goes to purchase his one and only present — for himself.

Who can blame him, though? All his small life

he has been brought up to think first of himself, — a model spoiled child of our enlightened nineteenth century.

A lady was overheard to say, not a great while ago, that she wished there was no such thing as Christmas: "I worry and work myself far beyond my strength, trying to give to every one I think will give to me." A kind of barter and exchange the once sweet custom has become. We are annoyed and vexed if the present we gave L is not quite so handsome as the one she gave us; while L secretly rejoices that her gift cost a little more money than ours.

The mercenary spirit which characterizes the latter-day giving and receiving is fast advancing to the time when, some one says, the custom of giving gifts at Christmas-time will be a thing of the past.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A SMALL log-hut once stood beside a great forest, so near its cool depths that only during the hours after noontide could the sun shine brightly upon it, for the morning rays were shut out by the tall trees, which threw their weird shadows about it, so that you would imagine they were trying to protect it in their long dark arms.

Here dwelt two brothers, a solitary pair, whose parents they had laid to rest in the forest, remembering their father's parting words, "Stay together, my children, in the place where you have always lived"; for he feared that, so unused to the great world's ways, they would be unable to cope with its wickedness and vice, and had far better stay in their quiet and innocent seclusion.

They loved the forest, and had no cause to fear it; from its generous depths they gathered their support. Early in the morning you might hear their merry voices, mingled with the sounds of the axe-strokes and the crashing of the timber, for they were wood-choppers, and spent their days in the vast wood.

One of them was always at work, constantly busy, early and late, and as you looked at his muscular form and clear bright eyes, which expressed so much of determination, you would at once guess that his name was Industry; while his brother, more inclined to whistle than work, yet still a fine fellow, could be no other than Good-Heart.

Industry and Good-Heart worked well together for a long time, and might still be doing so, if it had not happened that one day towards evening, as they were returning from their labors, they met near the edge of the forest a poor, way-worn traveller, who had evidently become lost in the wood and seemed unable to journey farther. The brothers took him to their humble home, and with care and food tried to restore his wasted strength, since for days he had had nothing to eat but a few berries and herbs which he had found in the wood.

Industry went to his work as usual, leaving Good-Heart, who was the better nurse, to attend to the sick man. From lack of food and exhaustion, a fever had set in, and for many weeks he was unable to proceed on his journey.

At first, the stranger's name was unknown to either of the brothers, although often in his fever delirium they had heard him utter the name Worldly-Gain over and over; but as he grew better, and Good-Heart was seated, as usual, by his side, he told him of the world on the other side of the great forest, of its beautiful cities filled with more people than he had ever dreamed of, and when Industry came home at night his brother repeated to him all the wonderful tales that he had heard from Ambition, for this was the stranger's name; but Industry, remembering the last injunction of his father, reproved Good-Heart for his too-ready interest in these stories and refused to listen to them.

So it went on day after day, while Industry would call Good-Heart's attention to the fact that in all these tales Worldly-Gain, Avarice, and Selfishness were mentioned as dear friends of Ambition. Industry was pained to find how pleasant these stories were to Good-Heart.

At last Ambition was quite recovered from his sickness and went on his way; but the seeds of restlessness and discontent that he had sown took root in Good-Heart, and he was no longer the same happy youth, but silent and moody. All Industry's kind words of counsel were of no avail; he became less and less interested in his honest labors, and would often refuse to go into the forest with his brother, but would stay at

home, musing on the words of Ambition, while vague plans gradually grew and took form in his mind.

One quiet autumn evening Industry came back from the wide, empty forest to a deserted home.

ELIZABETH CADY PRESCOTT.

KNIVES.

THE history of knives is almost as ancient as that of the human race. Doubtless our first parents fashioned some sort of rude knife out of the primeval rocks with which to turn up the fruitful soil.

Some one has taken pains to save a bit of the skin from the veritable serpent which tempted Adam and Eve, and this precious fragment is to-day in one of our museums. Why did not the same person preserve for us the knife with which Cain slew his brother Abel? Had it indeed been handed down to us, and could it reveal all the scenes of bloodshed it had witnessed, from the time the first murderer slew the first martyr, at God's altar, until the present day, what would we not learn of the inestimable importance of knives in shaping the world's history?

Surely no instrument of human invention has had a greater part in moulding the nations than the sword, which is only a knife of a larger pattern. Think of Attila and Alaric, of Alexander and Cæsar, and the multitudes of other conquerors, in whose mighty hands the sword has been wielded with terrible power. Think of the kingdoms that have risen and fallen, and of the countless lives that have been poured out by different members of this same great family of knives.

The sword is inseparable from those tales of knighthood and chivalry which we love to read by the winter fireside. Who can read of King Arthur, or the gallant heroes of the Crusades, and see no vision of flashing steel rise before him?

Then there is the executioner's axe, whose glitttering blade has severed the life-thread of many a hapless victim as inexorably as the fateful shears in the hands of Atropos. Charlotte Corday, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lady Jane Grey are only a few among the countless multitudes whom the world will always think of with pity. And if we could unfold still further the tragic history, we should read of many a highway robbery, and midnight assassination, and lonely suicide.

The record is a dark one, but it has a brighter side. In the physician's kindly hand, the knife, though still a bloody tool, has brought relief and healing to many a sufferer. The hatchet and axe have felled our forest kings, to build the dwellings of the people, and the stately ships which bind together the nations parted by the seas. But for the ships each country would be a little world of its own, and our America would know no masters save the Indians and wild beasts. Knives have also taken an important part in literature, for have they not sharpened the quills from which have flowed the immortal words of genius?

The scythe and sickle of our fathers have cut down the grain which has fed all mankind, and the reapers and mowers of our own day, although wonderfully disguised and complicated, are still in principle only gigantic knives, and are among the most important factors of our civilization.

And finally, there is the scythe of Father Time himself, —

> "Who, with his sickle keen,
> Reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
> And the flowers that grow between."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

WE were to receive together that memorable New-Year's Day at my house. The other part of the "we" was my bosom friend, Peggy Doolittle, the direct opposite of me. She was a nice, tall, distinguished-looking girl, wearing eye-glasses, which gave her the appearance of being a very learned young woman. My mother said she was just the sort of girl to keep me from overstepping bounds; but I knew better than any one else that Peg was not "slow," and not few were the good times we had had together since leaving school, not to mention those before we left. I was wild with joy when she came to live in the same town with me, a suburb of New York, and it was not long before she knew all my friends and was indispensable to the good times of our set.

This was the first time we had received together and yet alone, and we wished to make it a marked success, one to be recorded in the annals of our families; so we sent out about one hundred and twenty-five cards, and prepared for a grandiferous time (even Peg would stoop to coin adjectives sometimes). The next important question was the matter of dress, and I never saw Peg so exercised before. She could not decide which to wear, a sit-down or stand-up dress. I, being so short anyway, and having the general appearance of being cut off, could wear only one style, and my mind was at rest for once. Well, Peg consulted her own family, the dressmaker, and even my family, but no one's opinion suited her so well as my brother Tom's. Even Peg was inclined to look favorably on Tom, and I was not surprised when she took his advice, and wore some charming combination or other, — I am not very good at describing gowns, — which seemed just to suit her every way.

Of course the day came, — days generally do,— and in our extreme anxiety that everything would not be ready in time, we got down-stairs a full hour before any one could possibly come. But we did n't mind this, for we could give an extra pull to the draperies, to throw a more becoming light, and examine ourselves from head to foot for about the hundredth time. At last we settled ourselves in the most graceful attitudes which, to our minds, we could assume, arranged the folds of our gowns just right, and adjusted our fans to the most captivating position, and felt that now nothing could possibly go wrong, for even the smallest matter had obtained no end of consideration, and there was that delicious spread in the dining-room, which Tom had said he knew he should eat if he stayed at home, so we sent him to New York to do some shopping for us, — Tom is real good at buying things for girls. But I am digressing, which, Peg says, is second nature to me.

Finally, after ages of waiting, the time came when we might hope to see some one appear. It was really wonderful how we did talk on every subject under the sun, and with so much enthusiasm, but not once did we look at each other. After a short time I screwed up my courage to glance at Peg, and I saw she was staring with all her might and main at a Christmas card, and trying so hard to look calm. Time passed on and we waited in vain for the sound of the bell. All was still in the house, save an occasional clatter of dishes in the servants' department.

An hour had gone, and still we sat there; but topics seemed to be wanting. Once or twice, I noticed, Peg took off her glasses and wiped them, — a sign of uneasiness with her, — and her face wore a remarkably brilliant color. As for me, I felt as I never felt before, — the way people must feel when paralysis overtakes them, — sort of cold and creepy all over. Still the time wore on, and another hour and a half had passed, yet no callers. By this time Peg could control herself no longer, and she rose and walked up and down the room, regardless of her beautifully arranged draperies. On my part, I might just as well have been a statue, for I could n't move, and kept getting colder and colder, while I could feel the perspiration standing out all over me. Suddenly there came a tremendous peal of the bell, and at this we could no longer keep quiet, but sprang up and indulged in the wildest kind of an embrace; but it was necessary to compose ourselves, which we did, though shaking from head to foot. Slowly and solemnly the footman opened the door and announced, "A man is at the door wishing you to subscribe for 'The Strong-minded Women of America'; I tried to send him away, but he would n't go until I had seen you." Well, if ever two girls resembled Amazons in ferocity it was then. We fairly galloped to the door; and the man did n't remain long, and I hardly think he will return soon. That broke the spell, and we just raved; but after a time Tom came in and tried to console us, and finally persuaded us to go into the dining-room and refresh ourselves with what remained, for some of the ices looked very despondent and about to drop out of existence. Tom's spirits rose every minute, but nothing could make up for our disappointment, and we went to our rooms very disconsolate. Peg had promised to spend the night with me.

The next day we did n't dare go out of doors, and we called down all sorts of unmentionable things on the offenders' heads. Late in the afternoon Tom came home, and his face was just beaming. We were getting rather provoked with

him, for he had n't sympathized with us at all, but now he took all our threats very calmly, and asked us if we cared to know something. Of course we were all attention if it were to our advantage.

It would take too long to repeat all his perambulations and sallies, but the gist of the matter was that Tom thought something must be the matter somewhere, so he took it upon himself to investigate, and found that our messenger boy had never delivered the cards at all, — had forgotten them entirely.

If Tom was n't complimented and petted to his heart's content that day no one ever was; but Tom always was an obliging brother, only, as he says, he never was appreciated. DOROTHY.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

A LASSIE fair,
Her sunny hair
Holding a wealth
Of gold.
A laddie there,
Brave, debonair.
She thought him
Rather bold.

O maiden dear!
My heart see here,
Is yours to have
And hold.
The story 's queer,
But with a tear
The old-new tale
Was told.

THE OLD MONK IN THE CHAPEL.

THE gray light of a winter day hung over the brown earth like the soft folds of an outer garment, the snow on the tree-tops and hills gave just a faint suggestion of fur trimming, and the dry leaves with a mournful rustle denoted themselves outcasts from the warmth suggested in the bosom of the earth. The air blew keen and cold, and, like the leaves, I too felt an impetus to hurry on, shielding as best I could from the biting frost a bunch of fragrant violets I had hastily bought from a shivering little maid on a windy street corner. I was hurrying along when over the stilly air the clock in the near chapel rung out its peal.

I must have been in an impressionable mood, for its solemn voice seemed to draw me in at the open door.

Being drawn thus, I crossed the threshold and wandering into the dim, old chapel, a queer feeling of awe stole over me never experienced before.

The reverberations from the clock in the tower still sounded, though fainter and fainter, in the distance, until they mingled with the tones I seemed to hear pealing from the majestic organ. These together melted into a rippling murmur, which owing to the place could never quite die away. Sweet, mystical harmonies are heard playing about an organ ever, as though St. Cecilia had not left her own particular domain, but, as of old, brings very heaven to earth.

Wandering up and down the aisles, my footsteps awakening dull echoes, I became conscious that I was not alone in my religious musing in this sacred place. Even the question of who was there did not define itself to my mind, but I felt that feeling — all now and then experience — of being suddenly made aware one is not alone, as they supposed. I looked about with a stealthy glance, and there, in a far-away corner, I discerned a long, slender, nervously pointing finger. Breathless I sank down among the cushions of a seat near. Breathless I knew not why, unless it might be from the suddenness of another presence, or the weird intelligence of that finger, and what it might mean. I came to myself as the whiff from the violets I had crushed swept over me.

I peered again into the gathering gloom, and could descry the contour of a figure. Straining my eyes to pierce still farther the shadows, I saw at length a table, two white streaks standing out prominently, and was enabled to designate a quill pen. A slight breeze swept through the room and rustled among some loose manuscript, also blowing gently to and fro a light cover thrown back and hanging over the side of the table.

My eyes growing accustomed to the light, I was now better able to notice piled upon the floor several immense books, which looked as though they might contain the knowledge of all the ages. I could even see the finger-worn and ancient leathern backs. I became so engrossed in deciphering these I almost forgot my feeling that some one

was there, until suddenly there streamed through the window a streak of light. It was a ray from the brilliant sunset, and entering the chapel it borrowed an extra rubiness from the glass through which it poured. It rushed in softly, and to my astonished gaze it revealed the figure of a venerable monk seated by the side of the table, his eyes fixed upon a crucified Saviour, above and upon which the mellow light now threw a lustrous radiance. Enveloped in a dark robe, his cowl allowed to slip back, I could see escaping from his round black cap a few scant gray hairs which were swept away from the pale brow. The emaciated hand held one of the large books upon his knees, while a finger of the other pointed mysteriously to the open page.

The light died down to faint rosiness, and played upon the myriad colors of the window below the crucifix.

The monk sat calm and awful. The muscles of his neck showed his wasted condition, and the glassy eyes told plainly how oft were his vigils. His whole mien was deeply devout, rapt in heavenly contemplation of a Lord, and Him crucified, and one of unconscious warning by that wavering finger to all unbelievers. His only taint of the earthy was his weak, wasted condition, so evident in the whole quivering body.

Silently I fell upon my knees. Hark! did he not speak? My throbbing heart for an instant beat less loudly. I listened intently to catch the sounds, if sounds there were. Then out of the pulsating stillness I heard a weak voice which came in faltering accents through the thin, drawn, and blood-settled lips, "Thus — it — is — written." How the words thrilled my very being, as they stole over the calm of that lonely chapel! "Thus it is written," — yes, life, death, and the great hereafter; and must such weak, emaciated fingers point the way, and God's own bright sunsets discover such heralds? I crept as noiselessly away as I could, leaving the sweet violets to pour incense over the scene.

One day many years after, I entered that chapel in broad daylight, and to my consternation there sat the old monk the same as ever, but in a picture. So 't was but a picture. Ever to me he lives and breathes, and ever can I hear those words, "Thus it is written."

ADAM'S FIRST SUNRISE.

It is night in the Garden of Eden. Nature and the animal kingdom are at rest. Darkness pervades the scene, and the garden lies silent and peaceful, wrapped in the sable robe of night. Even the soft cooing notes of the little birds are hushed, and Adam lies in his leafy bower, enjoying such repose as only an untroubled conscience can bring, for as yet everything is pure and holy to him, and he knows not what sin is. After a space of time the darkness begins to pass away, and as one to-day is aroused from a calm and peaceful sleep by some slight cause, so Adam, to whom everything is new, is awakened by even this quiet change in the elements.

Already the sky in the east is perceptibly lighter, and of a somewhat yellowish cast, which slowly changes into a rosy, crimson hue, and as the first rays of the sun begin to streak the distant horizon Adam's attention is fixed in that direction, and it seems to him a thick veil is slowly drawn from his eyes, and the view becomes more and more distinct.

As the rays climb rapidly farther and farther up the sky, did he but know with what lightning rapidity they travel he could realize how great is the distance his vision spans, and how powerful indeed is the Creator and mover of it all.

There is a wondrous calm about Adam's solitude, but there is nothing oppressive in its stillness. He sees the faint rays of the sun first peep, and then, as if bolder grown, shine bright and warm over the Garden of Eden, while the foliage exhibits every shade of green, from the pale, delicate leaf of the maple and the silver-gray of the willow, to the deeper tint of the oak and the sombre shadow of an occasional pine. Then, too, there is the soft, tender blue of the sky, forming a rich, solid background, which is banked here and there with fleecy white clouds. The pale azure, as tender and cool in its appearance as the neighboring rivulet, is intermingled with the faint streaks of orange, which gradually grow brighter, forming little dashes of crimson, which so much help to enhance the beauty of the scene.

The effect upon Adam of all the exquisite mingling and blending of colors is depicted in his countenance as we see him wandering about among the flowers and beasts of his wild-wood

home. From the satisfied expression of his face, we are able to judge that he is contented with his lot.

THE VERESTCHAGIN COLLECTION.

Vassili Verestchagin, the artist concerning whose work so much has been said and written in the past three years, is by birth a Russian, and is a man of middle age. He is not only an artist, but an author as well, and has even written poems descriptive of or relating to his paintings.

The collection which bears his name consists of his paintings, together with many articles gathered from Oriental countries, — woven materials, metallic laces, fanciful head-dresses and articles of apparel, and of many wonderful pieces of workmanship made of stone, of metal, and of human bones.

This collection is exhibited at present in the Arena Building, on Tremont Street, Boston. It has already been seen in other large cities, notably in Chicago and New York, and, it is said, will soon be returned to the latter city, where the different articles will be offered for sale.

The pictures, which range in size from those of ordinary dimensions to immense canvases measuring eighteen or twenty feet across, represent in a most realistic manner the scenes portrayed.

Many of the larger ones treat of the horrors of war, of capital punishment, or of the interiors of mosques and tombs.

"The Conquered" shows a battle-field strewn with dead bodies. At the left stand two figures, a priest in his official robes, and a man, no doubt a soldier. They are holding the last solemn services over the dead bodies of their countrymen.

At first, only these two figures are plainly visible in the picture, but as we look closer, the dead men, with open mouths and glassy eyes, are seen. The sun is "drawing water," and we feel as though the sky itself is weeping at beholding such a scene. "The Night," though not a large picture, is a wonderful piece of work. On each side rises a mountain (the scene is laid among the Himalayas), and at the foot of one is a camp-fire, beside which a man is standing. In the darkness his face is not visible, and were it not for the light of the fire his presence would not be suspected. Away at the top, between the mountain peaks, we see a little patch of white sky, and this, with the red sparks rising in the smoke, is all that relieves the utter blackness.

"Hanging in Russia," "Crucifixion by the Romans," and "Blowing from Guns in British India" are pictures worth seeing. A fair idea of their nature may be obtained from their titles.

The interiors of the mosques are particularly well executed. The kneeling figures, the shoes on the marble floors, the lights and shadows are perfect. One seems almost able to look through the grated casements into the apartments beyond.

An important department is that taken up by the portraits. They show all types and nationalities, and all alike are pleasing in that we feel them to be accurate and natural. Everything Verestchagin has painted is natural. Nothing is overdrawn, and nothing is omitted for the sake of sparing the feelings of the sensitive.

The curios displayed awaken various sensations, — surprise and admiration at the ingenuity manifested, pleasure at the beauty of some, horror at the nature of others, and at the same time a feeling that the man who has brought all this together is a genius.

Taking it all in all, the Verestchagin collection is a wonder, and to miss seeing it is to lose an opportunity that may not be offered again in a lifetime.

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

CHAPTER I.

Alice Walton is not old, but already her forehead is deeply lined, and the brown hair, once so soft and bright, is rapidly turning gray. Often her eyelids are stained by tears, and her lips quiver as she watches her merry little namesake playing so carelessly and happily in the sunshine. Does she grieve for the dear dead father of her child? No, not now; for she knows that he, at least, is safe in heaven.

There is her old father going out, seemingly to enjoy the sunshine on this smiling afternoon. Tall and straight, although in his seventieth year, silver hair waving above a noble forehead, should she not be proud of him? But wait.

Several hours have elapsed and he is returning. Who is this? Is it the same man? No, it cannot be! It is some old street vagrant. He totters, but as he comes nearer, you see that it is not with the weakness of age. Others have seen it, too, for behind him is the usual train of small boys, hooting and throwing stones. His clothes are torn, his face and eyes red, and except for the snow-white hair, there is little resemblance in him to the stately old gentleman who left the house a short time ago. He walks unsteadily up the steps, and sinks down after a feeble pull at the massive bell handle. A portly butler comes to the door, but his face changes as he sees the heap at his feet. As he motions to the interested children to run away, he mutters under his breath, "Poor mistress! indeed she has a hard time of it." He gently lifts the fallen man and closes the door, shutting out from curious eyes and ears the world of trouble within.

This, then, is the bitter sorrow that makes the beautiful Alice Walton look so old and haggard now. Not long ago she came, at her father's request, to live with him in his beautiful mansion, a young and happy bride. Her mother had once told her of his fatal appetite, but as he had seemingly conquered it, she had not thought much about it, in her new joys and anxieties. Her husband was killed suddenly in an accident; but she soon finds that this trouble is nothing in comparison to another. Her mother's death embittered her father, and he had been secretly indulging in his old habit for years. But he is able to hide it no longer, and although he often repents, and curses his weakness and folly, yet the demon is too strong for him, and again he yields. Day by day he goes out, still a noble-looking man, sometimes to totter home, a wreck of his former self, and sometimes — oh, whisper it not! — to be brought home at night wholly unconscious. The police of the city know him, and his daughter is spared the anguish of seeing him in prison with other victims, for, partly in pity for her, and partly out of regard for her money and station, they bring him home, to sleep off the effects of his wretched spree upon his own bed. The advice and treatment of celebrated physicians are secured, but all in vain. At last he, the noble and talented man, dies the death of the common drunkard.

Mrs. Walton's hope now centres in her daughter, golden-haired Alice. She lives to see her the wife of a Christian man, and she instils into her heart and mind the sad lesson taught by her own bitter experience. Soon she too dies, and her daughter resolves that her children shall not become victims, if her prayers and teachings can help them. But she forgets the solemn words, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, unto the *third* and *fourth* generation of them that hate me." Too soon she learns the bitter truth. Her only child, a boy, has been cursed with his ancestor's fatal appetite. Even at an early age he shows it, in his increasing desire for much meat, and highly seasoned food, and when his baby tongue can scarcely lisp the words, he begs for Jamaica ginger and sugar, which, once given as a *medicine*, is now taken as a *beverage*. Earnestly his mother talks and prays with him, and his young mind seems to understand what she says, and at an early age he "signs the pledge," and she thinks the fatal taste eliminated; but it is only silenced for the time. Oh, why did she not realize what she was doing when she married his father! You say she was young, and, ah, yes! she *loved* him. But would she have sacrificed this love upon the altar of duty if she had known of the curse which must surely fall upon her descendants?

Her ancestors, on both sides, had always been what is called "high livers," eating much meat, and consequently drinking much. They possessed at the beginning strong constitutions, and many had lived to a good old age, but more had died of apoplexy and congestion of other organs, and some, like her grandfather, of delirium tremens. Tradition only said that the Waltons had been mighty hunters of the deer and wild boar, and had quaffed from the foaming drinking-horn with rather too much pleasure and frequency.

But, thinks the fond mother, as long as I am with him I will shield him from the temptations of the world, until he is strong enough to resist them. Intoxicating liquors are never found on the sideboard or table, and for the time all seems to go well. But suddenly she dies, and the grief-stricken boy, remembering her words and prayers, vows solemnly that he will never touch the vile

stuff that brought so much trouble to his mother, and whose effects he sees around him daily.

His father almost worships him, and in him all his hopes are centred. He goes to college, with the intention of studying law afterwards, becoming, as he hopes, and his proud father thinks, a second Lincoln or Webster. Young, talented, and rich, he soon becomes a favorite both with his classmates and teachers.

One night some friends urged him, "just to see how it tastes," to try their favorite champagne. He yields, and it is good, and he tastes again — and again. The taste for it grows upon him, strengthened by the food he eats, the basis of which is strongly seasoned meat, accompanied by various sauces. But still he remembers his mother's prayers, and does not descend to the drunkard's level. He goes through college alternately signing pledges and breaking them, and at twenty-five he graduates with high honors, for his are no mean talents. But the professors shake their heads, and his father looks grave, when they hear of his over-indulgences. He laughs at their fears, and tells his father that he will know how to control himself when the time comes.

Finally, as it happens to all, he falls in love with a beautiful girl, the sister of one of his classmates. "And now," he says to himself, "I will never drink again; for what is the pleasure in looking at the sparkling wine-cup in comparison to what I feel when looking into her eyes?" He has not yet told her of his love, and when he receives an invitation to a reception at the house of a mutual friend, soon after his graduation, he says to himself, "That will be the time."

[*To be concluded.*]

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

It had been such a bleak, snowy day! Since early morning the snow had been busily at work, piling up high, billowy banks of frosty down. Everything without was dismal and gloomy. The busy, hurrying crowd of people, with bright, animated faces and armfuls of mysterious bundles, were the only signs of happy, cheerful life, unless, ndeed, it were the shop windows, which glowed with variety of form and color. Still life it was, but, nevertheless, a welcome oasis in the surrounding desert of gloom.

But gloom did not enter in the pretty Queen Anne house that stood on one of the principal avenues of the great city, for a bright fire was burning in the open grate, and a happy family group was seated around its genial blaze. Two little stockings were hanging from the mantel, and two children, a boy of eight or nine and a baby girl of three years, were bidding an early "Good night, and pleasant dreams," all around, and then Bob and Baby Bess were carried off by nurse to be snugly tucked into their warm little beds.

It was Christman Eve. What bright, happy pictures and thoughts arise before the minds of some of us! What sad, mournful memories crowd themselves before the vision of other minds! This world brings alike to all sorrow or gladness.

* * * * *

It would have been quite dark were it not for the solemn row of snow-capped street-lanterns, one of which casts its rays along the snowy pavements, till they fall on the frost-covered frames of a bakery window. Just enough light to distinguish the tempting array of flaky pies, doughnuts twisted into every conceivable shape, nicely browned rolls, and delicious little plum-cakes, and such whiffs of savory spicy odors pervade that bakery window. Indeed more that one passer-by hastened his steps supper-ward, after a glance and whiff at this goodly array.

But one person stopped, he stopped because the delicious odors reminded him very forcibly that he had no supper in store for him, — a ragged little urchin, his shivering, purple hands thrust into his pockets, that were little more than holes. The remnant of what was once a hat partially covered the scrubby hair, sprigs of which were plainly discernible through the numerous apertures in that old piece of felt.

He was one of the numerous band of bootblacks with which the large cities abound. His working utensils hung by an old strap from his arm, and he gazed hungrily at the delicacies before him. Oh, could he only have one of all those nice things! — just one roll: he was so hunrgy and so cold.

The heedless people jostled rudely against him, never noticing the shivering form. They were all

happy, going to warm, bright homes, to sit before blazing fires, or to eat dainty meals. Alas! he had no home, no blazing fire or dainty meal.

He knew the morrow was the Christmas Day. How he longed to be happy with the coming happy time! How stiff and numb his hands and feet were becoming! Why did those pies and cakes swim so strangely before his eyes? Why did he feel as though he were falling? Then some one jarred against the numb, weak, little body, and it fell. Did they know he had not strength to get up again? Did they stop to think that a little boy was nearly frozen to death? Somebody — but whether from kindness, or because he was blocking the way — had put him on the broad doorstep of the baker's shop, and there he lay, half conscious, and then —

A broad sunbeam danced across Bob's eyes, a childish face was close to his, a chubby hand was pinching his cheek, and a baby voice was shouting in his ear, "Merry Christmas, Bob!"

Bob sat up and looked about him. Yes, he was in his own nursery. The bright fire was crackling a merry Christmas to him, and Baby Bess was waking him to give the same greeting.

And he had really been dreaming, dreaming he was that little bootblack boy that made papa's boots look so bright the other day. How real it did seem! But was n't it funny? — Bob a bootblack! Well, the little urchin had a merry Christmas after all, did n't he?

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLASS OF '79.

Whereas, it pleased God in his wisdom to remove from her earthly home to a heavenly and better home our dear friend and classmate, Cora Flint Anthony,

Resolved, I., That the class of '79 feel most deeply the death of our dear friend, and most sincerely grieve with other friends for her untimely end: We remember Cora in the old school-days as an industrious student, a kind and loving friend, and above all a sincere and earnest Christian.

Patient, thoughtful for the feelings and interests of those about her, she endeared herself to a large circle of friends, and all these years since the old school-days have only served to ripen and strengthen those early friendships.

Resolved, II., That we extend our warmest sympathy to all sorrowing friends, to the old teachers and scholars at Lasell, to that larger number of acquaintances in the world, and, most of all, to that circle of mourners in the darkened home at Fall River; for not only have they lost Cora, but also a younger sister, Jennie, who was also at Lasell, and who "passed on before" only a week or two since.

Only God can comfort such sorrow, and to him we commend in our prayers and sympathies the bereaved husband, father, mother, and sisters.

Resolved, III., That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to Lasell Leaves for publication, and to Cora's family.

Irene J. Sanford,
Lizzie D. R. Atkinson,
Carrie Kendig Kellogg,
Class of '79.

"WHAT IS MY FAVORITE FLOWER," DID YOU SAY?

You ask a gracious question,
And I will answer truly;
And all my floral favorites
Set down in order duly.

Roses, and pinks, and periwinks,
And stately, tall sunflowers,
And hollyhocks, and four-o'-clocks,
That mark the passing hours;
The violet blue, of heavenly hue,
Lilies of dazzling white,
And ten-weeks stocks, and goldilocks,
And pansies, heart's delight.
The mignonette I can't forget,
Or lily of the vale,
Nasturtiums gay, or flower of May,
Or evening primrose pale.
The flaunting phlox, or green of box,
Wake childhood memories;
The harebell frail, and swamp cat-tail,
And fair anemones,
Forget-me-nots, in quiet spots,
The glory of the morning.
Sweet-peas, I ween, have winsome mien;
Indeed, I have no scorning
For golden-rod, or milkweed pod,
For thistles in the lane;
And asters bright entrance my sight,
And daisies on the plain.

I love them all, both great and small:
Cheap were this world of ours,
Its toil and pain, its loss and gain,
If 't were not for the flowers.

H. F.

PERSONALS.

Miss Edith G. Andrews, now Mrs. Arthur M. Wright, sends her cards for receptions in February, Laurel Street, Dorchester. Miss Andrews was at Lasell in '83 and '84.

Miss Augusta S. E. Bente was married, in New York City, Nov. 12, 1890, to Mr. Charles A. Meyer, Jr. Miss Bente was at Lasell in '87 and '88.

Miss Grace Elizabeth Ackerly was married to Mr. Henry Duncan Kerr, Nov. 12, 1890, at Northport, Long Island. Miss Ackerly spent a part of last year at Lasell.

Miss Jennie S. Flint, of Fall River, Mass., died Nov. 22, and ten days later an older sister, Mrs. Cora F. Anthony, passed away, and the two were laid side by side in Oak Grove Cemetery at Fall River. Both were victims of consumption; both had been in New York City, under the care of a specialist, making together a brave struggle to retain the hold on life that was fast weakening. Death became the conqueror, and each of them in turn, and so near together, passed peacefully away, Mrs. Anthony dying in New York. Mrs. Anthony — Cora Bell Flint — came to Lasell in March, 1875, and remained there till her graduation, in June, 1879. In this long stay her teachers and schoolmates had an opportunity to know well her quiet, modest worth and strength of character. There are still those at the school who feel her death as a personal loss, for she was thoroughly respected and loved. Of four sisters, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Flint, who have been pupils at Lasell during the last fifteen years, Jennie S. and her twin sister, Jessie C., were the youngest. They seemed so much like one person that it is hard to think of them now as separated forever on earth. These two came in '85 and left in '87. Jennie, like Mrs. Anthony, was retiring, and not very demonstrative, but strong and sweet and lovable. It seems strange that she has gone in her young loveliness, that both sisters should have gone so early. Lasell extends her warmest sympathy to the bereaved family and friends, and deeply mourns her daughters so untimely snatched away.

Three of the Lasell graduates paid a brief morning visit to the school together Nov. 19: Miss Lillie Potter, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, and Mrs. Annie Kendig Pierce. The latter thinks her hands full with the care of two lovely, but very lively little girls. Miss Potter has pretty well recovered from her long illness, caused by overwork. She has made surprising success with the classes she instructs in European lore. The pupils are many and enthusiastic. Next year she will not only take her usual party to Europe, but will conduct them also through Spain and Northern Africa.

Dr. Pierce writes that she is improving in health, and even intimates the possibility of visiting Lasell next summer. May it be! She hears from Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, who have another little son added to their family. Miller grows apace in many infantile graces, though he has not yet developed a great talent for talking.

Mrs. E. Thresher, of Monson, Mass., died suddenly on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. She was the mother of a beloved member of the present Senior Class, Helen Thresher, who arrived at home the night of the 26th, quite unprepared for the shock that awaited her. The illness of Mrs. Thresher had prostrated her only a few days, and had not been recognized as of a dangerous character till just before her death, so that the absent children had not been notified. The son in the West arrived too late to see his mother alive. The school deeply sympathizes with this friend and mate so suddenly bereft of her good parent.

LOCALS.

The second regular meeting of the Missionary Society met in the chapel, Sunday, Nov. 16. The programme was as follows: —

ORGAN VOLUNTARY . . . . Miss Shinn
DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES . . Miss Sargeant
ADDRESS . . . . Miss Cushman, of China
SOLO . . . . . Miss Peabody

Over two hundred dollars was raised by subscription.

Wednesday, Nov. 19, in the chapel, the Rev. Dr. Shinn delivered his delightful lecture on

"The Passion Play," which he witnessed at Oberammergau the past summer. It was as much enjoyed as his course of lectures given at the Seminary two years ago, "*Why is Savonarola Dead?*"

Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd gave the third in a series of Saturday-evening receptions, Dec. 22. Mr. Butler, of Auburndale, being present, entertained the girls by what he called making "wiggles." A sheet of charcoal paper being suspended, some one made on it a "wiggle," from which Mr. Butler quickly developed forms. The girls were surprised and delighted, some of the drawings being wonderful.

Thanksgiving at Lasell was this year, if possible, more of a success than ever. Of course the dinner was the principal feature. The tables, which were decorated with flowers, and handsome dinner cards, were arranged in the form of a hollow square, one end being left open. In the centre of the square were palms and potted plants. The menu was: —

Oysters on Half Shell.
Consommé. Turtle Soup.
Baked Whitefish, Tartar Sauce.
Saratoga Chips, Dressed Lettuce, Celery, Olives.
Roast Pig.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Sauce.
Green Goose, Apple Jelly.
Venison Steak. French Peas.
Squash. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Mashed Potatoes.
Salmon Salad. Boned Chicken in Jelly.
Mince Pie. Baked Indian Pudding.
Frozen Pudding, Banana Ice.
Lady Fingers, Fruit Cake, Almond Cake,
Fruit, Confections, Bonbons,
Tea, Coffee, Cheese.

After the coffee toasts were given. Miss Tappan, toast-mistress, called upon the guests representing the following different schools and colleges to respond: —

Rev. Dr. Gannett, Gannett Institute; Mr. Algernon, D. P. Tassin, Harvard; Mr. Wirt Tassin, Cornell; Mr. Frank Holden, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The other expected guests — from Wellesley, Harvard Annex, Vassar, and Boston University — were unable to be present. Rowe's Band, from Waltham, furnished the music.

EXCHANGES.

Our calendar is turned back, we are turned back, the world is turned back, but the *Yale Courant* has come to the front and greets us with an April Fool, November number. Startled! Words cannot express the feeling, as the breath became shorter, the pulse lower, and the thought too late took full possession of the brain. If they will only turn back one leaf now and then and cover the blank pages, we may be able in time to keep pace with their rapid progress.

"The Personality of George Eliot as Revealed in her Heroines," in the November number of the *Ægis*, is deserving of brief mention, for it indicates careful reading and a thorough understanding of the subject its author undertook.

In the later numbers of college publications an increase in the quality and quantity of articles of fiction is noted and commended. It is one of the most difficult of tasks for an editor to furnish good stories. They do not grow on bushes, but are the result of hard work and much thought.

PRIDE.

Let him whose heart is filled with pride
But watch the leaves of autumn fall,
The high and low that, side by side,
Drop silently at nature's call,
Without regard to where they grew,
Or at the top or bottom flew,
And learn from them the law of all.
All meekness must with him abide.

Dartmouth Lit.

KISS ME TWO.

They sat in a curtain-hung recess,
With no other one near by,
Save one of her little nieces,
Too young to be thought a spy.

We sat round the open fire,
The lulls in our talk were few:
But once when our speech chanced to tire,
We heard, "Aunty, kiss me too."

Rare presence of mind was made use of,
For, in tones that were guileless and nice,
"'Kiss me *two*,' is not right, little nuisance:
You would properly say, kiss me *twice*."

Bowdoin Orient.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN comes with fiery brand,
Scattering glory through the land,
Yellow, purple, blue, and gray,
Mingle in her bright array,
All the world starts into flame,
At the sound of Autumn's name.

Stands majestic on the hills,
Leaves her brightness on the rills,
Touches earth, and sea, and sky,
With her wand in passing by;
All responds, and starts anew,
Autumn, at thy grand review.

Then the rustling leaves fall down,
Clothing earth in sable gown;
Trees are standing bare and tall,
Having lost their children all;
Autumn now has turned a thief:
Earth has plunged in deepest grief.

But, O season, bright and fair!
To forgive thee all we dare,
Though you promised, you 've bereft
Us of much, but still you 've left
Harvest rich and glowing sky,
And we sing a fond good-by.

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JANUARY, 1891.

LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XVI.—No. 4.

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

THE holidays are over!

All that we have talked and dreamed off since September has come and gone, and now we are working as soberly as if we had never heard of such a word as vacation. After our two weeks of fun, we have come back refreshed, and eager to begin studying in earnest, for, now the initiation is over, we know what to do, when and how to do it, and realize more fully than ever before the value of each day, hour, minute.

Let us profit by the experience of the past three months, and, forgetting the mistakes, trials, and broken resolutions of those days, with earnest resolution, renew our endeavors, so that at the end of this year we can feel that a part of our purposes has been carried out. Some of us begin new studies — and here is our opportunity; we can make a fresh start, and see how perfectly and how thoroughly each day's lessons can be mastered. Those of us who have been home or have visited friends feel satisfied; there will be no complaints of homesickness this term; while those that have remained here have had their pleasures also, and have forgotten that they ever sent home a homesick letter. It is exceedingly amusing to hear the different descriptions of what apparently constitutes jolly times. From one, we catch a whisper of a reunion of some of our girls in Chicago, and the gay time they had together.

Each and every girl vows that she has had a "perfectly lovely time"; but had she returned promptly the remembrance of that "lovely time" might have been sweeter. This late girl has missed something, — she has missed meeting at every other corner a group of girls eagerly discussing their Christmas presents, each one try-

ing patiently to await her turn to enumerate her gifts; however, do not think these girls selfish because they are talking of the presents they received, they are happier still for having made others happy.

Not only have the two King's Daughters circles contributed to the happiness of others, but there is scarcely a girl — yes, we will say there is not a girl — at Lasell who has not enjoyed her Christmas more for having done something for some one more needy than herself. We see a few new faces, and heartily welcome them to our already large family, and, although we feel now that we are "old girls," we must not forget that many of us but twelve weeks ago felt exactly as these new-comers do; so let each of us see how quickly we can make these girls feel "at home."

The Arabs have a saying that there is no such thing in life as a trifle, but the wise and observing become more impressed as each year slips by with the truth of the proverb which we vary in saying, that trifles make up the sum of life. A pleasant home is not the result so much of one or two happy circumstances but of a thousand little conveniences, thoughtful acts, and loving foresights, which go to make up daily comfort and happiness. How many a family quarrel a button missing from my lord's shirt has caused! How many a man has found a dainty, well-cooked dinner, with which his wife has really taken pains, all distasteful because she did not remember that he did not like onions in the soup or oil in the salad! Unreasonable? Yes, and a little thing to put him out; but who, dear madam, finds the grain of sand in the eye less irritating because of its minuteness? and have not you yourself had all your pleasure in your new bonnet destroyed because the ostrich plumes and the ribbon were a little different in shade? It was so little that no one but yourself probably ever noticed it, but, nevertheless, you always hated that bonnet, and felt cross when you wore it.

Little things are not alone confined to the home circle, but are necessary elements in all spheres. Some men are popular in a business way, some in society. Have you examined their traits? have you analyzed their actions? If so, you have found it is not the result of great deeds alone which endear them to the hearts of their companions, but the little acts of kindness and love.

Look at the students in our schools and colleges. Are not the popular ones those who are ever mindful of their companions, who win admiration by showing their thoughtfulness in little ways?

It is not for all of us to do great deeds, but every human being on God's green earth has the power to do the little things. Trifles they may seem, but how important!

An entertainment at which I "assisted" lately, and enjoyed very much, was the Kirmess.

This word, which was formerly spelled Kermesse, seems to have come directly from the Flemish word Kirkmess. Strange as it may seem, this was originally a religious festival, while now it is simply a collection of national and other dances acted upon a stage, the profits being usually devoted to some charity.

The first dance upon the programme was the dance of the Baby Nation, and to the baby lovers this was one of the most interesting features of the performance.

The curtain rolled up, disclosing an immense wooden shoe, which held about sixteen children together with "the old woman who had so many children she did n't know what to do," only in this case she did know what to do, and, what is more, did it well, as she marshalled the babies through the dance. The little ones were dressed in long white gowns, white caps, and red cloaks, which they threw off during the dance. It all went very smoothly, even until the little ones, drawn into a line, each with a pillow upon the shoulder of the next child, and its head upon it, marched slowly off the stage.

The dance of the gypsies was the brightest and, on the whole, the most popular of the dances. There were two bands of gypsies, and the two queens, coming on first, exchanged friendly greetings. Then there was a call, and the followers came forth, each beating a tambourine, and all in perfect time. At the close, some of them, coming to the front of the stage with their tambourines, received silver given by the audience.

The Greek dance was a difficult one, owing to the slow time and the postures. Eight blondes took part, and with every change of position a different light was thrown upon them, the shades being very delicate and beautiful.

Two little girls danced the Highland Fling in a manner which would have done credit to any one.

The dance of the Seasons was performed by thirty-two young ladies, eight for each season. Those representing spring were dressed in blue and white, summer in dainty white with garlands of flowers, autumn in bright red, winter in soft thick white, with sleigh-bells thrown across the shoulders.

There were many other dances, which I will merely mention: the American dance, the Minuet, the Irish dance, the Spanish dance, Little Lord Fauntleroy dance, and the Fisher's Hornpipe. In the latter, The Lone Fisherman figured largely and received a great deal of applause. At the close, the participants in each dance came upon the stage, gradually forming a hollow square with one end open, the seasons coming last. Spring advanced to the front of the stage and laid down some seeds, Summer covered them with flowers, Autumn placed baskets of fruit upon them, and Winter covered the whole with snow-flakes.

L. R. T. W. P.

If the "China" does n't take this back more speedily than she brought us hither, I fear the December number will lack the intended letter. I have been so lazy and busy, — perhaps I may put it busy and lazy.

If I remember aright, I closed the last as we were rounding Dead Man's Point, — no, Diamond Head, — into Honolulu harbor. Diamond Head is a grim, bare, sturdy headland of volcanic rock, but the city it guards so well from the boisterous deep is fair to see, nestling among its groves stretching up from its gently rounding shore, fringed by green waves curling over coral reefs, into darker green valleys and purple hills. We make out the old banana groves, the Government house, the palace, with its flag, and long to set foot on shore. The anchor-chain rattled out at eleven o'clock, but we waited till two for the "Jas. McKee."

Three wasted hours, when hours were so precious! The waves were running pretty high, and the women did n't like to trust the small boats, as we should have done.

Once on land, we found a city which one could hardly have told from Charleston or Savannah: the white folks and darkies were there. The signs were mostly in English. The two-seated carriages for hire looked very American, and we spoke to no one who did not understand and answer us.

We walked to the Capitol, seeking Mr. Baldwin. Not finding him, we listened to a debate over a motion to appropriate ten thousand dollars to send boys abroad to school. Both houses were sitting together. It seemed odd to hear one man talk in English and another answer him in Kanaka, then No. 1 reply in Kanaka, and so on. I think one half the Parliament is American. Maud's father is "Noble Baldwin," if you please. We looked at the palace, which seems a finer building than our White House (but the king did n't ask us in!), and the grounds are much more charming. While the women went shopping I continued my search for Mr. Baldwin, by telephone from the Hawaiian hotel and by carriage for a half hour. Then we all took a "barge" and drove through the streets and up to the "Punch-bowl," a hill just beyond the Portuguese settlement. Beautiful view, — get Maud to tell you about it in chapel! Think of mango, tamarind, guava, cocoa-nut, and a dozen other palm, banana, monkey-pod, bread-fruit, algeroba trees, not to speak of vines and flowers! Called on Mary Beckwith's uncle, and saw uncle, aunt, and cousin, and heard a fresh and pleasant word about Mary.

The stable-keeper tried to take in the stranger, of course, but the Lasell party was too bright for him. We had been told the boat that brought us in would take us out at 6.30 o'clock. At 6.30, thirty or forty persons gathered in the dock at the foot of Main (?) Street, but the wharf gate was locked. Some one crawled in and found the "Jas. McKee" deserted. The agent had failed to keep his agreement. Who the agent is or who the owners are I don't know, but it was a clear breach of a positive contract, and a mean trick.

While we waited around we met old-time friends, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, who are missionarying here, and, much to our surprise, for we thought her still in Newton, Ada Jones, with her father. We were most cordially urged to stay overnight, but thought we ought to "go with the party." So Capt. Jones and Mr. Waterhouse helped us to get small boats, and in the dark and terror (of the women) we were pulled out to the "China." The water *was* pretty rough, and we were afraid of getting into the breakers, and I guess we all breathed better when we were safe on ship.

It cost fifty cents to get ashore and one dollar each to get out. The "China" did n't keep her agreement, either, to go at 7 A. M. the next day, but gave out it would go at 1, afterwards at 2, actually did go at 3.40. Went ashore as soon as I could. Had to go in a sail-boat, and it would have done you good to see Mrs. Lowe and Miss Oskamp and some of the men go down on their knees when the sail went round.

The gentleman from Great Britain did not get low enough, and his brand-new pith helmet, which he had brought in a bandbox all the way from London, was knocked into the water. Round we luffed, and a dark-skinned islander swam for it, and after three tacks he was neatly picked up, but just as he was climbing in off went the hat again. The G. f. G. B. said, "Oh!" and I ordered the yacht to proceed to shore. Had time to call on Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Damon (Maud's aunt), where I met Miss Campbell and Stella Smith's brother, and waited awhile for Mr. Baldwin and Ada Jones. Elegant homes; only sorry I could n't stay a week (I was, I mean, not they).

But if I write such foolish little particulars, I shall never get Japan into this year's volume.

Mrs. Damon made me drink some delicious home-made milk and ice-cold bananas, and Ada Jones made me eat some more, and gave me a bottle of guava jelly and basket of bananas to take to you. This was Friday. A week from the next Wednesday we dressed to the tune of Japanese "Home, Sweet Home," and going on deck saw Sampaus and Fuji, just as we had read we should. We were nineteen and a half days coming from San Francisco to Yokohama. Five thousand six hundred nine miles (nautical, how many statute? Senior class, stand and answer — quick!), with fine weather (except a "white squall" one day, which interested John and sent the women below awhile), good food, and a good time.

In Yokohama harbor were two of our war ships (to one of which we had brought a surgeon, Dr. Wise, from Virginia), one British, one Japanese, one French. Our good guide, Hakodate, whom we have learned to like very much, provided by Mr. Vail's care, quickly presented himself and took us into his charge. A little tug took us to shore, a little man showed an intense interest in our personal effects, — the most intense we have ever experienced, — a little kodak on which they said duty must be paid — ask them where that is! A little walk along a little street brought us to the Grand Hotel, facing the harbor, and where we found a delightful home. As eager as children, into the 'rikshas, we jumped, and off went the trotting-men — anywhere, only so it 's on land, and in these funny little buggies, and through these funny streets of yours. I may as well now say that there are horses and carriages in Japan, but not many or fine. It would have made you laugh to see the turnouts in which the "notables" in Tokio were driven to pay their respects to the Emperor on his birthday, Nov. 3. Old Fan was a brisk and comely colt, as compared with some of these. But the people evidently thought these very fine. One of high rank had a carriage like a London "growler," and a horse like our cart-horse both in build and gait, and the driver looked like "Misther Carey," of Auburndale, in Sunday coat and Mike's hat.

The kurumas, as the Japanese themselves call their man carriages, are convenient, easy (for the rider), and cheap. I think they must help folks to be lazy, their cheapness preventing the walking they ought to do. Ten cents an hour is the usual fare, though there is no fixed rate, — or five to ten cents for ordinary distances. They are a great convenience in a level country; in a hilly they are not cheap, because so many men must be taken.

Three days in Yokohama, four days in Tokio, three in Nikko, one at Kamakura, two at Myanoshita, one each at Shidznoka, Nagoya, and Osaka, five at Kyoto, one at Kobe bring us (through busy hours and many experiences, of which I must tell you later) to our dreaded leave-taking of this

gentle people and their fair land. We sail for Shang-Hai to-night. Not one of us wants to go, we dread China; but if we don't go we can't get home. C. C. B.

KOBE, 11, 20, 1890.

LOCALS.

ARE we to have any Christmas vacation next year?

THE Gertrude Franklin song recitals at Steinert Hall, Boston, Dec. 4 and 11, were attended by several of the girls.

ECHOES from the practice kitchen, — "Is yeast the sediment of wine casks?"

SEVERAL concerts and entertainments before the holidays were passed by unnoticed by our staid young women. Of course, the reason was our devotion to our studies, — no one hints of the Christmas gifts we were making. However, Dr. E. E. Hale's lecture on "My Double, and How He Undid Me," Dec. 2, at West Newton, proved an exception. We helped to fill a very fair portion of the house, and certainly had our full share of enjoyment.

PROPOSED question for debate, — "Who is Lasell's Jimmie Blaine, the power behind the throne?"

IN spite of some reluctance on the part of our principal, we were allowed to attend the fair held at the Auburndale M. E. Church, Dec. 10 and 11. Several improved the opportunity.

AFTER chapel service, one morning before the holidays, Miss Peabody, upon opening the piano for her accustomed duties, was pleasantly surprised to find it filled with lovely flowers. They were the gift of the girls, given at the suggestion of Miss Call.

BRILLIANT SENIOR (*in one of the pauses of the Bible class*). — "Why was Ananias like a clock?"

SECOND SENIOR. — "Because the young men wound him up."

And the brilliant Senior is still wondering why her best original conundrums are always guessed so easily.

FRIDAY evening, Dec. 12. the usual Pupils' Musical Rehearsal was given in the gymnasium. We think the teachers and pupils may be justly proud of its success. The programme was as follows: —

PROGRAMME.

PIANO-FORTE DUET. Polonaise . . . . . *Saran*
MISSES M. SHELLABARGER AND TULLEYS.

CHORUS. Stars Look o'er the Sea . . . . . *Smart*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANO-FORTE. Capriccietto . . . . . *Scharwenka*
MISS HAWES.

VOCAL DUET. The Good Angels . . . . . *Gumbert*
MISSES CRAWFORD AND C. WHITE.

PIANO-FORTE. Phantasie, F minor, First Movement, *Mendelssohn*
MISS THRESHER.

SONG. Crown of Love . . . . . *Löhr*
MISS L. WHITNEY.

VOCAL QUARTETTE. { *a.* Oh! Boat upon the Waters / *b.* Santa Lucia . . . } *Rees*
MISSES OVERMAN, TULLEYS, PFAU, AND GALE.

CHORUS. Expectation . . . . . *Hofmann*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANO-FORTE. Nocturne, B major . . . . *Chopin*
MISS PALMER.

SONGS. { *a.* The Vow . . . . . *Meyer-Helmund* / *b.* Was hab'ich arme Dirn'gethan? . . . *Bohm* / *c.* Snow-flakes . . . . . *Cowen* }
MISS PEABODY.

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Coriolan . . *Beethoven*
MISSES SILLOWAY, RICE, CRESWELL, AND MERRILL.

CHORUS. Come, Flit Around . . . . . *Wekerlin*
CHORUS CLASSES.

AFTER the rehearsal, — "What a beautiful tenor voice Miss G—— has!"

ALTHOUGH we enjoyed Miss Clark's rendering of the Sunday-morning Bible lessons, we were all glad to welcome Dr. Peloubet back after his absence.

THE avoirdupois of the girls is on the increase. Perhaps this is the effect of "indefinitely postponed" midnight feasts.

WE have heard of the refusal of Ulfilas to translate the Book of Kings for his Gothic brethren, but now one of our maidens is wondering if some one refused to translate Enoch. She thinks she has heard something about his translation, but such a book does n't seem to be in her edition of the Bible.

Mr. Shepherd, with his usual thoughtfulness, provided the annual game dinner for us the evening of the 13th. The menu was as complete and varied as usual.

The same evening ended the pleasant informal receptions given by Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd to the school, this evening being devoted to the German and Senior tables.

The latest syllogism illustrating irrelevant conclusion was heard in the Art class : —

The Art girls must get into the Venetian spirit.

The Venetian spirit is said to exclude horses and cows.

Therefore, if the Art girls go to Venice, they must use condensed milk.

The result of the last election of officers of the Y. P. S. C. E. is as follows : —

President	Miss Gale.
Vice-President	Miss Farwell.
Secretary	Miss Prickett.
Treasurer	Miss Vilas.
Lookout Committee	Miss Mann. Miss Falley. Miss Taft.
Prayer-meeting Committee	Miss Cole. Miss Hackett. Miss V. Stowe.
Musical Committee	Miss Snyder. Miss Warren. Miss Brooks.

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

CHAPTER II.

It is long past midnight. In his luxurious study sits an elderly man. Around his temples his hair is white, but you can see that it is so from grief, not age. The oaken table and chairs, the carvings, the pictures, all the appointments of the room, show refined taste aided by wealth. He holds in his hand a picture, the picture of his son. Yes, he is the father of Harold Middleton, the talented young lawyer, who is already becoming famous. But it cannot be pride that causes him to gaze so steadily at this likeness of his son, for he groans, and tears drop down upon it. "Oh my son, my son!" he whispers, "why is it thus?" He seems now to be thinking of his dead wife, for he mutters, "Did we do wrong? I knew and she knew of the curse that had been visited upon our ancestors for generations, but — I *loved* her. — Oh my son! have I brought this upon you?" And he totters to the table and opens a Bible lying there, and with trembling hands finds the wished-for place, and reads, "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me"; and then he comes to the words, "and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." "O God!" he cries, "save my son, and show mercy unto him and me." Even as he speaks his breath grows shorter; he feels a strange pain at his heart, although it is not the first of the kind he has felt; he gasps, his head falls forward, and a few moments later his soul is with its Maker.

That night Harold Middleton had gone to the reception with a heart full of hope and joy. Now he lies in a drunken sleep upon his bed. This, then, is the cause of his father's shame and agony in the room below. His son brought home by the pitying coachman, to be carried to his room, and left there, — so different from what he had been a few hours before.

Little wonder that this trouble was too much for the father, who had long been suffering from heart disease, which, the physicians said, was hereditary, and could not be cured, but that he might live for years if nothing disturbed or shocked him.

The next morning the servants find his lifeless body, and his son awakes from his stupor, to find bitter trouble awaiting him. At first his mind is confused, but soon the events of the previous night become clearer, and he sinks down upon his bed with a blush of shame and a cry of pain. He remembers that the lights, the music, the people, the consciousness of *her* presence excited him. He knew that there was wine, and that *she*, with smiling lips, had offered it to him; that he forgot his resolve, and drank it, drank to *her* health again and again. Then, that people began to look at him and smile significantly; that some friends whispered to him to go home; that he had reached his carriage, and been driven there. Then

he remembers his father's cry of agony when he was half led, half carried up the steps, and he cries, "Oh! to think that she whom I thought I loved should have offered it to me. And yet I must not blame her, for she has taken it all her life, and it must have been my lack of self-control, but I forgot everything when I looked at her. I see now that what I felt for her was passion, not love; it was her beauty that fascinated me. But it has taught me what women are, and how much soul they have. Oh this cursed thirst! I must have more wine, and now. But what am I saying? Am I to become a drunkard? My mother's prayers, why are they not answered? What is life? what is love? Is there a merciful God?" And he laughs bitterly, and adds, "In the future Nature and Necessity shall be my gods." Then a servant knocks at his door, and a frightened voice gasps out, "Come quick, sir! your father 's been in his study all night, and we can't wake him, sir, and I 'm afraid — he 's dead, sir!" He rushes down-stairs and enters the room. Before him, on a sofa, lies the body of his father. Two physicians are bending over it. He looks at them. They shake their heads, and sadly turn away. He kneels beside the body, and cries, "O father, I have killed you! O God, if there be a God, save me! that I may meet him again, and ask his forgiveness."

The next day there is a long article in the leading papers telling of the sudden death "of one of our prominent citizens," giving a sketch of his good Christian life, and adding that "it was a strange providence that cut him off in the prime of life," and ending with the statement that his son's dissipations had something to do with it, and that the young man had given up his profession, abandoned his club, and left the city.

CHAPTER III.

It is a golden summer afternoon in August, and two girls are walking slowly along one of the many beautiful paths that wind in and out among the woods and waterfalls and over the hills and mountains of Northern Pennsylvania. They are nearing a beautiful gorge, through which the water sometimes pours fiercely, but to-day it lazily glides along, making safe their passage across the narrow log which spans it at its narrowest point. Not far away they hear the gun of the hunter, and one of them, the youngest, shudders as she says, —

"Another harmless bird killed! Oh, why will people never realize what they are doing? I wish — I wish I could tell them. Now you need n't laugh, and call me an enthusiast, a personification of the whole S. P. C. A. itself. I don't care if I am an 'insipid vegetarian.' I will prove to you — and perhaps the whole world, in time — that what I say is true."

But just then they look above them at the steep path which they have to climb, and before she can help it, Helen Greyson, the speaker, plants her foot upon a huge black snake which had been sunning itself across the path, and which, busy talking, they had not seen. They know that it is not venomous, but it is so black and long, and they have heard of people being crushed to death in its folds, and look! it raises its head, and — but there is a quick shot from behind, and it falls dead over the rocks into the water below.

They turn around, and see a young man with a smoking pistol in his hand, who had come up behind them unheard while they were talking. He was interested in what they were saying, but saw their danger and fired in time.

"Pardon me," he said, "for killing the poor snake, but he might have killed you." Turning pale, they thank him with grateful hearts, and seeing that he is one of the new arrivals at their hotel, and knowing his name, and so forth, they are about to say more when suddenly Helen turns pale again, and sinks down limply upon the path.

"Oh!" gasps her companion, "she has fainted, and it is the first time for months, and we thought she had gotten over it. You know," she says in explanation to the young man, "she has a slight heart trouble."

He quickly produces the convenient whiskey flask, and by the aid of this and the cold water near at hand she soon opens her eyes and sits up. But, strange to say, she does not laugh, or cry, or do any other ordinary thing, but simply says, as if no one were near, "It is too true; but" — and a noble light comes into her eyes — "God's will be done."

"Come, Helen," says her friend, "you are not yet back in this prosaic world, I am afraid, and

I am so hungry, and it 's ice-cream day: come, let 's go." And saying good by abruptly to their slightly astonished deliverer, she takes hold of Helen's hand and helps her across the log, and they are soon lost to sight in the woods.

"Helen," she says, when they are out of sight and hearing, "you must not say such things before people: they cannot understand you; and I don't know what you would have said if I had not stopped you in time."

"I know it," Helen answers; "and I thank you for doing it so cleverly; I did not realize that any one was there."

CHAPTER IV.

A BEAUTIFUL trait in Harold Middleton's character was his sincere love of nature, and nature in the summer-time and among the mountains of Pennsylvania is all that one can wish. His college poems showed this love, and people who had visited those beautiful regions read them with surprise and pleasure, for they expressed what they themselves had so often felt.

After his father's death, he was tempted more strongly than ever. Sometimes he felt as if he must drown his despair and grief in drink, but still something held him back. All his mother's words seemed to ring in his ears, and then he would think, "But she was a good woman: why are her prayers not answered? why are my prayers and those of my father not answered?" And then he would think of the beautiful woman whom he had made his ideal, and how she had, perhaps unwittingly, helped him one step farther on the road that leads to destruction, — nay, more, she had even shattered his faith in God; for he did not know much of the Bible, and his faith did not rest upon a strong foundation. And then he would take a certain pleasure in reading the thoughts and creeds of the old heathen philosophers, and the works of Voltaire and other more modern thinkers of the same kind became his daily companions. But this could not last long. He knew himself that it was partly physical, and that he needed rest, and change of scene, and so, with almost a throb of pleasure, he thought of a place far away from the hot city, where he would not hear its noise, feel its loneliness, or be subject to its temptations. But he resolves to keep away from womankind, for, manlike, he judges them all by the one he has known, and he intends to spend his time in hunting and fishing.

And the very first day he is thrown unexpectedly with two girls, and one — well, there is something in her face he cannot forget; and those words of hers, — what can they mean? "I must know her," he says, "for a woman with such a face must have a soul, and perhaps — she can help me."

Of course, when he goes back to the hotel every one has heard the story, although the black snake has by this time become a large rattlesnake seven feet in length. He is praised by every one for his promptness and good aim. But he only remembers her words, and wonders what they can mean. "She evidently believes in God," he thinks, "but I am afraid she does not realize how soon that faith can be shattered."

Of course, such an incident as the one just related always brings people together, and many were the long summer days that Harold Middleton and Helen Greyson spent together; sometimes reading, she lazily swinging in a hammock, and he in a chair beside her; sometimes rowing upon the beautiful river, and sometimes visiting the wonderful glens and waterfalls in which the region abounded; and each sunset and moonrise that they watched together seemed brighter than the last.

[*To be continued.*]

THE ORIGIN OF THE GYPSIES.

FOR more than four hundred years the Gypsies have been one of the riddles of European history. Much deep study and learned research have found plentiful employment in the endeavor to point out the land of their origin; for they appeared within the space of a few years at every point of a circle of which Germany was the centre, and everywhere they were regarded as foreigners, even in Egypt.

It has been asserted that the Gypsies are not of Asiatic origin, and not heathens, but that they are Europeans, and of the results of the religious wars of the fifteenth century. Bohemia is the land of their origin. John Ziska, or Tschischka,

the greatest of the Hussite leaders, in the brave struggle of that sect against the Roman Church, is the man who may be looked upon as the father of the race. The word "Gypsy," which is only the English name for this remarkable people, is, no doubt, a consequence of the ancient error that called them Egyptians.

Ziska became prominent as a leader in the year 1418, and in that year was authorized to raise forces. Probably he had been busy in that way even earlier; and so, from the first, secrecy and deception would have been necessary in the organization of his innumerable small bodies, so suddenly made one great body when he extorted the royal authority. He carried on hostilities with great success until his death, in 1424. By this event, the Hussites were divided into three bodies, one of which was called the Orphans, or orphan children of Ziska. These dwelt in their wagon-camps in the open country, and were under a vow never again to sleep beneath a roof. They also refused obedience to any sovereign. Driven out of Bohemia in the disasters to which the death of Ziska led the way, and still more effectually driven out in the expatriation of all non-Catholics, the whole sect became fugitives and wanderers; and it is easy to see what kind of wanderers the Orphans particularly would be, with their wagon-camps and their oath against houses.

At this period — between 1418 and 1427 — the Gypsies made their first appearance in Europe. But the earliest circumstantial notice of a company of Gypsies relates to the one that visited Paris in 1427. Pasquier gave a particular account of them, and remarks, that, though they had a very bad name, and though he was with them a great deal, he "never lost a coin." These were called Bohemians, and the French have adhered to that name ever since.

Various circumstances point to the probability that the Gypsies were, at their first appearance in different countries, fugitives from religious intolerance. They always called themselves pilgrims, being desirous of concealing their real character, and of commending themselves to strangers, in whom their difference of faith made them expect to find enemies. They called themselves Christians also, and declared ostentatiously their conformity to the Roman Catholic rites; but they carefully kept away from the churches. This assumption of a character which they knew would protect them is in keeping with the whole craft of their lives.

In all the original Gypsy parties there were dukes and counts, who called themselves Lords of Little Egypt, and bore such Christian appellations as Michael, Andrew, John, and Peter. The Gypsy name for a Gypsy is Romany.

Their language is a mixture of corrupt words from the Wallachian, Slavonian, Hungarian, and other nations. Their complexion, habits, and character resemble those of the Cechs, who are an eminently gay and musical race. As regards complexion, it is found that the Gypsies in the Austrian army, who have been compelled to relinquish their wild life and dwell in houses, are as white as Europeans generally.

PERSONALS.

DURING the holidays one of the Lasell family saw Myrtie Sinsabaugh and her parents in their beautiful new house on K Street, in Washington. This new house, like the former one, seems to be dedicated to the kindliest hospitalities. Mrs. Sinsabaugh and Myrtie are both devoted to their art work. Myrtie made rapid strides, especially in water colors, under the instruction received abroad. She is now decorating china. She proposes to paint a whole dinner set for her winter's work, and has it well begun. The ladies have a kiln, and fire their own work.

SOME one met a friend of Hallie Beach's in Philadelphia and heard pleasant reports of her well-being.

SOME one has friends in Berlin, Germany, who are boarding in the same house with Willie Kennedy. It is painful to learn that the latter is in a condition of extreme nervous exhaustion. Having gone abroad, like most tourists, for the pleasures and benefits of sightseeing, she is compelled to lie upon her couch or sofa a great part of the time. She made the mutual friend a medium for communicating pleasant messages to her Lasell friends.

INDIANAPOLIS papers pay tributes of singularly high praise to the late Judge Mitchell, father of

our late pupil, Hattie. He seems to be mourned with a sense of personal loss, not only by the bench and the bar, and by his circle of friends, but by the public generally, who respected and trusted him as widely as he was known. It is much to lose, but that daughter is favored who possesses even memories of such a parent.

CORA DAWES, now Mrs. Denison, is living at Newtonville, and promises to visit her Lasell home one of these fine days.

BESSIE SAYFORD is at home learning to keep house. There seemed to be a plausible reason for doing so, a handsome one in fact.

MARY COE'S sister is going to Europe in February to join her in Florence, — not Allie, of course. Mary and Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge are charmingly busy, and happy, of course.

IT grieves us much to hear that our dear pupils, Fanny Watson, of this year, and her older sister, Katherine, of former years, have lost their father. We have known for some time that this result was not wholly unexpected. Further particulars have not yet reached us.

MISS EMMA GENN was called home by the severe illness of her father, who died only a quarter of an hour before she reached the house. It made a sad Thanksgiving for her and her family. The sympathy of the whole household was heartily given to her; also that of many friends whom she has made during her long residence at Lasell. Some time before Miss Genn took her present important position in the office, she was a pupil of the school. This notice was, by some delay, excluded from the December LEAVES.

MISS GRACE A. VAN BUSKIRK was married to Mr. William D. Field, Nov. 15, 1890. They will live in Stockbridge, Mass. Grace was with us in '86 and '87. Cards came too late for the December LEAVES.

MISS MARTHA LOUISE HALL married Mr. Clinton G. Ferguson, Jan. 1, 1891. Mattie was at Lasell in '88 and '89. Her home was then in Belfast, Me., intead of Atlanta, Ga. We understand that it is now in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

WE hear that Sue Stearns and Jane Ninde are in Vienna.

DR. HELEN F. PIERCE'S New-Year's letter is very bright and cheerful. It was full of gratitude for the sale of the pen-wipers and for Christmas gifts from Lasell and individual Lasellians, as well as from many others.

MRS. WARD and Minnie drove over from Brookline, where they are all living, and made a brief call on Mrs Shepherd. We are hoping they will come and stay longer, that all may see them.

MISS BEATRICE WITTE was with her sister during the Christmas holidays.

MARY PACKARD and Mrs. Nellie Packard Banks have been lately at Lasell.

MR. BRAGDON'S last telegram, during the holidays, was dated at Ceylon. His letters will speak for themselves.

CARL BRAGDON'S illness, though not at all severe, has kept him from appearing at table or being seen by the pupils. Every one misses his bright face and merry ways. He bears his banishment with patience. His return will be most welcome.

PROF. GOLDMANN, of Berlin, has fulfilled Mr. Bragdon's order, and sends us another large oil painting called "The Minor Chord." It is a companion piece to the Mediæval Monk "It Stands Written," which is such a general favorite.

MR. W. T. SHEPHERD entertained the pupils who spent their Christmas vacation at Lasell by evenings with the magic lantern, illustrating his travels in Europe last summer. Mr. Shepherd is a born artist, which accounts in part for the facility and skill with which he does anything of the kind, making it interesting.

MISS CHAMBERLAYNE entertained a select and elegant lunch party Dec. 29 with her own inimitable social skill. The guests were from Boston and its environs, including Auburndale of course.

THOSE who heard the lectures upon Architecture by Prof. E. B. Homer of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology two years ago will welcome him cordially this year. This course, however, is to be longer, ten lectures, and the audience will have the nature of a class, only pupils of the Junior and Senior classes being admitted, besides Miss Farwell's free-hand drawing class.

MY SUMMER GIRL.

How it came about I know not;
She was merry — I a dreamer,
With never thought of aught at all excepting studious art.
The story goes as usual —
She, the pretty little schemer,
With her arrows deftly pointed, made a target of my heart.

I am not, as a rule, contented
To be lured from 'neath my skylight,
But the outing days continued as the summer longer grew;
And hours filled with pleasure
On from dewy morn to twilight,
And full often somewhat later, winged their flight as hours do.

One morning in September
She was standing on veranda
As I started for reflection, in a walk along the shore.
She said, "Before you go out
On your usual meander
Perhaps you 'll like to know I 'll be your summer girl no more."

I think I must have shown her
That the news was far from pleasing,
For she came a little nearer — near enough for me to see
That her blue eyes were a-twinkle
With the ecstasy of teasing,
And she whispered, "Why not ask me, too, your winter girl to be?"

The outcome? I surrendered —
Church and parson did their duty;
And when she pinned in my cravat a creamy jewelled pearl
She said, "It 's not an emblem
Of your own transcendent beauty,
But just a small reminder that I 'm your all-season girl."

DAYS, RARE AND DONE.

HARRY. — Was it Longfellow who wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?"

EDITH. — Oh, no; Longfellow wrote "The Day is Done."

A SUDDEN GROWTH.

O 1891, hurrah!
We 're glad that you are here;
But how is this?
Some one 's amiss:
You are no child, we hear.

We pictured you a little babe
Fresh-born, — Time's youngest son, —
Yet, by strange means,
You 're in your teens, —
You 're eighteen, '91.

ODD BITS IN JAPAN.

IT costs fifty cents in Japan to get one's hair cut. It costs more than that to get one's "eye-teeth cut." It is so near China that the "ways that are childlike and bland" begin to have their effect upon strangers, especially those who "have travelled, and know all about tricks, you know!"

I paid that, and came out of a "Paris" shop with a Boston cut. The doctor thought the expenditure extravagant, so he went up street to a native shop where the charge was only ten cents. He told the barber (it was "Baber" on the sign — to attract English custom) to "cut it medium." The barber said "Heh" (yes), and went to work. By and by the doctor thought he had cut enough on that side, and told him so, and pointed to the other side. "Heh," said the compliant native, and worked away on the other side. It seemed that a good deal of hair was falling on the floor for a "medium" cut, so the doctor explained to the barber that he considered he had given him his money's worth and might draw the operation to a close. "I only wanted a little taken off, — just trimmed, you know, — a *very* little, you see —, so much," by which the obliging knight of the shears understood him to mean he wanted it left "so long," so he clipped away with great eagerness to please his foreign customer until the doctor had to force himself out of the chair. When he crept into dinner we looked at him, and asked him if he had been in a fight or what had happened to him. He seemed unwilling to dwell on the subject. He looked like a Shang-Hai rooster picked. He got his ten cents' worth, and we, first and last, have had a good deal more than that.

The doctor has a great deal of confidence in his ability to make the Japs understand him talking Americanese. "Mary," said he to the pretty maid who served us at the charming Japanese hotel at Nikko, where we had infinite bows for greetings, left our shoes out of doors, and shuffled about in fur slippers (furnished by the house), and slept on wadded quilts, with the same for pillows,— "Mary, this tea is too strong: bring me" (with great care in enunciation), "a larger cup" (here a motion with both hands to indicate size) "with the same amount of tea and some hot water. Fill it — up — with — hot — water." Disappears Mary to reap-

pear with a bowl of hot water about the size of a foot-bath. "No, Mary," patiently explains the doctor, "this is not it. I want a coffee-cup with weak tea, — weak, — you know, w—e—a—k, not strong." Disappears Mary, and reappears, bringing an after-dinner coffee-cup full of the black liquid and the teapot! "See here! can't some of you call the guide?" roared the thirsty doctor. "I don't see why these folks can't tell good English."

Dear little Mary tried her best; she was really a splendid waiter. I tried to get her to come to Auburndale with me, but her parents said she was going to be married pretty soon (I should guess her to be about fifteen years old), and they could n't spare her. Whereat Mary opened her little eyes a bit wider, and explained to the guide that that was the first she had heard of it, but it was all right, she supposed. Most Japanese girls have nothing to do or say about getting married: their parents fix it all for them, and tell the girls when they are ready, and if they don't mind their mother-in-law or sisters-in-law the husband says, "I don't want you any longer"; and off she trudges home to her papa again!

Japanese children are said to have their own way. Parents seldom coerce and rarely, if ever, punish them. If they don't want to do a thing the parent does n't make them, no matter how good a thing it may be. They say "they don't want to do it," and that 's the end of it. So in school: if the pupils think a teacher ought to do differently they tell him so, and the teacher never resists. Foreign teachers find this rather funny, but it is the way, and the wise ones fall into it. Still it is the universal testimony that the children and youth are gentle and in the main obedient. One told me that in sixteen years she had never had to speak harshly to any pupil. I can't reconcile the two facts. I have n't studied it out yet. Very unlike the Chinese custom of beating knowledge into children. They figure it, "so much whipping so much learning."

But I left you in Yokohama. The weather (Oct. 29 to Nov. 20) has been like October days at home. We went northward to Tokio and Nikko, and westward to Kamakma, Myanoshita, Shidznoka, Nagoya, Kioto, Osaka, and Kobe, by rail. The railroads are purely English in bed, stock, signals, and general working. All trains have cars for first, second, and third class passengers (usually one first-class car empty, unless a prince or some English are travelling, one second-class, containing a few natives and what other foreigners are going, and ten or twelve third-class, crowded with natives). Tickets are punched as you go on to the platform, and taken as you go from it. I don't see what hinders a man with a third-class ticket riding second-class. All trains stop at all stations, and the best speed is from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. The fares are about one cent a mile for third class, two cents for second class, three cents for first-class. We began on the first-class, but soon came to second as just as comfortable. The cars are small, making one think of our narrow gauge. The gauge is between our narrow and wide. They are very careful in starting or stopping a train; no jar is ever felt.

We left Kobe on a steamer of the Japanese mail line, than which I have never seen a finer boat on Atlantic, Pacific, Hudson, or Sound, elegantly fitted everywhere. Captain and mates were English; the chief steward, Chinese; under-stewards, partly Chinese, partly Japanese; owners, Japanese. Three days through the Inland Sea was a delight never to be forgotten. It made me think of Norway and Lakes Lucerne and Como by turns, — a succession of beautiful lakes, not a sea at all. Water as calm as a river, except where the tide rushed like a mill-race between two islands. The captain had a pet deer, which followed him about like a dog. When plagued, it butted like a goat. We passed Sunday, Nov. 23, with the missionaries at Nagasaki, one of the pretty harbors of the world. We are so far more indebted to missionaries for valuable information than to any other class of people. They know more and know it more intelligently than the natives, and our obligation to them at every place is unbounded. On Tuesday A. M., Nov. 25, we sighted China, after a smooth passage of the dreaded Yellow Sea. China here looks like Holland. Farther south, by Swatow and Hong Kong, the shore is hilly, sometimes mountainous. We went twelve miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, then twelve up another river (I leave you girls to find its name, — a chapel question) to Shang-Hai. Spent our Thanksgiving day here, dining at the palace

of Dr. Perkins, the brother-in-law of Miss Coe, of West Newton, who was with us to Yokohama, and, by a pleasant chance, again from Kobe to Shang-Hai. The mail goes to-morrow, and we leave Hong Kong for Canton early in the A. M. So I close abruptly, wishing you all a happy New Year. We are almost half-way around the world; when we are exactly at the half I 'll rap so you 'll hear me. I think it will be Dec. 15.

How often I think of you all by name and recall your dear faces! C C. B.

EXCHANGES.

We wonder if there is any one in this wide, wide country who does not know that Christmas comes on the 25th of December! And is there any one who imagines that the wind does not blow, and that the weather is very warm? If any one is ignorant of these things let her read the *Exchanges* which crowd our desk.

How many versions of "Red Riding Hood" there are! But still in the *Miscellany* we find another Red Riding Hood. This time she lives in Germany, and has the name of "Gretchen." The old story evidently had not enough interest for modern readers, so a little sentimental affair is introduced in the rescuing scene.

The *Yale Literary* opens with a very vivid "Dissertation on Going Home for Christmas," in which the feelings of the Freshman and Senior on this occasion are contrasted. We rejoice with the Freshman, and regret that the Senior is disposed to take such a serious view of life.

The *Swathmore Phœnix* for December is unusually interesting, and we think fully pays for the short delay in publication. It contains a sketch of their new president and a little about their recent foot-ball victories.

Germany has 21 universities, 1,020 professors, and 25,000 students; America has 360 universities, 4,240 professors, and 69,400 students; England, 11 universities, 834 professors, and 18,400 students. In Europe 94 universities have 1,723 more professors and 41,814 more students than 360 universities of the United States have. — *Acta Victoriana.*

In New York bemühte sich kürzlich ein Wanderlehrer in einer Vorlesung seinen Zuhörern zu erklären, was ein Phänomen sei. "Ich will es Euch recht anschaulich machen," sagte er, "was denn ein Phänomen ist. Ohne Zweifel habt Ihr Alle schon eine Kuh gesehen? Nun, eine Kuh ist kein Phänomen. Ihr habt aber auch schon einen Apfelbaum gesehen? Nun, ein Apfelbaum itsauch kein Phänomen. Wenn Ihr aber eine Kuh auf einen Apfelbaum steigen sehen würdet, um dort mit dem Tchwanze Aepfel zu pflücken — sehet, das wäre ein Phänomen!" — *The Crescent.*

Love follows but rarely the laws which you name,
And we know lovers always will boast of their flame;
Their passion will rise every censure above,
Even faults have their charm in the object they love.
E'en defects in the loved one the lover ne'er blames,
And he only will give them instead pleasant names;
The pale will in color with jasmine compare,
The fearfully dark is a brunette so rare;
The thin and the lean is most graceful and tall,
And the stout, in her gait, more majestic than all;
The careless, who has no attractions to claim,
Is defended, and "beauty neglected" they name;
The giant a goddess appears to their eyes,
The dwarf is a marvel abridged from the skies;
The proud has a heart they would crown if they could;
The tricky has spirit; the fool is *so* good;
The talker too great has a manner so gay,
The mute has a modest and lovable way.
It is thus that a lover, one worthy the name,
Loves e'en the defects of the cause of his flame. M.

Swathmore Phœnix.

An important "find" is reported from Basle, namely, of more than a hundred wood blocks of Albert Dürer. — *Ogontz Mosaic.*

BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASELL SEMINARY.

Ariel, The. University of Vermont, 1890 . .	60.4
Angell, Geo. T. Our Dumb Animals . . .	636.1
Browning, R. Asolando	821. B82AS
Deighton, K. Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar .	822.23a
Drummond, Henry. The Greatest Thing in the World. 2 copies	243. D84
Encyclopædia Brittanica. 19 additional vols.	30.7
Griffis, Wm. Elliot. Japanese Fairy World .	899. G87
Hargreaves, Wm. Our Wasted Resources .	178. H1
Hoffmann, P. F. L. Complete German Dictionary	433. H65

Larousse, P. Complete French Dictionary .	443. L32
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WAKE up, Lasellians! and mark yourselves, you who are worthy, so that you may know, and be known, by your sisters. Every girl who has had an "honorable discharge" should have a Lasell pin. We wish your old Mother Lasell could afford to give you each one, but there are the many things which she so much needs, — the new organ, the art gallery, the new chapel, and the music building.

IT was afternoon study hour. I was sitting alone in my room, deeply engaged in developing the theory that beauty is merely relative, and had almost arrived at the most comforting conclusion that all that is necessary is to have beautiful relatives, when suddenly I was startled by a wild scream, heart-rendering in its pathos.

If it had been night, I should have inferred that the watchman had merely tumbled down the stairs, crushing in his fall a tender somnambulist; but it was broad daylight, with no romantic associations.

Another still more piercing shriek followed, dying away in agonized sobs. What could it mean! I felt my hair standing on end, and cold shudders creeping down my back. The cries continued — this suspense was terrible. I could endure it no longer. Either I must learn the cause and seek to give relief, or flee. Scarcely daring to look about me, I hurried across the hall for a companion, who, I found, was also in great consternation. How the soul of man naturally seeks to unburden its greatest emotions to a fellow-being!

With this reinforcement I ventured forth, and traced the sounds to their source. I was fearful that by this time my assistance would be of little avail in any case, but could not decide whether to

call doctor or minister, so, mustering up all my nervous energy, I knocked. There was a sudden cessation of the shrieks and groans; but this dead silence oppressed me nearly as heavily as the cries. My courage failed me. I was about to flee in haste, when my heart was gladdened by a faint "Come." Opening the door with hesitation, and dreading to see some distressing picture of grief or suffering, I entered, to behold — a pretty smiling maiden standing before her mirror. And this is elocution!

BE ye not weary in well-doing, and renew your subscriptions for the literary offspring of your Alma Mater.

It is certainly not forgetfulness but simply neglect (what a multitude of sins that one word has to account for!) which allows you to let pass the opportunities of adding your mite to make up the whole. You are interested in literary work; you are interested in your school; now make manifest your feelings of loyalty, and show us how deeply rooted are your sentiments of fealty, by sending us subscriptions for the LEAVES.

FOUND. — The following unaddressed letter on Auburn Street,* by a Lasell girl. The writer or intended recipient of this letter may have the same by calling for it at the Seminary, and paying for this advertisement: —

AUBURNDALE, MASS.,
Jan., 28, 1891.

My Dear Friend, — Your most welcome letter came to me several weeks ago, and ought to have been answered long since; but I have n't dared to inflict upon you an account of my visit here.

Life at the junction may seem dull, but I can give you full assurance that, compared with Auburndale, your little hamlet is a roaring metropolis. This place is, without an exception, the most quiet spot on earth. It is a beautiful village, but a Sabbath stillness hovers over it, with an effect most depressing.

You remember that I came here with the expectation of a most delightful visit, thinking that in a Massachusetts town, and especially in one so near the "Hub," that there would be gayeties innumerable.

But, alas, for human hopes! I came, I saw, and my spirits fell. Not a soul was on the streets; not a voice was to be heard; the stillness of death was upon everything. "Verily," I thought, "this must be the 'Saint's Rest,' of which I have heard my dear old grandmother speak."

My aunt greeted me with much kindness, but, clearly, she didn't realize that the object of my visit was pleasure and not rest and quiet, for she said to me, "My dear, I will do all in my power to make your stay with us pleasant, but I fear you will be greatly annoyed by noise, for in a few days those seminary girls will return and *then* our peace is at an end."

"Seminary girls," I thought; "then there will be a little excitement." This opinion was strengthened by the words of the various ladies who occasionally called upon my aunt. They were all so grieved at the approaching disturbance, the break into their peaceful quiet, that I was prepared to see a horde of young savages take possession of the town.

And then these gentle ladies always closed their remarks with a pathetic: "And, you know, most of them are from the West." What could be worse than that?

Anxiously I awaited the end of vacation; but the first days of the year were stormy, and for a time I saw nothing of these wild specimens of humanity.

Finally we were blessed with a pleasant day, and I set out to find a shop where I could purchase a shoestring. After much search, I found one, not by the lines of vehicles or crowds of shoppers, but by the accidental discovery of a peculiar but suggestive sign of "Brush and Hair-pin." On my return, I became aware of a bevy of girls approaching me. They were laughing and talking, but not obtrusively, and were so ladylike in their demeanor that I said to myself that they could not possibly be the seminary girls of whom I had heard, but as they stepped aside to make room for me to pass, one or two remarks which I overheard convinced me that I was wrong, and that these very girls were a part of the much-maligned disturbers of the peace.

Well, I *was* disappointed that I could gain no excitement from their advent, but now I am beginning to envy them greatly, for they have such a pleasant life in that cheery, old building "Lasell." Of course, girl-like, they complain; but when you meet them on their daily walk, they look like anything but ill-treated and ill-used mortals.

These girls work, too; for play and work are wisely mingled at Lasell, and in just the right proportions.

Happy girls like these cannot be silent; and it does me good to hear their voices, so merry, but not boisterous; and I cannot understand why there should be so many objections to them, — the one bright and active part of Auburndale.

At any rate, *I* am convinced that Auburndale without the Seminary would be a fit companion for the Cave of the Seven Sleepers.

Why, when I came here, my presence, as a stranger, was so startling that even the dogs were frightened and ran away in astonishment.

But I have written enough, I am sure. Life is so dull here that I may soon go home, though I have thought of

*We wish to defend our mate from all false accusations for her appearance on *Auburn Street*. She, having obtained permission of her "*in-loco-parentes*," was on her way to make a purchase of Miss Sprout.

entering Lasell this term as a day-scholar, just to get with people who are *alive*.

Your letters are so bright and cheery that I want one very soon.

Very lovingly, MAUD.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

In a little village, prettily shaded by trees, stands a small, red-brick structure, surrounded on three sides by a board fence six or seven feet high; the ground between the fence and building and the street in front serving as a playground for the children.

The outside of the building is highly decorated with various specimens of art, embracing literature, poetry, and drawings. The most common example of the first is a girl's name joined with some masculine name by long lines drawn vertically through the letters, the significance of which is to show whether the two love or hate each other, are friendly, or engaged.

The drawings are done with pencils, crayon, or colored stones. In front are two long board steps extending nearly to each end of the building, where the children play "Beggar's Land."

Over the two large, green-painted doors — of course there are two, one for the girls and one for the boys — are two paneless windows, though you may still see a few fragmentary pieces of glass, — evidence that the window has not always been in that condition.

Inside, the walls are gray and dingy, and bare excepting where the large maps of the continents hang. These maps show the political divisions of the continents as they were some decades back, — a great advantage to the pupils. The ceiling is thickly studded by paper wads, thrown by some sly boy while the teacher's back was turned. In the ceiling is a large hole, evidently the result of an accident caused by some disobedient boy, who, having climbed to the little floorless garret, tried to walk the scantling, but made a misstep and fell through.

The single black-board, which is a small one, is so cracked that one is unable to distinguish a decimal point from a hole.

In the middle of the room is a large wood stove, by the side of which lies a hugh pile of wood ready to replenish the fire when necessary.

But the stovepipe is the principal part of the stove, if we judge of a thing by its size, for it extends up nearly to the ceiling, then across the room to the back wall, at every little distance suspended from above by a wire. The crackling of the fire can be heard above the din of studying lips, — the same kind of a fire Carlton speaks of, that roasts the faces "the while they are freezing their backs."

The desks are old-fashioned, green-painted, uncomfortable, a combination of seat and desk, each serving for two persons, and in the winter many of them for three, ornamented as usual, with various jack-knife carvings and ink stains. The teacher's desk is also of plain boards, green-painted, something like an oblong box on four legs, with a sloping cover, underneath which are concealed the rulers; for in a country school discipline ranks above learning; and the teacher is considered successful according as the discipline is good or bad. On the first day of school the rules are written on the black-board, and any scholar who disobeys them is not dealt very mildly with. The rules read something like this: No whispering, no eating or chewing, no communications, no throwing of paper wads, no turning around, no picking up anything without permission; a list which if one were able to keep, he would be, in my opinion, too good to live

But not to present the play without the part of Hamlet, we must say something of the scholars, from the great overgrown boys down to the little tot who can scarcely peep above the desk. I have said that the village was a small one, and you may wonder how there are so many children. Most of the families are very large, and they send the little ones to school as soon as they can walk, so that they may "know where they are"; and, since they are less precocious in using their organs of speech than those of locomotion, they learn to read before they can speak plainly, as one little girl reads, "Tan a tat tatch a mouse?"

There is no time for kindergarten work here, and, as they are too young to study, the poor little things when tired of marking on their slates lay their heads on their arms and take a nap. It is interesting to see the "first class in spelling"

take their places in a long row at the side of the room as the numbers are called, the boys passing along with their great homely boots and patched knees and elbows; the girls, with their hair tightly crimped and neat little aprons on. This class seems to contain all ages. Next to a tall boy of sixteen or seventeen you see a little girl of ten or eleven apparently half as high as the boy: the girls are not obliged to remain out of school and work during the summer; then they say girls are naturally better spellers than boys. All have the same long column, all strive to reach the head, which is the place of honor.

The recitations are necessarily short, as the teacher is obliged to crowd six or seven lessons into one short hour. No rules in the text-book are ever omitted, all are to be learned by heart.

But granting that there are many disadvantages and inconveniences in a country school, I would ask, Where will you find a healthier or a happier lot of children than you find here? They are toughened to all kinds of weather, and as one sees them coming in after sliding down hill on their "double rippers," their cheeks red, their eyes bright with excitement, he wishes himself a pupil in a country school.

ELECTION RETURNS.

LASELLIA CLUB.

President	Miss Charlotte White.
Vice-President	Miss Rice.
Secretary	Miss Lord.
Treasurer	Miss Palmer.
Critic	Miss Hackett.
Executive Committee	Miss A. Hartwell.
	Miss Donallen.
	Miss Taft.
Guard	Miss Brooks.
Assistant Guard	Miss Means.

S. D. SOCIETY.

President	Miss Burr.
Vice-President	Miss Hagar.
Secretary	Miss Anderson.
Treasurer	Miss S. Rowe.
Critic	Miss Birchard.
Usher	Miss Johnson.
Musical Committee	Miss Hathaway.
	Miss M. Coon.

LOCALS.

The sudden loss of a certain rebate affected one of our hopeful contestants for the bread prize so seriously that she has been economizing on the extravagant use of yeast, and making her bread without that commodity.

Among the outside attractions of this month, the lectures of Stanley and Stoddard have received the most attention.

In the Literature Class: —

Miss C. — Tell us what you know about St. Cecilia.

Thoughtful Junior. — Well, she was a Christian martyr, and was born in — I think, in the 3d century B. C.

Admission tickets to the Boston Art Club Exhibition were very kindly sent to us through Mr. Frost.

Monday evening, Feb. 9, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Maud Howe Hall lecture on "Social Usages." An unusually favorable opportunity for securing Mrs. Hall's services was furnished by her visit in Boston.

The young ladies who remained here during the holidays wish to extend a vote of thanks to Mr. George Johnson, of Auburndale, who so thoughtfully gave them their pleasant sleighride.

Meditating Senior (*who is fond of Dr. Pick's method*). — Let me see, when was Cæsar born? He died in 44 B. C.; was n't he born 404 B. C.?

Confident Classmate. — Oh, no; you are confusing him with Moses. It was Moses who was born 404 B. C.

Miss Charlotte White was the winner of the prize in the annual articulation match.

Dr. Hoyt's physiology lectures and Miss Harkin's dress-cutting class have been added to the winter's work.

It has been rumored that one of our seniors (not the maiden naturally to be suspected of such conduct) was found in a darkened parlor, one Sunday evening, with — whom? How mysterious!

Jan. 25 proved so stormy that it was thought imprudent to go out to church; but we all felt repaid for staying in when Dr. Peloubet gave us one of his excellent sermons in the chapel.

SUNDAY afternoon, Feb. 1, the Temperance Society held a meeting in the chapel. The programme given was as follows: —

Organ Voluntary . . .	Miss Shinn.
Devotional exercises.	
Address	Miss Fessenden.
Vocal solo	Miss Peabody.
Gloria.	

"O DEAR! it seems years since the beginning of this term."

"Years! Nay, *months!*"

AN invitation to the gymnasium, Saturday evening, Jan. 24, was quite generally accepted. The entertainment provided by Mr. Shepherd was a surprise to most of us, and evidently proved a success, if applauding and merriment are any test. The recitations and mimicries of Mr. Emerson, the humorist, were greatly enjoyed, also the music provided for the dancing. The evening appeared to end with the refreshments in the dining-room; but no, the delightful surprise of a serenade was given us, a little later, by the quartette.

FRANK SOPHOMORE (*to innocent friend*). — "Why, dear, there is some white powder on your collar. How strange!"

INNOCENT FRIEND (*overcoming embarassment*). — "Not at all. My new gloves were full of powder; that must be the reason."

F. S. — "Pshaw! that does n't go down."

THE day of prayer, Jan. 29, was observed in the usual manner. The following programme was announced, but in the absence of Dr. Haynes, on account of sickness, Mr. Cutler kindly led the morning service.

7.45. Morning Prayer (S. D. Room).
9.00. Teachers' Prayer-meeting (S. D. Room).
9 00. Students' Prayer-meeting (Chapel).
10.30, Morning Service. Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D. D.
3.15. Afternoon Service. Rev. W. E. Huntington, Ph. D.
7.30. Evening Service. Rev. Wm. R. Clark, D. D.

The senior class had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Dean Huntington during the short interval between the afternoon service and train-time.

IF any one wishes to know who has been holding Stephen's "old clothes" since the inquest at which "Saul was consenting unto his death," let her inquire at Room 38.

MISS LOIS SOULE, Miss Nan Brown, and Miss Alice Maloon have favored us with visits over Sunday. We were also glad to see Mrs Bray, or, more familiarly, Miss Corey, among us once more.

A LITTLE maiden at Lasell grew;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!
She wore a six glove and a number-two shoe;
And to this shoe the trouble was due,
Was due, was due;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

Hard trials for them two,
Our Lasell girl and her number-two shoe
And the skates which would n't undo,
Too true, too true;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

One afternoon on the ice so blue,
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!
She skated more than she ought to do,
And the crowd went home before she was through,
Was through, was through;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

Hard trials for them two, etc.

This maid sat down her skates to undo;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!
But she understood not the act thereto,
And her skates to her boot sole stuck like glue,
Like glue, like glue;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

Hard trials for them two, etc.

Now what do you think this maid did do?
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!
Straight from her feet her boots she drew,
And ambled home, *sans* skates, *sans* shoe,
Sans shoe, *sans* shoe;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

Hard trials for them two, etc.

Now this sad tale is *entre nous*.
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!
For you to tell would never do,
But 'twas told to me as strictly true,
Quite true, quite true;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

Hard trials for them two,
Our Lasell girl and her number-two shoe
And the skates which would n't undo,
Too true, too true;
Oh, listen to my wail of toe!

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

CHAPTER V.

While Harold Middleton was yet a child, if any one had known the history of his ancestors, that is, their traits of character, virtues and vices, moral and physical defects; and then could they have known of the formative influences that would surround his early and subsequent life — if they could have known these things, they would each have predicted a certain result. The physician, the man skilled in diseases of the mind and body, would have predicted lunacy or insanity as a final result of intemperate ancestors; or perhaps entire absence of taste for drink, as often happens. The ignorant would predict a common drunkard, or a fast man. The psychologist, an artist or a poet, — perhaps a second Byron, — a man with a wonderful soul, but governed and swayed by the passion he depicts. But how different; yet how infinitely sad the real result. A man with a soul, but, like the men of Bible times, possessed by a devil.

First, he has escaped one of the sad things with which Nature often punishes the children of diseased or wicked ancestors — physical deformity. His skeleton is well-made and well-covered, and his face, not handsome, but striking, full of latent nobility. Then a mind free from morbidness or tendency to insanity, and a nature strong in many ways, yet *seeming* to lack control in this one thing. Then, although as yet he knows it not, a strong religious element, inherited from his mother. If she had lived it might have been developed, but after her death the effect of her teachings slowly died out, and at college his study of the Bible was merely that of a student of literature and history. And yet at times he feels *something* stir in his inmost being, and this is when listening to beautiful music or looking at nature, animate and inanimate, in her wonderful manifestations. And then he writes a poem, full of sensuous delight in beauty in all its forms, yet lacking — something. At college, unlike many dreamers and poem writers, his manner of study was systematical, and his knowledge, as a result, more technical than vast. He was deeply interested in the exact sciences, but felt no interest in Kant or Kantean philosophy, and no sympathy for the grand and tragic pessimism of Shopenhauer. He detected unscholarly errors in most theories, and had no patience with the fantastical. Books interested him, but did not affect his opinions or character. But he was not narrow, as many of like tastes are, and had it not been for this fatal appetite he would have become a brilliant lawyer, and then would have risen higher higher; and men would have trusted, but would not have loved him.

Almost his opposite in many ways was Helen Greyson. Her ancestors had been good, upright men and women, with few exceptions. Many of them had been divines, all of them religious, even to fanaticism. No curse like intemperance had rested upon them, but many had died suddenly, in the prime of life, from heart disease; but this had been latent for years. The physician would perhaps have talked of disease skipping several generations and then appearing; but all, psychologist and ignorant alike, would have predicted for her a peaceful, religious life, undisturbed by doubt or passion. The psychologist might have added, that, should occasion present itself, she might become a martyr for conscience's sake. And in her case, also, they would have been partly wrong. Her father and mother had not been happy together; before her birth her mother had discovered their uncongeniality, and even her faith in God could not keep her from brooding over her bitter mistake and finally becoming a victim of hysteria; dying when her daughter was but sixteen of that form of insanity known as melancholia. Helen had showed neurasthenic symptoms long before this, and soon after was taken with nervous prostration, from which she recovered, but never to be the same girl again.

Her illness unfitted her for college, for which she had begun to prepare at an early age, but at twenty-three, her knowledge, both of the seen and the unseen, is far beyond that of any college graduate. She is conscious of her powers, and one day glories in them, and the next day is utterly despondent. Unlike Harold, almost everything she reads has an unseen, subtle effect upon the waxen tablets of heart and mind. It is well that she did not go to college, for she would never have realized her dreams there. Other girls, with less brain and nerve power, and more

patience, would have outstripped her. Her knowledge could never have been technical, for her mind was not formed for steady drudgery; sometimes she would study from morning until night, and then would be idle for days. She had never read systematically, but whatever came within her reach. She could not bear to discuss her favorite books and authors, theories and reforms, with people, for when they admired she had a strange feeling that they did not really appreciate and feel as she did; she liked it better when they laughed or scorned. She knew how utterly alone she was in reality, but sometimes she took intense pleasure in that solitude. For was it not peopled with dear companions? She held communion with the souls of those with whom kings had conversed, and sometimes she felt as if they knew her and loved her. She read character immediately, but her heart was full of charity and love, and pity for all. Her earnest prayer was for light, wisdom, understanding. Her faith in God was wonderful, but it was sometimes darkened by a cloud of fancied sin, which, in her case, was almost wholly a result of a morbid condition of the mind to which she was subject at times. Her friends admired but pitied her, and her enemies called her a crank, or something worse. She seized upon all theories, old and new, and adopted all reforms. A thousand and one traits of her character could be mentioned, but they can be summed up in one word — genius. That genius which lives and dies unrecognized, because it can find no outlet. She had an intense love for beauty and color, and at an early age had shown talent for drawing, especially faces. But strange to say, this trait seemed to die out, and in after years its only traces were her perfect taste in dress, and appreciation of nature itself, and as depicted by artists. She might have become one herself, for she had the soul, but not the patience for carrying out detail. She saw the end, but must needs leap over the long path leading to it in one bound. And this could be seen in everything she attempted. And she knew all this, and could have described herself better than any one else.

For years she had been longing to meet some one who could thoroughly understand her. And then she met Harold Middleton. Soon she began to idealize him, as she had done many others before, only to find —.

CHAPTER VI.

Oh, that road, that winding country road! Beautiful in the morning when the dew is still upon the grass and flowers; beautiful in the afternoon when the golden sunlight streams across it; beautiful in the dusky twilight; but still more beautiful at night, with stars twinkling above it, and the moonlight transforming fence, rock, and bush. On every side dim mountains, and far away a glimpse of the river, silvered in the moonlight. But to-night, as Harold and Helen walk slowly up that road, they look at the scene with new eyes. Oh, what is it that makes it seem the most beautiful spot in all God's world?

They are nearing an old gate at the head of the road that leads to the river. As he opens it carefully for her to pass, he says, "Let us sit down yonder upon those logs under the trees, and watch the moon rise over the mountains." And after he tenderly guides her steps and they are seated, they are silent for a few moments, and gaze at the still river and dark hills; and the sweet breeze fans their cheeks, and the birds twitter sleepily, and the katy-dids and crickets sing softly.

"Helen," whispers Harold, "you know, you must know, for what I have brought you here to-night. To tell you that I love you." And he draws nearer to her, and then suddenly moves away. "But do not speak until I have told you all, and then perhaps you will despise and condemn me as they all do." And then he tells her of his grandfather, his mother's prayers, his broken pledges, his college life, his father's death, his blasted hopes and ambitions; all he lays before her and then says, passionately, "O Helen, can it be that there is a God so unjust, so cruel, as to give me a soul capable of better things, and then to punish me for the sins of my ancestors; or is it a law, an inexorable law, that I must suffer so, and then die a drunkard's death? Oh, why was I ever born! No, I will not say, as many others have said, that my love for you will save me. I know that I have been stronger since I met you; but I will not make another promise, and drag you too to destruction. Still I feel the thirst, but, O God!

it cannot be! I feel better things within me, and —" and then he buries his face in his hands and groans in despair, "but who can save me?" But a gentle voice says, "Harold, darling, look up, do not despair." He raises his eyes and looks at her in awe. She is standing, and the moonlight is on her face, transforming it as with a heavenly light, giving it a nobility not of this earth. "Think you," she says, "that your mother's prayers will go unheeded, unanswered, by Him who loves to answer prayer? I feel, I know, that God has appointed me to help you, — now I know for what I was put upon this earth! O Harold, poor boy, you think that you have sinned deeply, and that I will condemn you! Ah! you have been more deeply sinned against. Do you not see that in your case, what you, what the world calls sin, is disease? Oh! if I could have begun with your ancestors! Your whole life has fostered this taste, I know. O Harold, this is a phase of the temperance question that is not often considered; that temperance in *food* will lead to temperance in *drink*. Oh that I could tell it to all — to those who suffer as you do! O Harold, study this; it is not a theory alone; you can be, you must be cured. There is hope for you; will you not believe me?" And he looks at her and is silent, for a great hope is in his heart which can find no expression in words — it fills his whole being.

CHAPTER VII.

Again it is summer; and the stars twinkle, and the moonlight transforms that winding country road. Down by the river upon a pile of logs sits a solitary figure. It is Helen Greyson. "It was just one year ago to-night" she whispers; and then her lips tremble, and she bows her head and murmers "Thy will be done." "Helen" says a voice behind her, "Helen, I am here; I came by the late stage, and — O Helen, darling, I am cured. I did what you said. I read, I studied your theory, I put it into practice. I — why, now I can hold wine to my lips and feel no thirst! O Helen, you are an angel from God. I believe in Him now. I love Him, I trust Him, I thank Him. And now — I may hope — Helen can you — there is nothing now between us — can you, will you, forget the past, and be my wife?" And he leans toward her, and Heaven seems nearer than ever before. But she trembles and cries, "O Harold, how can I say it! O God, help me!" and then the noble light comes into her face, and she says, "Thy will be done." "Tell me" he cries, "what do those words mean? I heard you say them the first time I saw you." "Harold" she says, "Harold, I *love* you — but it cannot be — no, not in this world! Our marriage must be of the spirit. The curse must stop with this generation. For years there has been heart disease in my family and intemperance in yours, and shall we bring them upon our descendants? Oh, this is bitter," she cries; "for I love you so!" As she ceases speaking all around them seems to have grown strangely quiet. The crickets and katy-dids have hushed their song, and no sound disturbs the silent flow of the river. The moonlight, as before, tenderly rests upon her, transforming her gown of white until it seems like an angel robe. All thought of earthly love fades from Harold's mind. He seems for the first time to be in the presence, to *see* a human being — a soul. His spiritual eyes seem opened, and God's glory pours into his heart. He seems to catch a glimpse of what has before been hidden from mortal eye. He kneels, and reverently kisses her hand, and this time he whispers, "Thy will be done."

Thus a mother's prayers were answered.

. . . . . .

And when their life-work here is ended, and their spirits are free from the burden of the material body, and they go where there is indeed no marrying or giving in marriage, who shall say that their souls will not be united, and live together throughout eternity!

[THE END.]

HONG-KONG TO SINGAPORE.

We are sweeping along before the northeast monsoon, though why so friendly a wind should be called by so dreadful a name I can't imagine. It has been very pleasant to us, giving us smooth seas, a little fresh air, and a quick passage.

The boat actually "slowed up" last evening, lest we should reach Singapore too soon, not daring to go in at night. We shall be there early

to-morrow A. M. Already we are half-way round. We passed the point opposite you yesterday. Did you hear me rap? I did, and thought much of you all down through the earth so deep, and wished I could be with you for an hour, to hear you sing the dear songs I love so well. How odd it is that some find no pleasure in that kind of song! To me it is sweetest music, and next to prayer, if "in the spirit." Don't sing lightly of sacred themes, will you?

I left you as we were nearing Hong-Kong. We were there two days; then went to Canton for four days; then back to Hong-Kong, and sailed thence Dec. 11. The trip up Pearl River we made on a Chinese river steamer, under a Capt. Blethen, from Bath, Me. He and his first officer, a Swede, were very helpful and pleasant, showing and explaining all the sights by the way.

. . . . . .

We have our first sight of a real Palestine Jerusalem Jew on this boat. He is a short, fine-looking man, of gray beard, accompanied by wife, daughter (women with decided noses), and their Hindu maid, a girl of delicious black eyes, but of no use, so far as I can see, except to decorate a certain bench with her many-colored costumes.

Be good, "my children."

C. C. B.

SINGAPORE AND PENANG.

Over the sea toward two C's we move calmly on. The sea we realize, for it is all about us, and, now and then, under the coaxing of the northeast monsoon, it moves us unpleasantly up and down as well as on. The restless green or blue is a kaleidoscope picture. The first C, which is Ceylon, we believe in, for the chart says it is before us, and all the other strange lands to whose on-coming it has testified have come. The second C, which is Christmas, is hard to believe at hand. For none of the conditions of Christmas, as we know it, are here. We are dressed, this twenty-second day of December, in our least and lightest clothing, and envy those who have still less. The sailors, in their thin, muslin gowns through which their yellow or black skin shows glistening, seem to us to have attained the highest felicity. The double awnings and sultry breeze hardly make the deck endurable, and we are all "wilted."

I wonder what you are doing to keep cool! The steward gives us lemon-ice and ice-cream, and cool drinks, and the punkah-wallahs mop their faces, as they pull the fans that make it possible for us to stay below long enough to eat a little rice and salad and the coldest puddings we can find. We fervidly and fervently hope the thunder-clouds that are massed on the horizon will materialize to wet us down and cool the heated ship. So you see the conditions of Christmas-tide are wanting, so far as weather is concerned. And the home-gathering and meetings of friends are lacking as well; and the churches, decked to celebrate the birth of our Lord, with the bell calling to praise to Him "who so loved the world" are not here. Instead, we have the ugly idols, and half-naked priests giving them cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit and flowers, and hallooing to them with gong and bell. Oh, what a difference Jesus Christ makes in a land and people! and I grow humble as I think how little I have prized blessings which are no more mine by right than theirs who "bow down to wood or stone," and humbler yet as I remember how many times I have, with all my training, set me up other gods than God.

If the money that goes off in tobacco-smoke on this boat in one week were given to missionary work, it would support ten Christian women a year while getting schooling or training as nurses, thereby preparing them for entire life-work as Christian helpers among their own people. Something to think of. I wonder how far what some of us spend in candies in a year would go?

. . . . . .

In Penang we saw pepper being put into bags, and hot tin (a product of this section) into moulds, for America. We left Hong-Kong Thursday noon, and early Tuesday A. M. were in Singapore. Left Singapore 5 P. M. Wednesday, and were in Penang early Friday. Left Penang 1 o'clock Friday, and will reach Colombo about two or three o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) P. M. Remarkably quick and easy passages. The heavens are propitious, the waves are kind. I hope the snakes of Ceylon will be as considerate.

C. C. B.

Dec. 22, 1890.

Who is it that doth so aspire,
As soaring ever higher, higher,
To lead in song the young church choir?
A Senior.

Who is it that with downcast look
Is ever bending o'er a book,
And says she must learn how to cook?
A Senior.

Who is it that with stately mein,
Not liking to appear quite green,
Declares "things are not what they seem"?
A Senior.

Who doth prayer-meetings so well lead
Is always sowing some good seed,
To heathen she 'll be a friend indeed?
A Senior.

Who is it that is quite as good,
Is always doing wnat she should,
And would be better if she could?
A Senior.

Who is it good in a debate,
But when a teacher doth her rate
She only murmurs "Such is fate"?
A Senior.

Who is it, always at her ease,
Is, therefore, people sure to please,
Still some with dignity doth freeze?
A Senior.

Who came to us from foreign lands?
Who hailed from India's coral strands,
And to them is bound by unseen bands?
A Senior.

Who 's chosen vocal for her art?
She cannot give it her whole heart
For she 's been struck by Cupid's dart, —
A Senior.

Who is it with the curly locks
Is noted for her pretty frocks,
And to her mates her heart unlocks?
A Senior.

Who is it that with breezy air
Is always tumbling up the stair,
Yet with a look of "I don't care"?
A Senior.

Who 's the musician of the crowd,
Reserved and stately, cold and proud?
She never speaks in accents loud, —
A Senior.

Who is it with a face so pure
Is always of her lessons sure,
And others' faults she tries to cure?
A Senior.

Who knew a thing a moment ago
But now that thing she does not know,
She 's very sorry, but 't is so?
A Senior.

Who are they who have not a doubt
That when from school their class goes out
There 'll be nothing left to talk about?
The Seniors.

A FOREST FIRE.

Ever since they were children their families, who had cottages at the same summer resort on Lake Michigan, had "gone up North" together.

Cyril Ward, a this year's college graduate, and Beatrice Belmont, a bright college girl, had always been the best of friends, and many a merry trip had they had together on this road.

But this time a cloud seemed to rest over their friendship. When all the berths had been made up, the numerous children belonging to their party put to sleep at last, and the sleeping car generally hushed for the night, they stood at the rear end of the car, looking out on the shadowy landscape and dim outline of the woods, without speaking a word.

Cyril at last broke the sullen silence: —

"I scarcely expected you would go with us to-day; Paul Martin told me you intended visiting his sister."

"I did intend to, but, — did you have a nice time at your last college reception?"

"Yes, rather, — only you were not there!"

"That 's scarcely complimentary to Miss Walton!"

"What has Miss Walton to do with it?"

"Only that you took her, and so —"

"Who told you that I did?"

No answer.

"You were misinformed. You ought to have known I would take none but you, Bee. If you had cared to know, you would."

"I don't see that it matters, any way, whom you did take."

This coolly enough; then, with a sudden gasp, —

"But what is that?"

Far on either side of the track the woods were burning, some trees blazing merrily away like torches, others smouldering and smoking sullenly.

It was a beautiful but fearful sight. In a minute the car was filled with smoke, and Beatrice was trembling with fear.

"I am sure there must be danger. I do wish they would stop the cars!"

"If there was any danger it is passed."

In fact, the cars had rushed on and everything around them was dark and still again.

"Our conversation is not likely to entertain you. You had better go to your state-room and sleep off your fears. I will go to my berth."

How could he think she could sleep! What with the forest fire, and — well, not that alone. But though hurt and even frightened she was too proud to show either, and coldly said, "Good-night."

"Good-night," said Cyril.

He had not reached the door before a smothered cry of fear reached him. Again around them the trees were blazing, and Beatrice, subdued by fear, exclaimed, —

"I am so frightened, I wish you would not leave me alone!"

Could he help coming back and standing by her, while she gazed with the fascination of terror on the beautiful but weird scene flashing by them?

"I like this better than any reception," said Cyril, at last. "O Bee! how could you go away just the day before, while I —"

"Did n't even come to see me off, when I wrote to you I wanted to see you at the station, as I had to go home before Commencement."

"I never received the letter."

"And did n't care if you did!"

"If *you* had cared you would have written again!"

"To hear what a nice time you had with Grace Walton? Thank you!"

"If neither of us cares, what 's the use of talking any more about it? I hope your fears are allayed now, and I will go."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

Were there tears in Bee's eyes this time?

Before he could move there broke out a blaze around them, and Beatrice, who in her excitement let go her hold of the door-handle, was thrown violently against him by a lurch of the car.

"I do beg your pardon!"

Was it granted? A steadying arm was laid around her, and she did not recoil. She was breathless and trembling. At length she whispered, —

"I am so scared! Oh, I am so glad you are here!"

"I am always glad when you are glad, darling. Why should we ever live apart? Tell me you will be mine, you will be my wife!"

But Bee had drawn herself away, rigid and white.

"Are you sure you did not say the same thing to Grace Walton at the reception?"

"Oh, Grace Walton! I wish —"

His wish was unspoken, for in an instant the car was stopped with a sudden shock. The same minute frightened Beatrice was clinging to him.

"O Cyril, tell me once more that you love me, not her, for I had rather die here than live without you!"

Around them the trees were blazing; the lumber yard just ahead of them was one surging mass of flames; a danger signal had barely saved the train from rushing to its destruction.

The frightened passengers scrambled out of their berths, crying and shrieking, every one questioning, none listening to the calmer ones' assurances that all danger was past, and nothing more would happen to them if they would go back to the last station and remain over night. But what had passed between Cyril and Bee in the few seconds before the car was all astir? Surely, the glow of the fire could never give that light to her eye and that radiance to her face. What is it he is whispering when the train is side-tracked at the station, and he is at last really saying good-night to Beatrice, —

"The forest fire did it after all, only the forest fire!"

PERSONALS.

It has only very recently come to our knowledge, through a letter from Lizzie Whipple, that she and her family met with a terrible loss early in December in the death, by a railroad accident, of her brother Will, a bright, capable, interesting young man. It was truly a crushing blow. They have our heartfelt sympathy.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD, Mrs. Seiberling, from Akron, Ohio, took lunch at Lasell early in February, and sung a little to oblige old friends. She keeps up her music by study and practice, and sings as charmingly as ever.

ELLA STEDMAN, Mrs. Frank, from Nebraska, paid us all too short a call. She is spending the winter with her mother, in Western New York, and is in Boston for a short time. Ella keeps her warm attachment to the school and the friends of her school days. She seems to be a progressive woman in all good ways, and is truly an honor to her Alma Mater.

MYRTIE SIUSABAUGH sends to the library a Sunday-school book which was dedicated to her by the author.

MRS. MILBANK, Carrie Johnson's sister, came to Lasell while Carrie was having tonsilitis. She is always welcome.

DR. MILAN BAKER, who recently died in Buffalo, N. Y., was the father of our former pupils, Anna, Mrs. W. T. Jebb, of Waukegan, Mich., and Jersive. He was a man of ability and of much active usefulness and worth.

OUR good Miss Corey, now Mrs. Bray, spent a night at Lasell, early in February.

THE marriage of Alice Gardner to Mr. Ernest J. Rogers, in Chicago, Jan. 8, was announced too late for the LEAVES of last month. It is said to have been a charming wedding.

HARRIET SHAW JOY, who was at Lasell in '86 and '87, was married to Mr. R. Delos Martyn on Sunday, Jan. 25, in Trinity Church, New York City.

MARY HAZLEWOOD writes that she and her family have moved into a new home. They still remain in Grand Rapids. She is studying book-keeping.

MRS. NOYES was a most welcome guest the last of January, but remained only a night and part of a day.

SARAH PEW, Mamie Noyes, Lizzie Burnham, Bessie Merriam, Lois Soule, Nan Brown, Rena Day, and Ada Langley are "old girls" who have looked in upon the school lately, and report well of themselves.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD conducted the chapel services Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, with prayer and an address to the pupils which interested them very much.

THE READING OF FICTION.

HOWEVER much in times past the reading of books of fiction may have been condemned as wicked and pernicious for both old and young, yet in this day it would seem, and perhaps would be indeed, presumptuous and foolish to maintain that reading of every kind of fiction is wholly and entirely evil, hurtful, and unprofitable. This I shall not attempt to do, especially in view of the fact that men and women of the most exalted minds and characters, among them the most eminent divines both in this country and abroad, have written works of fiction which bring forth great moral truths, advance reforms, and better mankind. But I am justified in this position by the universal belief "that thorns and thistles grow beside rich herbage, and deadly poisons lurk where beautiful flowers bloom."

Fiction may have, and perhaps has, a broad field, which, if cultivated by right minds and with right motives, may yield a harvest of good results. But we must remember that by far the largest number of works of fiction, thrown broad-cast over all the land, read at all firesides, are neither good nor beneficial, either for the formation of correct taste in literature or the establishment of right conduct in social, public, or private life.

Much has been said and written on the uses and abuses of fiction.

Novel writing and novel reading have both been generally held in low estimation by grave and sensible people.

As Mr. Whipple said, in a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, a great many years ago: —

"Against good novels, that is against vivid representations or idealizations of life, character, and manners in this or any past age, there would seem to be no valid objection; but this department of literature has unfortunately been a domain in which the hosts of stupidity and immorality have encamped. Ink wasters, who could write nothing else, whom nature never intended to write any-

thing, have still considered themselves abundantly qualified to write fiction. Consequently, all the nonsense in human nature has been fully represented in this style of romance.

Of all the books that ever vexed the wise and charmed the foolish, a bad novel is probably that which best displays how low the ruined can descend.

In the art of embodying imbecility of thought and pettiness of sentiment, in a style mean and gauzy, all other men and women have been fairly distanced by certain novelists not altogether unblessed with popularity and influence."

Another person has said: "There are three kinds of reading: first, that which is designed for the discipline of the mind; second, that which is designed for information; and third, such as is intended for amusement only."

It will not and cannot be disputed that the chief aim of all works of fiction is to please and entertain, and herein lies one of the grave evils of fiction reading. In the first place, if our time for reading is very limited, which is the case with most of us, we certainly can find in the world "of making many books there is no end" enough of truth and reality to occupy us, so that the time spent on the fictitious works seems wasted. They certainly give us very wrong impressions of life and make us think too lightly of vice. Life is too serious a business to spend it in such entertainments; the mind too great to be amused by unreal pictures.

Another reason why fiction is not only without benefit but really injurious, is that such kind of reading costs no effort and necessarily dissipates the power to study, weakens the mind, and destroys our taste for reading that which will edify and enlarge our comprehension. Any kind of reading that tends to impair the faculties of the mind, or weaken it for the higher duties, ought to be condemned; and this, none will deny, is what results from the reading of fiction.

The characters in most cases are overdrawn, either above or below the standard of human perfection, and this is likely to unfit the mind for associating with real men and women.

Any reading that does not make us better, more capable of meeting and mastering the needs of the time in which our lives are cast, is reading which can be entirely dispensed with. In historical novels the authors take so much liberty with facts that we are very often given entirely wrong information regarding historical events.

"The novelist naturally shapes the facts to suit the story, instead of shaping the story to suit the facts; and again, if the novelist were to begin his story by acquainting his readers at the onset with the issue of the whole, so that we should know who is to be married or killed, and how things generally turn out (which is the main reason for which we read it), it is safe to say that not one novel in a hundred would ever be read."

Another grave reason why novel reading is injurious, is the lack of distinction made between right and wrong in the conduct of the characters displayed.

In such books, "a grand and virtuous criminal" is often made the hero, and the heroine, a "beautiful, designing, and faithless woman." An instance of the former may be found in Bulwer's novel of "Eugene Aram," and of the latter, in George Eliot's Gwendolen, in "Daniel Deronda."

Many of the works of fiction have no characters depicted in them worthy of imitation, and life as represented in them is a life not worth living. Suicides have not unfrequently resulted from reading of such books, and it is not impossible that such things could be, since the writer ignores all correct principles that give to this life its dignity and beauty.

It seems to me, then, that the beneficial results of fiction reading are like "three grains of wheat, hidden in three bushels of chaff; when you have found them, they are not worth the finding."

'93.

EXCHANGES.

In the *Exchanges* for this month our attention is called to the many articles on Y. M. C. A. work in the different colleges and schools. The Y. M. C. A. seems to have a great influence for good among students, and is growing very fast in our best schools and colleges.

One of our best schools for young women applied to us lately for information about starting a school paper. We consider it quite an honor that they should apply to us, and we did our best to give all the useful information that we have gained through our years of experience.

How does an Amherst student know so much about girls' "boxes and feasts?" Surely the writer of "The Comedy of a Box" has a sister at boarding-school who is disposed to be confidential to him, for he seems to know accurately the way some things happen in girls' schools.

A VALENTINE.

To send a heart as others do,
I know is fitting at this season;
And I would gladly send one too,
Except for one important reason.

For even if I surely knew
That if I did I would repent it,
I would to-day send mine to you
If I had not — already sent it!

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

Thoughts: the children of earth's deathless sages —
That thro' the strife and turmoil of the ages
Have boldly borne the brunt of Life's fierce fray,
Or soothed the heat and burden of the day.

Words: the armor in which Thought must fight,
The weapons piercing Error, flashing light;
Or else the pure white robes of joy and peace
In which high thoughts give sorrow some surcease.

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LASELL LEAVES.

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

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THE Lasell maidens, unlike their sisters, have not been longing for that time when "the young man's fancy —" you know the rest; on the contrary, we have been earnestly desiring a snow-storm ever since we heard there was a possibility of having a sleigh-ride to Boston. At last, our hopes have been realized.

A heavy fall of snow, a fair evening, and a hearty invitation to all, made us one of the merriest of companies, as we piled into the barges, ready for our ride. Amid jingling of bells, blowing of horns, singing, and numerous Lasell yells, we started out. No doubt the strength of our lungs would have surprised and pleased our vocal teacher, and even "just once more, ladies," was unnecessary to bring out repeatedly, "L-A-S-E-L-L. Rah-rah-rah. Ist-boom-ah, Lasell," even to such an extent as might have shocked cultured Bostonians.

We reached Boston in safety, with appetites well sharpened for the oyster supper awaiting us. And such a chattering as we made while we were doing it justice! Evidently, every one had recklessly intended to have a good time.

We were somewhat earlier than usual this year, and about nine o'clock were ready to leave Boston for home. The ride was greatly enjoyed, even to the end, but a certain subdued atmosphere was noticeable, and the school yells became fainter and hoarser at each mile.

Tired, but good-natured, we came in sight of the seminary about 11 o'clock, and after a parting Lasell yell, proceeded to emerge from our Esquimaux costumes and become civilized school-girls once more.

Mr. Shepherd has our hearty thanks for the great pleasure he gave to us. It was one of *the* enjoyable events of the school-year, and something long to be remembered by all.

Mr. Bragdon's heart was gladdened at Calcutta by two letters from old girls. One from Louisa LeHuray and one from Alice Mayo Hicks. He bids us say that if letters for The Leaves fail it is not because there is nothing to write about, but *too much.* He feels he ought to be writing all the time, so as to share with his girls the delights he is experiencing, but, he says, is positively too lazy. He will try and give the trip over to us next year with pictures. Meanwhile, "That 's where his heart is turning ever,—back to the young folks at home."

Our annual "Fancy-dress Ball" was a great success. The express packages had been many, and, although the girls wore anxious expressions, fearing the contents would be too closely inspected, and kept until too late, judging from the costumes, no one had cause to weep.

At 7.15, we formed in the gymnasium for the grand march, which was soon followed by a waltz. The evening's frolic had now begun. All historical, political and social differences were put aside; even Widow Hamilton and Aaron Burr were best of friends. In fact, we were all best of friends, from the Grecian goddess, Charles II., and Bonaparte, including Dixie, Muney, a Trojan peasant. Sir Walter Raleigh, Ophelia, Little Boy Blue, Folly, with her jingling bells, Queen of Hearts, a Dutch peasant, English dudes and American young men of fashion, down to Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn with their pipes, and Jack and Jill with patched faces gayly carrying the pail between them.

At the height of our merriment, there was a sudden silence, and, much to our surprise, our preceptress appeared in the most becoming garb of a Quakeress. We tried to show our appreciation by applause and greetings.

The evening's gayety continued until 9.45, when every one pronounced the evening a grand success.

Grumbling has ever been held an inalienable right of the free-born American school-girl, and far be from us any wish to deprive her of her high privilege, yet we should like to call attention to the freedom, comforts, immunities she enjoys compared with the restrictions of European boarding-schools, and see if we shall not find the destiny that has placed us at Lasell one to be thankful for.

The first difference to be considered is a radical one: in America the girls *go*, in Europe they are *sent* to school.

This may seem a play of words, but it is not; if reasoned out closely, it will prove to be the most clear line of demarcation between us and our sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. An American girl generally has a voice both as to whether or not she shall go away from home to school and where she shall go.

The cause of this is that in America girls go to school at a much later age than in Europe; we might almost say that they begin at the age at which the others leave off. In most Catholic countries, the oldest boarding-schools, as well for girls as for boys, were undoubtedly conventual.

The monastic principle of education was, and is, not to teach girls how to grapple with and overcome later the difficulties and temptations of life, but simply to keep them out of harm's way during their childhood and early youth, as their parents and future husbands were expected to do afterwards. Hence the teachers tolerated no outside influence, not even home influence.

Some went so far that pupils were never allowed to pass even one whole day and night outside the convent walls, from the moment they entered — generally not more than twelve years old — to the day they were returned to their parents. The schools of Ripoli and the S. S. Annunziata, in Florence, though both now under government supervision, still adhere to these strict rules, which, for Ripoli at least, were laid down three hundred years ago. A child summoned to her mother's death-bed and obliged to pass the night outside the school walls would not be readmitted.

From this resulted an estrangement from the family, the consequences of which are scarcely desirable. Both in France and Italy these conventual schools were and are attended by girls from the highest families in the land, and even by princesses of royal blood.

Some of them used to require, indeed, proofs of nobility; although they do not now, some are still very exclusive.

Under these conditions, it can be easily imagined that the education given will be rather an affair *de luxe*, and traditions have been handed down of a certain exceedingly aristocratic institution where the girls were obliged to go to dinner in white kid gloves. The education given them at that school was considered of the best, and it was sufficiently thorough as far as it went; of course it never entered any one's head that a girl educated there would ever use her education as a means of livelihood.

With changing times, even these conventual schools have changed.

The schools of the Sacré Cœur, in France, compare favorably with any school in any country in Europe or America. Latin and mathematics are not taught, but other solid studies and all accomplishments are taught thoroughly. A great deal of attention is paid to deportment and to religious instruction. In one respect, American schools have a vast superiority over any school abroad, and that is attention to physical well-being, — better food is provided and better arrangements for out and in door exercise. The life in a European boarding-school is generally simpler than in an American school. Very little necessity is seen for giving girls amusement during their school years. Intercourse with outsiders, especially as regards the other sex, is restricted to their very nearest relatives. That girls in American boarding-schools are not only allowed to receive young men but even to correspond with them would scarcely receive credence in some of the best European circles; nor would the unlimited consumption of candy, which takes place in some American schools, and which, like all over-indulgences is a fault that sometimes amounts almost to a vice. On the other hand, Americans would cry out with horror at some of the hardships and privations which European youths undergo in some schools which are even considered good.

There is one school, a boys' boarding-school, which, at a time when it accommodated about eighty boys, provided meals daily only for sixty, the other twenty being punished daily, on an average, by loss of their regular meals and put on bread and water; and, although this is an extreme case, there are girls' schools where the treatment is scarcely more tender. In a school in Berlin, which, as far as the teaching went, was excellent, the girls never had fire in their bedrooms, though there are snow and ice early all winter, and the water would freeze in the pitchers. In this school, dinner consisted daily of soup, meat, and one kind of vegetables, desert being served only on state occasions.

We might multiply these examples indefinitely; but now girls, are we not thankful we live in America, and at Lasell?

JANE.

Her full name was Jane Calista Uniac, but we always called her Jane for short, or, rather, I always did, for John, in spite of my remonstrances, would persist in nicknaming her The Maniac, — men can be so hateful sometimes.

Jane was a very pretty girl when she was well dressed. Her hair was light and curly, and her complexion of a delicate tint, that looked as if no breath of air had ever touched it; while her big blue eyes were charmingly dreamy in their expression. Indeed, when she sallied forth on her afternoon out, arrayed in her best black velvet gown and pink silk sash, we were obliged to confess her by all means the most striking member of the family. But Jane at home, among the pots and kettles, was a very different looking specimen of humanity from Miss Jane Calista Uniac, as she appeared on Main Street or at church. Now, I am the last person in the world to expect a servant-girl to wear black velvet and pink silk when she is washing dishes, but, on the other hand, neither do I like to see a waist with ragged sleeves, however plump and fair may be the elbows, visible through the tatters, nor slippers in the last stages of dilapidation. I am sure none of you will think me over-fastidious, but poor Jane could never understand my scruples about little matters like these.

Another thing that often tried my patience was her carelessness in the housework. Many a time have I found little piles of dust swept behind the doors with surprising care, or dishes tucked away unwashed into all sorts of unheard-of places. But Jane was so unfailingly good-natured, even under the sharpest reproof, and so patient when one of us was sick, or when little Helen teased

her for the "baby cakes" small maidens love so dearly, that I was disposed to be very lenient with her failings.

One evening John and I went out to an entertainment, but, as he was very tired that night, and I was suffering with a headache, we came home early. Imagine our astonishment to find a strange man reclining on the parlor sofa, calmly amusing himself with one of our books, whose pictures had evidently taken his fancy. I do not know how John may have felt, but I know that I shall never forget the chill of horror that seized me when I beheld those grimy fingers on the delicate pages of my Dante. For a moment, we were both too dumfounded to speak. The visitor arose, looking rather sheepish, but not at all alarmed nor dangerous, and said, with a comical attempt to bow politely: "Good avening, sor; I was just a-waitin' for to see the Miss in the kitchen. She 's got another beau out there, and said as how I might stay here a whoile." The fellow's whole appearance showed his innocence so plainly that it would have been ridiculous to think him a thief; but he did not wait longer for Jane that evening, nor did John invite him to call again.

In the kitchen we found just what we expected. There sat Jane, radiant and beautiful, and at her side another adorer was simpering and giggling, with his arm dangerously near that velvet waist. It seemed almost too bad to spoil their pleasure but we were inexorable, and in less time than it takes to tell it No. 2 was following the footsteps of No. 1.

The next morning, Jane Calista Uniac departed, bag and baggage, and I have never seen her since.

LOCALS.

"To lie in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder where he meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid."

TEACHER. — With what event did you say the Iliad closes?

FLURRIED PUPIL. — Why, with the obseeks of Hector.

FEB. 14, the Missionary Society gave us a very pleasant evening in the gymnasium, which was prettily decorated for the occasion. The chief feature of the entertainment was an allegory of Columbia and her messengers, and the young ladies certainly deserved the compliments they received for their pretty costumes and graceful acting. During the evening, flowers, classic lemonade, and tea were sold, and, judging from the cluster of girls about him, Carl, with his valentines, was not the least of the attractions.

ACCORDING to the highest authority of our faculty, six from fifteen leaves eight, or, possibly, on second thought, seven.

A NEW elective for the Senior year — Daily Lectures on the Evidences of Insanity.

THE Lasell Battalion was visited by Capt. Landon, of Bordentown Military Institute, also by the military instructor of Ogontz Seminary, and it is said that the young ladies made a very favorable impression, considering the time they have been drilling.

IT was during the sleigh-ride, and we were passing a house sparkling in the electric light with icicles hanging from the roof. "Oh, what a pretty *frieze!*" exclaimed the brilliant Senior of our party. She has been the object of the Freshmen's admiration ever since.

SEEKER AFTER WISDOM — What does insomnia mean?

COMPETENT INFORMER. — Sleeplessness, of course.

S. A. W. — Well, who teaches it here, Prof. Hills?

C. I. — Prof. Hills! Why, child, you surely can't mean Ensemble?"

But the Seeker meekly confessed she could and did.

THE celebration of Washington's birthday this year took the form of a lecture by Col. Thomas W. Higginson, on "History as an Inexact Science." Although we had been previously reassured by his message that it wasn't "very bad," we were scarcely prepared for such a delightful address. Certainly his audience felt far more interested in history and much better acquainted with "six feet and a half of the Father of his Country" when Mr. Higginson had finished.

ONCE more that famous Lost Drawer has yielded up its contents to entice the unweary bidder into a purchase. When the auction was announced a weary murmur from the old girls filled the room, for, truth to tell, this was the first experience for our younger sisters in such temptations. But, thanks to Mr. Shepherd, the combinations of articles for sale were so skilfully made that wonders were accomplished in a short time. One visitor, at least, appreciated this rare opportunity for furnishing his home at a moderate price. As usual, the money will be used for some charity.

PROMISING PUPIL (*with serious air*). — Is it proper to say bacteria is a plant?

YOUNG PROFESSOR. — No, say bacteria are plants.

WEDNESDAY evening, March 11, a concert was given in the gymnasium, by Mr. J. Eliot Trowbridge assisted by Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock, Mr. Willis Nowell, and Miss Louise E. Trowbridge. The programme was as follows: —

PROGRAMME.

ORGAN AND PIANO-FORTE.

SONATA PASTORALE, op. 28 . . . . . *Beethoven*

ALLEGRO, ANDANTE.

Air for Organ and Piano by J. E. TROWBRIDGE.

SONGS.

a. WANDERER . . . . . *Schubert*
b. HUMILITY, }
c. THE POET'S LAST SONG, } . . . . . *Grieg*

ORGAN.

THEME AND IMPROVISATION.

PIANO-FORTE.

PRELUDE, E minor }
FUGUE, G major, } op. 20 . . . . . *Blodgett*

VIOLIN.

FAUST FANTASIE . . . . . *Gounod-Sarasate*

SONGS.

a. OLD HEIDELBERG . . . . . *Jensen*
b. THE THREE SINGERS . . . . *Tours*
c. CLOVER BLOSSOMS . . . . . *Thayer*

PIANO-FORTE.

FANTASIE IMPROMPTU, op. 66 . . . *Chopin*

VIOLIN, PIANO, ORGAN.

PRIZE SONG FROM "THE MEISTERSINGER" . *Wagner*

TEACHER. — Yes, you may tell us about Benjamin West, Miss —.

MISS. — As a child he was determined to be an artist. He obtained paints from the Indians, and pulled hairs for his brushes out of the tail of some wild animal — oh yes! it was his sister's cat.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND (*after retiring bell*). — Awful sorry you have the toothache. Here's the Pond's Extract, right outside the door!

THE physiology lectures have been suspended, on account of Dr. Hoyt's illness.

MISS SPYKER has once more assumed her duties here, after being called home on a very sad errand.

ONE of our number thinks we, too, might be fashionable, and have one maid to relieve us of hat and coat, and another to take our scoldings.

THE latest proof that the spirit is present in this world after death is that Simonides enjoyed among other pleasures an elegant funeral ceremony.

MISS MARION TALBOT has commenced her course of lectures on "Sanitation." These take the place of the lectures on "Law" given by Miss Mary A. Green last year.

IT has been thought best to change the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting from Tuesday to Sunday evening, and so have it take the place of the students' prayer-meeting. There will still be a weekly prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening; but attendance will be optional for all.

THURSDAY evening, March 12, we were favored with an excellent lecture on "George Meredith," by Mr. Richard E. Burton, of Hartford, Conn.

THEY were speaking of Bernhardt as Cleopatra, and of her part in the final tragedy, when one innocent maiden, who has evidently read the catalogue's opinion of the theatre, remarked, "Well, what does she do with those *wasps* anyway?"

THE officers of the battalion attended the Newton High School drill, given in Eliot Hall, Feb. 23. It was greatly enjoyed by the young ladies, especially the sword drill, and although they were denied the pleasure of accepting the invitations to the dance which followed, they reported the afternoon in terms as glowing as the badges of which they seemed so proud.

THE Lasellia Club celebrated its tenth anniversary, March 7, by an informal reception in the club-room. During the evening a fitting and entertaining programme was given and dainty refreshments served.

A moonless night, and bitter cold it was,
That saw eight sleighs of Lasell girls depart.
Each girl with head well wrapped, and gloves, because
Her teacher's precepts she had learned by heart,
That chilly winds will through thin wrappings dart;
They all were there intent on having fun,
In which each girl should have a share and part,
With laugh and joke, and many a brilliant pun,
Until the gay festivities of night were done.

At length, through Boston's learned streets they drive;
The girls all eager expectation wait,
As, at their destination, they arrive,
Each asks her neighbor, "Is my hat on straight?"
And then their school-girl appetites they sate,
While mirth and fun abounds on every side.
But all good things must end, and it is late,
And many long and wintry miles divide,
So wraps are brought, and we begin our homeward ride.

The lights in city streets all disappear,
As farther from the giddy throng we go;
The well-known sights of Newton are so near;
And there 's the candy shop, our deadly foe,—
But we shall by that safely pass, we know.
Soon Auburndale is reached, but rather chill,
The girls reclining in a sleepy row;
But all arise and cheer with right good will
When they ascend the Seminary hill.

INDIA TRAVEL.

THERE are some odd things about travel in India.

First. Every particle of luggage — handbags, satchels, or what not — is weighed, and the free allowance deducted from the total. They have not insisted on this with us, but foreigners have some notable privileges in this conquered land, such as entering mosques with shoes on, right of way in the streets, first serving at ticket and post-offices, etc., and I have seen this rule rigorously followed with the poor natives, and on our landing at the southern tip of this peninsula a missionary was forced to pile on to the scales everything he had, in spite of protest in most vigorous Telegu.

But then, you may take into the car with you the most outlandish shapes and quantities. An actress and her friend had a good cart-load in the car with them, piled up on floor and seats, till it looked most inhospitable for other comers; and most English people travel with a remarkable amount of "hand" luggage.

Second. But they give you an abundance of room. A carriage which could hold six or eight is often occupied by one, two, or three, and officials do not try to put more in.

The people of the little island like plenty of elbow-room out here, perhaps because they have so little at home. Houses are large, rooms are big, yards are immense. No foreigner crowds another. In church each has a good three feet of width. Where the English have remodelled cities (the case with a good many after the Mutiny), the streets are broad. The climate doubtless has a good deal to do with this, and the likelihood of infectious diseases. It is easy to engage a railway car for the exclusive use of a party. They have not yet reached the point of arranging through cars over connecting lines, except from Bombay to Calcutta. On one train one must change cars whenever he changes lines, which is not seldom.

Third. Every first or second class car is a sleeping-car, that is, there are seats which can be let down for upper berths, and the seats are supposed to be used for the lower; but there is nothing else, — no porter to let down berths and make the bed, no bedding of any sort; so a traveller must provide pillow and blankets and sheets, if he has them, which few do. It is not safe to presume on warm nights, for at least at this season quite cold damp nights follow the hot days. No extra charge is made for night use of the cars. As there is but one fast train in the day, and as the others are unbearably slow (the fastest fast train makes thirty, the other fast trains twenty-one, the ordinary trains fourteen to fifteen miles an hour), one almost needs to travel by night a good deal.

Fourth. But what is funniest of all is the fact that most hotels furnish no covers for your (their) beds. You come into the room given you, and there is one sheet over the mattress. If you ask for another sheet and some blankets the manager is surprised. If you insist on them, and tell him it is a cold night, and you can't sleep without something more, he is affronted. He asks you where are your blankets, says he has none, that "every gentleman brings his own," etc. If you are stubborn, he may, or may not, send you up another sheet, apparently just from the wringer;

but usually it is not possible to get blankets, so it is safer, and a deal pleasanter, when you walk about India to take up your own bed. Now see how customs interlock ; for

Fifth. Most people in India take servants with them. Travellers are expected to have one each, or one for two. These are on hand to make your bed in the car and carry your bedding, to wait on you at table, black your boots, and do all which one expects hotel servants to do. When we reached Calcutta (the demand was not so noticable in South India) the first thing the hotel manager did after giving us our room was to ask "Have you your servants with you?" "No," said I: "what do I want of servants?" "Why, you must have your personal servants ; everybody does : you can't get along without them." "What for?" "Why, — why to wait on you at table, care for your rooms, and get your carriage, and — and — everything." "Well, if I hire my own servants what do the hotel waiters do?" "Why, no hotel keeps enough servants to do its work." If I had been alone, I should have told him that Americans had enough bother with servants at home without lugging a lot along with him when he travelled for pleasure ; but others were dependent on me who, I knew by experience, would be greatly grieved if their table wants were not fully met, so I said, "How many do I want?" "Seven will do, I guess, for nine of you ; or perhaps you could get along with six." "I'll try four and see how it works." So he picked me out four from a crowd standing by, and told me to pay each twenty cents a day, and as much more as I liked if they suited. (I believe now that they were hotel servants, and this ruse only got this much extra from me per day for hotel expenses.) I partitioned the turbaned and frocked among my party, and for twenty-four hours most of the party spent the larger share of their indoor time wandering around the halls calling "Boy! Boy!" (servants are called "boys" here, gray-haired and all), and half the time they should have been eating picking out which boy belonged to them. So at the end of twenty-four hours I paid off two of them, and at the end of forty-eight hours the other two ; have had none since, and have fared as well without any as with four. How it would have been if we had had the orthodox number I don't know, but I believe I should have been gray. One or two hotel managers have kindly asked after my "servants," but I have promptly said, "I have none, and don't wish any ;" and things have gone as smoothly as skating, and as prices were arranged beforehand, I know I have not paid extra for my poverty in the matter of "boys."

Sixth. The servility of natives toward the conquering race is one of the strangest things to an American. I have mentioned a few signs of this under first head. There are many well-bred natives make the military salute to every foreigne At first, you look again, to see where you have met this friendly saluter, thinking he may be a former guide, hotel servant, or shop keeper. But he is a stranger, making his obeisance to you as one of the stronger people. That is all the relationship he knows. Then, if your gharry (hack) overtakes a native's cart, no matter how heavily loaded, the native patiently draws off to one side, and gives you all the road. More than once, I have seen a tardy driver struck with the lash for not doing this soon enough. On a card of directions in this very room one clause is: "Visitors will please not strike the servants. Any neglect will be punished by the manager." In Africa and Spain, a foreigner may not enter a mosque without removing his shoes, if at all. Here, foreigners may tramp all over their most sacred spots, even into the sacred "mihrat," and no one ventures to suggest the taking off of shoes. But once have I seen a foreigner reproved, and that was for spitting on the floor of the court of a mosque. The people seem well conquered, yet I don't like all the signs of it.

Seventh. At many places there is no hotel. Provision for travellers is made on a very limited scale, by setting apart two rooms in the second story of the railroad station, or by a "Travellers' Rest House," a bungalow of two rooms, containing bed and wash-basin. From Tuticorin, the southernmost town of India, to Madras, we found nothing else. At Madura, there being some Germans ahead of us, five of our women slept in one room, on the floor, while the men found what rest the soft side of an iron settee and the mosquitoes would allow in the ladies' waiting-room of the railroad station. I think those Madura mosquitoes

could give odds to the most merciless of New Jersey creatures. They were not noisy, but very hungry and very diligent. One of us slept while the other kept the mosquitoes off with a handkerchief. So we took turns. At another place, four of us slept in the Rest House and the other five in a car at the station. Intending travellers to such cities should telegraph for these accommodations as early as possible. One of the rules is that no persons may stay over twenty-four hours. These places are managed by the railroad company or by government.

Eighth. The meals are at odd hours. "Chota hazree," or early tea, is served in your room any time from five to eight o'clock. It is a cup of tea or coffee, with a slice of toast, perhaps a banana or two. Breakfast comes at 9.30 or 10; tiffin, or lunch, at 1.30 or 2; dinner, at 7, or 7.30, or even 8 o'clock. We have very much neglected the early tea, only taking it when we wished to make a very early start. The average cost of hotel life is five rupees ($2.00) a day. The food is about what one gets in any hotel, except that ice-cream or ices are very rare. Every large city has its ice factory; and ice is not scarce. The water is, in the main, good, being filtered through several earthern jars. We have found no need anywhere for wine or other strong drink. There are plenty of eating-houses at the stations along the railroad, and plenty of time is given. The cost is sixty cents for breakfast or lunch, and eighty cents for dinner. Fair meals are served. A cup of tea with bread and butter costs twenty cents.

Ninth. The railroad cars are built with a double cover, which comes one third of the way down the side of the car. Mats are hung across certain windows, upon which you may, by turning a faucet, pour water. The air coming through these wetted mattings enters the car cooled. The window glass is colored a light shade. All this to temper the great heat. There are ample lavatories in every car, sometimes containing full-sized bath-tubs. First-class cars are less comfortable than second-class, except at night. I counted in one train, four first-class, fourteen second, and three hundred and twenty-six third class passengers. This shows how much the natives travel. They crowd them in unmercifully — I suppose so as to give room for their better-class passengers. A foreigner could hardly travel third-class here. For stations off the railroad there are bullock carts, and a very queer-looking double-storied camel cart. These make very decent time, the long stride of the camel marking off a good distance with each step.

C. C. B.

A TRIP TO BOSTON.

Starting from Chicago, on a Wagner train,
After a vacation in the slush and rain,
Mammas fondly warning, maidens all forlorn,
Train is steaming eastward on that Monday morn.

After we were settled, and the baggage stored,
Then we began to feel just a little bored,
Till some cute Yale students walked along the aisle,
Took us in from head to foot, and then began to smile.

After introductions all around had passed,
Seats in state-room crowded to the very last,
Banjos gayly twanging, hearts so blithe and free,
Sat the happy party, and this is what you see: —

Daisy in the corner, Streetie just across,
With his little tan cap on his curleys tossed;
Next to him was Lealia, playing with a vim,
Thinking of the morrow when she 'd be far from him.

Blocking up the doorway, seated on a stool,
Sat the little Dupie, sweet, and calm, and cool;
Next to him the Sargent, Oh, if him you knew, —
"Is 'nt there something that I can do for you?"

Then, just beside him, came little Ethel Runne,
Who was looking out then for every bit of fun.
Following then in order, glasses, distingué,
Sat the Boston Baby, who always had his say.

But the most important members of the crowd
Listen now attentively while I read aloud,
Over the banjo cases, satchels, candy, nuts, and fruit,
Chocolate cake, olives, and everything else to boot.

Sallie, watching over these with a longing eye,
Wonders how the candy tastes, thinks she 'll have a try;
Others think it quite a scheme, and they follow suit;
Now what 's your mind concerning us, — don't we think
we 're cute?

Bright and clear and sunny dawns the second day,
And from the maids the students cannot keep away;
Albany is coming, students there depart,
Oh, we think it almost will break our little hearts.

Good-bys are said with gentle sighs,
Hand in hand is clasped,
Gibbie's hat and Walker's eyes with the rest have passed
We are off for Boston, they for dear old Yale,
All that fun is over, school here is so stale.

SUGGESTIONS.

In the time spent at Lasell, and especially during my Preparatory and Freshman years, I often wished that the one hundred and one little things that a person should or should not do to make life at a boarding-school less a burden might be written in plain characters. Even the "Guide to Life at Lasell" did not altogether satisfy me, so, hoping that I may partially fill the aching void which some innocent may have, I hereby dedicate these suggestions to the coming generations: —

As soon as you enter the school, ring for a maid to assist you in unpacking, so that people will understand at the outset that you are a person of some importance. Do not attempt to attend more than one recitation a day for the first two or three weeks, as that is all that any one is expected to do. If at any time during your daily walk you feel thirsty, go to Young's, West Newton, for a glass of soda-water. While there, you may as well indulge in some of those pleasing delicacies which will increase your popularity among your fellow-students.

Two easy and swift methods of reaching the dining-room when belated — running the elevator at full speed and descending the fire-escape and entering through the Lasellia Club-room. Do not attempt the latter unless you have been at Lasell at least two weeks, for otherwise you would not have had enough practice in the gymnasium to jump the last story.

Coming up from the dining-room, turn first to the right and then to the left, and you will find the universal finger-bowl near the chapel door.

Leave all orders for Huyler's candy at the office.

On leaving your room for the evening, leave the gas burning, some inflammable material near it, and both window and door open, in hopes that a little excitement may be created.

When the parlors are full on Monday afternoons, take your caller up to the Art room, as it is a good place for a little quiet conversation.

It is the proper thing to accompany the caller when leaving at least to the end of the walls, if not to the station, in order that you may not be "the observed of all observers" when the affectionate adieux are spoken.

Do not hesitate to express your opinions loudly, and upon all occasions criticising the teachers, girls, and school in general: it will give you an independent air.

Do not be rude enough to examine the cards in the library, as they are intended for the librarian's special benefit.

High-heeled shoes in the swimming-tank are positively forbidden, as many serious accidents have occurred from the disregarding of this rule.

On leaving, all of your superfluous toys may be stored away for your posterity.

And last, but by no means least, do *not* be enticed into the Publishing Association.

PERSONALS.

It is necessary to explain that there are two young ladies named Lizzie Whipple who have been students at Lasell. It was not Lizzie May Whipple of 266 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, who lost her brother by a railroad accident, as mentioned in the February Leaves, but Sarah Lizzie Whipple and her sister Nellie M., of Wellesley, who were earlier pupils of the school.

Lizzie May Whipple expects to go to Iowa in April, to be bridesmaid for Tib Hosford.

Hattie May Church was married Feb. 19, to Dr. Cassius C. Cottle, at Marshalltown, Iowa, where her home will continue to be. Hattie was at Lasell in '86 and '87.

Josie Adams writes for a Lasell pin and the Leaves to be sent to her. She regrets that her health did not permit her to go through the course and graduate at Lasell.

Hattie and Gertrude Morse, with their mother, Mrs. G. W. Morse, sailed for Bremen, on the North Lloyd German steamer, "Emas," from New York, Wednesday, Feb. 11.

Florence Ryan wrote recently from the Ponce de Leon hotel, St. Augustine, Florida, where she was making a short stay for her health, having been very ill earlier in the winter. She says that Nell Bubb and Rachel Allen are coming to visit Ada Langley in April. Of course they will come to Lasell.

THE sickness of her mother and sister had worn so severely upon Gertrude Woodbury that as soon as they were better she came to Boston for a rest, and paid Lasell a visit.

PRISCILLA PARMENTER is studying water-color painting at the Normal Art School in Boston. When she was out she told us of our good Miss Lucy Tappan, who is now with her parents, neither of them being well. She teaches in the high school at Gloucester.

OF other "old girls" who have been at Lasell are Bessie Towle, Grace Skinner, Edith Ward, Fannie Reed, Fannie Thomas, Nina Burr, Mary Fisher, and Emma Gass.

EARLY in February, Mr. W. T. Shepherd was called to Washington by the death of his father. He took the body to Chicago for burial, as his father had spent most of his life in the West. Mr. John T. Shepherd was a man of much intelligence and Christian character, interested and active in all good works. He kept these qualities and his clear mind to the end of his eighty-five years of life.

Mrs. Jennie Hauser, who, with her daughter, is living at the Missionary House in Lucknow, is the sister of Mr. W. T. Shepherd. She has written to Mr. Shepherd a graphic account of the visit to them of Mr. Bragdon and party, Jan 22. All were taken about the city, had a camel ride of some miles, were shown the missionary work, and ascended the tower of the Residency, from which they had a fine view of the city and suburbs. They also took tiffin together, and the visitors voted it a "red letter" day in their trip. The Missionary House is like a large, nice hotel, only more homelike. Many interesting guests are constantly coming and going. Mr. Hauser was in the United States at the time mentioned.

REV. DR. ROBBINS, of Concord, N. H., visited the school March 9 and 10, officially, sent by the New Hampshire Conference. He led the chapel exercises morning and evening.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

ONE LEAF.

ONE evening, as I sat in the corner of a bureau drawer happily ensconced in Miss Rosalind's dress sleeve, — a dainty affair of mull and lace, — nibbling a gayly plumaged bird on her hat, I heard her sigh, and remark to her chum, "Oh for one more leaf for the LEAVES!" Now I had often, for want of something more spicy, taken a bit here and there from these same LEAVES for my breakfast, and I must confess that I had found it a dry morsel. Nevertheless, when I heard this longing cry, I wished to respond with a contribution; for, as I had frequently taken a leaf without leave, it seemed only fair that I should add a leaf by her leave, and I would as lief do so as not.

I am very fond of Miss Rosalind. I have found her pretty garments so befitting myself; and I am sure I have enjoyed her hats quite as much as she. This evening to which I refer, as the soft folds of lace fell charmingly around my neck, I fell a-musing on my school life. Here was I born, at Hibred Manor, and in this far-famed school have I lived all my life, — a fact which accounts for my mental superiority. Constant association with so many brilliant intellects has polished my faculties quite as much as the delicious cakes and sweetmeats that Miss Rosalind and her school-mates keep for me in quiet corners all over the house, have added lustre to my sleek coat. Is it not kind of them? It must be for me that these dainties are provided, because the Faculty, that august, omnipresent body, whose looks and words strike deadly thrusts at dear little school-girls' hearts, do not sanction sweetmeats except at table, — and the dear creatures would not be disobedient. No! sooner would they sacrifice themselves to — to — Apollo-Belvedere, or one of the sacred Nine — Harvard nine, they call them, or sometimes Yale Nine; but I know not the meaning of these new designations. This statement, however, I do know to be true, for I have it from their own lips.

Sometimes my heart bleeds for these poor innocents, though I do not share their fears. I often meet the different members of the Faculty, and to me they do not seem at all dangerous. Nay, more, they usually pay me great respect, performing for my entertainment the most wonderful evolutions, genuflections, and salutations whenever

they see me approach. Though I ought to mention that there is one exception — one there is that never leaps from floor to chair, from chair to table, when he sees me; and I think he might do these things more easily even than the others, though he would not be so amusing.

When I was younger, and used to hear the girls speaking in tragic tones of being picked all to bits in the mysterious weekly rites of the Faculty, I lived in a state of great unrest and trepidation. I often heard piercing shrieks, and would wonder if the horrible details were then enacted. I became consumed with a desire to learn the truth of the matter, until one evening I conceived the bold project of hiding in the waste-basket of the big office during a session. This plan was executed, and at the close of the ceremonies I came out a calmer and wiser creature. Instead of hours of horror, it was an evening of entertainment; and I am sure I rattled the paper sometimes, in my endeavors to keep from laughing. It was quite like a social party

Most of those present had knitting or needle-work, while one seemed busy with pieces of colored glass, through which, I suppose, the faults of delinquents appeared less glaring. Before the evening was over, ice-cream and cake were bronght in, but in the mean time the business was carried on. It began by lamentations over the lack of attention in the spelling-class. One speaker said she liked originality, but preferred it in other domains than that of orthography. The English classes received but mild criticism, though they were not marked very high. A period was placed here, and the Faculty proceeded to history. It appeared that not only was history an "inexact science," but that the recitations were more inexact than the science itself. I sat wondering if they really did expect girls to be exact in anything.

In the German classes, some pupils were very trying. When the lessons were long and hard, instead of attending properly to translating, they could be heard repeating, in plaintive tones, "Vater — Vater — Mutter — heim — heim." In the French classes, occasionally, they did not have "a bit good time," although they were excessively polite. At those times, even sarcasm failed to produce the desired effect. The passive became active, the regular, irregular, and pronouns, prepositions, and adverbs got mixed in hopeless confusion. In the Greek class, there was now and then a cough over an astringent root; and in mathematics, an example in algebra was plus a headache, on a dull morning.

I thought I detected a low wail followed by a retort from the laboratory; but there are so many marvels in that region one is not sure of sounds or odors.

In the Art Department, the drawings had been done with too free a hand, and had to be toned down a shade, but the lights and shadows fell softly across many a sketch in the studio that gave promise of success.

Instrumental music was found to be up-Hill work, and voice culture, though it tried the voice, was still more trying to the ear.

Table etiquette failed in some points of good form. Notwithstanding lectures on social usages, a plate is sometimes passed for a second supply without the knife and fork. The contents of the sugar-bowl are sometimes found on the stairs, and chocolate creams make connections with pockets at 5.30 P. M.

In the swimming class, the downward stroke is most popular. There is a tendency to remain on the bottom of the tank. A fishing-pole is found a necessary article; and many a slippery form is brought to the surface and put in harness, as a preventive of drowning. Unmindful of expense, the girls persist in swallowing quarts of water, and the affection they manifest for the railing at the side of the tank is a touching spectacle; all this notwithstanding "it is so easy to swim."

It did seem as if there was a skeleton in every closet; especially was this true in respect to the lecturer on physiology. She had remarked the one instance worthy of note, where young ladies failed to be interested in themselves. Apropos of this, the last number of "Harper's Monthly" had been surreptitiously taken from the reading-room, and the "North American Review" was suffering an interview out of its proper sphere. Loud whispering had been heard in the library, and the glass had been taken from the water-tank by one selfish girl, and all the others were standing about in agonies of intolerable thirst; no comments needed. I blushed to think that it was all true.

At this point a thoughtful silence ensued, and

when the conversation was resumed it took a more cheerful turn, and I was made happy again by the assurance that one thing was as it should be. Prominent among the magazines in the reading-room is "Good Housekeeping," a periodical that is producing its legitimate results.

The order and neatness prevailing in the rooms cannot be too highly commended. The decorations are tasteful, the ornamentations around the door-knobs made by dainty fingers on a white background are effective, and are often commented upon by visitors. One speaker seemed greatly pleased at this report. She said that, as one great object in the education of girls is to make happy homes, these details are of the greatest importance.

I really think I learned more in that one evening than in any other of my whole life.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S WAYS.

THE hands of the dainty Dresden clock point to the hour of two. The library door opens, and James, the butler, comes in, moves about the room, adjusting a shade here or there, stooping to stir the fire, as if he would make it blaze even more cheerfully than it is blazing, half smiling the while, even as he mumbles, "Nonsince! nonsince! When people have been dancing all night, why can't they come home and go to bed? But no; they must sit around and drink tea and talk till the cock crows. Now if I—"

But his soliloquizing is broken in upon by the entrance of a party of young people.

They are busily discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the dance they have just left.

"Helen, did you ever before see such a dress as that Reynolds girl had on?"

The speaker, Katharine Warden, a tall brunette, pauses before the mirror to admire her own perfectly fitting gown.

Her companions have already found their favorite seats, and are settling themselves for a comfortable chat.

Charles Wentworth — generally called Prince Charming — has stretched himself upon a divan, and looks so carelessly comfortable that, were it not for the dress suit, you would say he had been there all the evening.

His sister, Mrs. Theodore Masters, is leaning luxuriously back among the cushions of a low wicker chair. She surely is a dazzlingly beautiful woman, but as Arthur Armstrong looks at her he thinks how cruel her mouth is, and what a dangerous light lurks in the half-closed eyes.

"Really," she says, "I never saw any one make a more decided hit than you did to-night, Ruth. I suppose you are perfectly elated."

"Oh, no" returns her brother, looking with undisguised admiration at the young lady in question; "you won't find her Royal Highness pleased by such a paltry thing. She has—" But Ruth Elliott has turned wearily away, and is moving toward the conservatory. As he was talking simply for her benefit, why should he finish his sentence?

The group around the fire continues their aimless criticising of their fellow-creatures, and all seem rather to enjoy it.

All, did I say? Not all; for Arthur Armstrong has very little to say, and after nervously watching the door for a while, he murmurs something about "water," and leaves the room.

Instinct leads him toward the half-lighted conservatory. There, leaning against the door-way, idly listening to the soft, measured dropping of the scented fountain, stands Ruth Elliott.

How shall I describe her? Whoever described a rose, or a lily, or the daintiest little wild flower that grew out of sight by the roaside?

A symphony in white and purple, from the tip of the tiny satin slipper to the dark violets in the soft, brown hair.

As Armstrong comes towards her she glances up at him with a half-haughty, half-wistful look in the deep-gray eyes.

"Ruth," he is saying, "queens can afford to forgive even the lowliest of offenders. See, here at your feet, O Queen, I plead my cause! I know it is not fit for me, the humblest of subjects, to woo, but see with what boldness I give hope to my heart. A queen can make a king of any man. You, O Queen, can make of me what you will! Surely, surely, you will be pitiful, as woman should! You will not have a beggar leave you empty hearted,—

With one swift motion, she takes the violets from her hair and places them in his hand. Then, touching him lightly on either shoulder, she says, in a low, clear voice:

"Arise, Sir Arthur, Knight of the Violet! May you be ever gentle, noble, and brave; true to your honor and true to your queen!"

Bending gently forward, she imprints a kiss on his forhead. The touch brings a dark-red flush to his cheeks. For a moment he does not move. Now he has folded her in his arms.

"Ruth, darling! do you know what you have done? You have made me the happiest man in the world. Oh, that I may always be worthy! What shall I do to prove my love?"

The soft, white arms are around his neck. The little head has lost its queenly bearing, and is nestling against his shoulder,

"Be a god, and hold me with thy charm;
Be a man, and fold me with thy arm."

. . . . . .

Soon, very soon it seems to him, she says, —

"Why, it must be quite late, or (I should say) early. They will wonder where we are."

In a minute the group by the library fire sees a picture not to be easily forgotten.

No words are needed. Even did the heavy-linked watchchain, with its golden heart, in which the diamonds sparkle so merrily, fastened firmly around the slender throat, not tell its tale, one glance at the faces in the doorway explains all.

To Katharine Warden, what she sees is a romance, some one else's affair, and it delights her. To Helen Masters it is a picture of her defeat. To Charles Wentworth it is — what? He does not know. Surely not real! Mrs. Masters is the first to speak. She says, in her low, mocking voice, —

"For people not on speaking terms, you have had a remarkably long *tête-à-tête*."

"Long," answers Ruth, with a little, conscious laugh; "why, it did n't seem so. You see, we — I — that is, the moon is so beautiful. Oh, you must see what a lovely night it is!"

Dead silence, broken only by the whistling of the wind and the driving rain against the pane.

"Strange!" murmurs Helen Masters, "strange! First of April — storm — full moon. Strange what phenomenon you Westerners bring with you!"

"No," interrupts Charles, rising. "I — believe she is right, Helen. Surely, it is a moon, or something. The light is uncommonly strong. It quite makes a fellow dizzy. Armstrong, you are a lucky dog: here's my hand." Pleasant words, but his voice is choked and he turns abrubtly away, saying, "Arthur, man, make her happy! You must make her happy, do you hear?"

EXCHANGES.

We are indebted to the *Bruonian* for the pleasing "*Discovery of Bhrouhn University in* 2951," which is very interesting, and written so much in the style of the "Last American" that we could hardly believe that another had taken up the pen to write the missing part of "Khan-li's Journal." We quote this passage, which sounds very much like college talk: —

"Ride a trot horse
Into class, why, of course,
To see a stern tutor
Become very cross;
And show what respect
In his nibs you repose
By riding your pony
Right under his nose."

This is very puzzling. It seems hardly possible that the students rode into their classes on horseback; yet Nofuhl declares that that is what it means. In the last part we have mentioned a curious form of salutation. "Nibs" was probably a title of respect given to the officers or president of the college.

The Lasell girl could hardly be recognized as described in one of the college papers that we receive monthly. A Boston girl is quite accurately pictured, but the description does not seem much like us, for we are mostly Western girls, and only a few of us wear glasses and look sober, although we do read Browning, and try to look very learned sometimes.

The "Vacation of Nelson Daniels, LL. B.," in the *Yale Courant*, is a very interesting and well-plotted story, and shows considerable originality. Snakes in a love story are rather new; but the story ends as nearly every love story that was ever written ends.

LABRADOR.

REGIONS of rocky headland, shore, and sea
Gray with enduring mist;
Chill sea-winds blowing as they list;
And ragged rain-clouds roaming mournfully;
Haunts of the blue-bill, widgeon, coot, and plover,
Where gray above the sea
The slow-winged sea-gulls hover
Aloft, aloft in sad supremacy.
Summers of little sunshine and much cloud,
And winters lingering long,
And deathly silence clinging like a shroud,
Stretching from noon to noon;
While clear and shrill, the silence to prolong,
Gibbers the nightly loon.

Harvard Advocate.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

I'VE read of the swain of olden time,
Who sought from the maiden of his love,
Because it had touched her dainty hand,
The gift of her little cast-off glove.

Poor fool! Our youth shows wisdom's gain,
For slyly, with skilful hand he snips
A bit from his best girl's spotted veil,
Because it has pressed her rosy lips! *Ex.*

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APRIL, 1891.

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VOLUME XVI.—No. 7.

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LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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OF

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

SOME of our Lasell girls, after due consideration,
Decide to take two instead of one week for vacation,
And just about the time they see Auburndale's pretty station,
Each and every heart is seized with sudden palpitation;
For the Faculty, the worst thing in creation,
Must know the whys and wherefores of the lengthened recreation;
Therefore they receive many a dissertation,
On mumps, tonsilitis, colds, the result of dissipation,
And the grippe, which gripped without commiseration
"Our 'uncle's cousin's aunt," or some other near (?) relation.
But alas, that Faculty — they lack appreciation,
And one of that assembly draws her consolation
From remarking that next year there will be no vacation;
So the poor girls experience the terrible sensation
Of having no excuse for their little absentation,
But they receive the news without a tear or lamentation.

ALL too soon has the Easter time come and gone. The rest and change was sorely needed by us all, and now we have returned, enthusiastic to begin work again. Many of the girls went to their own homes for the holidays, while a few visited friends near here. Those who remained at the school report a most delightful time, and as for the Washington party, every adjective has already been employed by its members in telling the pleasures of that trip.

We fully realize how much hard study must be done this last term, but with our renewed strength we feel the work can be faithfully accomplished.

GIRLS, ye that are in the architecture class, groan no more over the lectures that come once in two years on that subject. Think not at all except with pleasure on the fifty-page lesson and ten-minutes' quiz, given from any part of the book or on any subject which may attract the instructor at the moment; but just meditate on the unsus-

pected talent which may be in the progress of development, and make the most of every minute. When we come to consider that two Boston girls and one of Chicago have won prizes for plans of buildings for the World's Fair, and that one has gone to Chicago for the purpose of superintending the construction of the woman's building, it seems worth one's while to pay a little attention to the matter, and these preliminary studies may in truth be a starting-point for more than one of our number.

New fields for women are springing up so fast that no one can proffer the excuse that she cannot find her niche; her opportunity seems almost to be placed in her hands. Then let us not slight our architecture, for it promises to become one of the desirable professions of the future; and, as one authority puts it, "I have often wondered why so few young ladies have not taken the course heretofore. Architecture is the prettiest business in the world. In the designing of interiors women could make a place for themselves in architecture."

News of our late affliction spread, and letters of the following style were received from sympathizing relatives and friends: —

My Suffering Sister, — It is well you ask me about this matter. It would be wrong to permit yourself to go through the humiliating and agonizing trials you are now in the act of enduring sustained by the buoyancy of your mumps alone.

It is natural that you should know nothing about the cure and treatment of the ailment, and I know all about it.

In the first place, ascertain as nearly as possible how many of your fellow-sisters at Lasell are likewise encumbered. This will concentrate your mind and enlarge your heart some. Then proceed to find out precisely how many of your fellow-sisters who are not mumpish are likely to become so. After yourself and the advanced class are convalescent, this method will prove highly beneficial, and will cause you to find great pleasure in what at first might seem an affliction.

Do not lay any wagers on your weight while your mumps are in full bloom. You will find it difficult to remain attached to *terra firma*, let alone weigh down very heavily.

It is very many years since I was surrounded by a large gathering of mumps, and was going about in the listless, zig-zag fashion worn by the mumpee, when I was accosted by a little boy evident in his purpose to affix a string to my ankle and play balloon with me. I trust none of the young ladies will encounter a bad little boy with the same ambition.

I will give you more advice whenever you ask for it. Yours,

H —.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Tradition avers the Holy Grail to be the cup from which our Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and the one which he passed to his disciples, saying, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

It was believed that if any one touched or even saw this holy cup, straightway he would be cured of all diseases, and that it would bestow perpetual youth upon its fortunate possessor.

It is said to have been kept by Joseph of Arimathea, having been used by him to catch the blood of the Crucified One. It was then taken to Glastonbury, and presented to Joseph's son, who, preferring the glories of heaven to eternal life on earth, transferred it to another; but, on account of the wicked life lead by the last recipient, the Holy Grail was lost, and disappeared from the earth.

It is said to have been composed of a single precious stone. In 1110 the Crusaders obtained a cup which was for a time said to be the Holy Grail, and which is now in Genoa. Some churches in Italy and France claim to possess it, but this is not true.

This old and interesting legend has been the foundation of many romances, none more delightful or more clearly portrayed than the one by Tennyson, entitled "The Holy Grail." It is one of the poems composing the "Idyls of the King," and describes the quest of the Knights of the Round Table for this sacred vessel.

It is very interesting to follow the ways in which the Grail appears to different ones in the poem. How beautifully it comes before the sister of Sir Percival! She had asked an old monk to whom she confessed, if she could ever hope to see the sacred vessel. He tells her that after fasting

and praying faithfully for many days it might at last appear.

She wakes up in the dead of night and hears a horn blowing sweet music, and then a silver beam steals through her window, and down the long beam steals the Grail, "Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive." Then the music ceased, the beam faded away, and then she knew the Holy Cup was upon earth again.

The cup comes in very much the same way to all the Knights, when they were all sitting around the table banqueting. This time it comes clothed in a white cloud, so that none could see the bearer. Thus, as none of them were pure enough, actually to see the holy vessel, they all made a vow that they would behold it before the year expired, and the next day started on their long year's search.

Some of them succeeded, and some did not, and of those who did, one became pure enough to enter the spiritual city, and reigned there for many years. Another returned to Arthur, but did not wish to lead a worldly life any more, so, by the king's permission, went to a monastery, and lived a godly life and was much beloved for his sweet, humble manner.

Although the search was fruitless for many, it made them better men for the time being, and in their after-life it had a great influence over them.

All of Tennyson's poems teach some great moral, and this one points strongly to humility and purity. It also teaches us to have some definite thing in view before we start out to find it. Arthur's Knights would have become just as loving and pure in staying at home and helping those in great distress, instead of going on a blind search.

Others think it is an allegory of the Christian life, in which the Christian starts out in search of God, and has to go through all the trials and troubles which are necessary to make a humble and loving follower of Christ.

THE WASHINGTON PARTY.

We were in gay spirits that afternoon of the 25th of March, when, valise and umbrella in hand, we started down the hill for the station. The day was so bright and pleasant we felt sure that we should not need our umbrellas on the trip, but we took them, you know, "just to keep the rain away."

We were glad we did, however, for our pathway was not so sunny throughout the week.

Miss Carpenter joined us in Boston, thus making our second chaperon, since Mr. Shepherd alone could not possibly take care of so many girls; for, although we had come to see and learn, we had also come to have a good time, and Miss Carpenter was just the one to add to our pleasure.

At 7.30 that night we were enjoying a hearty dinner on board the "Pilgrim"; little Carl, sitting near the head of the table, amused us by spelling out the word "Pilgrim" on the numerous dishes. The sea was calm, the night a perfect one, and if the music in the cabin had not been so attractive we should have staid on deck long after Newport was reached; however, we retired reasonably early (Lasell girls fall asleep anywhere after half past nine), and awakening in the morning found ourselves in New York.

Soon we were on the train, the Royal Blue Line, that we have heard so much about from one of the grave seniors, and at three P. M. most of us took our first step in the capital of our country. How clean and broad its streets looked! Our Lincoln, Nebraska, friend immediately felt at home, for she says Lincoln copied after Washington in the plan of its streets.

We were driven directly to the Richmond Hotel, one of the most private and elegant hotels in Washington, and after dining, and surveying our pleasant rooms, we were ready to accompany Miss Carpenter on a walk. "Where shall we go?" she asks. "Spoons!" cry half a dozen girls; so down Pennsylvania Avenue we go, feasting our eyes in the jewelry stores, and finally emerge laden with souvenir Washington spoons. On our walk back, the White House and many of the large public buildings were pointed out to us.

Friday was a rainy day, but, nevertheless, we determined to make it a profitable one.

At eight A. M. all of us (twenty-one in number, for Carl had left us at Philadelphia, and our other companions had said good-by at Baltimore) assembled in the hotel hall, well prepared with gossamers and rubbers to brave any weather. The street cars took us to the dock, and then be-

gan our ride down the Potomac to Mt. Vernon. The tolling of a bell announced that we had arrived at the home of Washington ; the tomb of Washington is located on the road leading from the river landing, and consists of a large vault extending into a bank in a thickly-wooded dell.

On the summit of the hill is the Mansion House, supported in front by a row of tall, white pillars. Numerous relics and other remembrances of Washington are on exhibition within the building. Each State has fitted up a room ; the banqueting room is perhaps the most completely furnished with the curious articles of the time of Washington. The grounds around the mansion are beautifully wooded with choice shade-trees, planted by Washington when he was a young man.

We had luncheon served in the old family kitchen, by a good-natured colored "aunty," who brought fresh smiles to the faces of the Southern girls in the party.

That night we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery, and had the privilege of seeing many choice paintings and pieces of sculpture. Powers's Greek Slave of course attracted our attention, and many of us lingered long over the original of the "Helping Hand," by Emile Renouf.

Saturday greeted us with rain and snow, but we went directly to the Post Office Department, and saw the men at the Dead Letter Office tearing open letters and packages, — alas, perhaps some were intended for us. It was extremely amusing to see the different things — toads, snakes, photographs, mineral specimens, valentines, and other odd mixtures — that had been sent through the mail and lost. The Pension Building was next visited, and then to the Capitol. Here each of us had a turn in the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives. We spent some time in the Capitol, going from room to room, and admiring the massiveness and grandeur of everything.

At one o'clock we were due at the White House, or, as I believe it is more correct to say, the Executive Mansion.

The guide showed us through the Green, Blue, and Red rooms, also through the state dining-room and the conservatory. At the reception of President Harrison, we each had an opportunity to shake his hand, thus making us feel a trifle larger than we did before we entered the East room.

Our afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed at the National Museum, where we saw so many curious things that our "heads fairly whirled." But Mr. Shepherd had a still greater pleasure reserved for the evening, and that was an informal reception at Mrs. Gen. John Logan's lovely home. We coincide with many other persons, that Mrs. Logan is a charming lady, for who could have entertained us more pleasantly than she did, by showing us so many interesting relics of Gen. Logan's?

Warm and pleasant was Easter Sunday, and how packed to the doors was the Church of the Covenant, which the President and his family attend! We were fortunate enough to secure seats, and enjoyed listening to the well-pointed remarks of the pastor. After the service was over, we had a few words with Bessie Lothrop, who is attending Mrs. Somer's school. In the evening we attended services at a colored church. Monday, our last day, was certainly a busy one ; by nine o'clock we were at the Washington Monument thence we drove to the State, War, and Navy departments, where our eyes rested on the original document of the Declaration of Independence. The Treasury Building was next visited, and by noon we were seated in the Supreme Court of the United States, breathlessly waiting the arrival of the nine judges ; soon they came in, clad in heavy silken robes, Chief Justice Fuller leading, the whole making a very imposing ceremony. In the afternoon we had a delightful carriage drive to Arlington Heights, Gen. Lee's old home, and saw the National burial-ground of many thousand Union soldiers.

Capt. Brooks, for many years chief of the Secret Service Department, entertained us that evening with exciting tales of his experiences in capturing counterfeiters.

Early Tuesday morning every one was hurriedly packing her trunk, except one poor mortal, who had no trunk to pack, for hers was taking an unusually long vacation in the different cities between Boston and Washington. After breakfast we sorrowfully bade adieu to the beautiful city, and were soon on the cars bound for New York. It began to rain just as we were getting on the "Plymouth," so the evening had to be spent within doors, listening to the brass band, watching the different people on the boat, and remarking how tired we

were. The next morning, much to the school's surprise, we breakfasted at Lasell, and all one could hear in the halls was "Elegant time"— "Perfectly grand" — "Charming trip", etc.

All the party join me in expressing our sincerest thanks to Miss Carpenter and Mr. Shepherd, who, by their untiring zeal, gave us a thoroughly enjoyable time.

THE SWORD DRILL.

'T is a sight oft seen in the Lasell gym,
Ten girls advancing full of vim,
Some short and fat, some tall and slim,
Or *vice versa* it may be,
For several short, slight girls you see.

What does it mean? Why don't you know
Each to her neighbor is a foe?
Just watch them at each other go;
Towards each other they feel no ill,
For this is but the sword drill.

Each girl has a sword in her hand,
Bound at the top with a leather band,
As all at once fair play demand,
And though those swords of wood are made,
They're enough to make one sure afraid.

Now they are ready to begin,
And quiet takes the place of din,
Command is given: "Squad fall in,"
"Forward, march," then "Intervals take,"
"March," and then a halt they 'll make.

Front rank two paces to front must go,
"Present arms," then right prove distance so;
"Squad guard" you all surely that must know,
"Cuts by the numbers," "Cuts without,"
"Guards the same," "Front rank about."

"Cuts and guards," the command doth repeat,
"Front rank advancing, rear rank retreat,"
Rear rank comes forward, front rank to meet;
Then "Points," of which there are four,
And by this time drill is most o'er.

'T is half past five, and the gong doth sound,
And now before we can turn around
Not a girl can anywhere be found;
For that gong doth dinner mean,
And that is why no girls are seen.

LOCALS.

About thirty girls remained at school during the Easter vacation. The girls who went away may have had a better time than we did, but we doubt it.

March 15, a praise service was held in the gymnasium, when Mr. Trowbridge played on the organ and Mr. Davis's quartet sang. The music was very much enjoyed by all the girls who were present.

The Senior's bosom now swells with pride under the '91 pin. It is really very pretty; but why will they not tell us how much their purses are depleted?

Those in the Cooking course have not yet learned the result of their examination, but the majority feel safe in advertising to state their proficiency in that line of work, having finished the year's work under the instruction of Mrs. M. S. Oakes and Mrs. M. J. Lincoln of Boston.

The choir and Orphean Club gave an Easter-song service, at the Methodist Church, March 24.

Friday evening, March 20, the S. D. Society gave its annual entertainment. This time the Amherst Glee and Banjo Clubs were the attraction. We all enjoyed it very much, of course, as did quite a number of people from outside the walls. After the concert, the S. D.'s, with Miss Chamberlayne, gave a reception to the young men of the clubs in the parlors. The doors into the music-room were open, and a refreshment table made it more than usually attractive. Every one enjoyed himself — or herself, — to the uttermost. The Society is to be congratulated on the unqualified success of its entertainment.

We recommend G. H. and I. as retreats favorable to meditation and the refining influence of solitude.

Several of our number attended an organ recital at Eliot Church, in Newton, March 19. The recital was given by Mr. J. Wallace Goodrich, and is reported as being excellent in every respect.

Miss Spyker's private pupils furnished us an evening of entertainment on March 21. No one will blame Miss Spyker if she is proud of each and every one of the performers, for she would be entirely justified. Maude Baldwin, who recited "Echo and the Fairy," from Jean Ingelow, was voted by the judges to have given the best recitation, and received the prize, a volume of Longfellow's poems.

THE time of the year has come when the Seniors gather in little knots, and mysteriously confer together, and if an under-class girl draws near, they abruptly stop talking, and either invite her to retire, or make it so chilly that she lingers not. Then one sweetly calls after her, "Awfully sorry, but it is about the class, you know."

THE Easter public rehearsal was given in the gymnasium the evening before school closed, March 24. It was unusually good. The following programme was rendered: —

IN the History Class: —

TEACHER.— Miss A, what was the Hellespont?

PUPIL.— I am not quite sure, but I think it was either the general, or one of the gods they worshipped

THANKS to our preceptress, who declares that she has infinite capacity for trying again, we were, on Saturday morning, April 11, treated to such a lecture as we can but rarely hope to hear. It was given by Mr. Richard G. Moulton, of the University Extension, Cambridge, England. The subject was "Lady Macbeth."

SCENE, the lower hall. A stately member of our sisterhood approaches the centre hall from the library, and encounters the new porter at the corner, bent on the noble work of enlightening the school. He strikes a match, applies it to the point of the bulb of the incandescent light, turns the key, and naturally, as the result of such efforts, the electric light blazes forth. Then he passes on soberly and in good faith, leaving the stately member leaning against the radiator gasping for breath.

THURSDAY, April 16, the members of the Charles Ward Post of the G. A. R. gave a very pleasant reception at their hall in Newtonville. The members of the Lasell Battalion gladly accepted a kind invitation to attend. During the evening the Lasell sword squad, something new at our school this year — gave what was pronounced a very pretty exercise. The squad is composed of the following officers, five from each of the two companies of the Battalion: —

Capts., Millikin and Peabody, Lieuts., Richards and Medsker, First Sergts., Shepherd and Whitney, Second Sergts., Horton and Simpson, Corps., Spaulding and Brookmire.

ELECTION RETURNS.

S. D. SOCIETY.

President	MISS MILLIKIN.
Vice-President	MISS E. ROWE.
Secretary	MISS GRIFFIN.
Treasurer	MISS HAMILTON.
Critic.	MISS PFAU.
Usher	MISS WATSON.
Musical Committee	MISS JONES. MISS PRESCOTT.

LASELLIA CLUB.

President	MISS STALEY.
Vice-President	MISS M. HUBBARD
Secretary	MISS LAMSON.
Treasurer	MISS CHANCE.
Critic	MISS JACKSON.
Guard	MISS MILLER.
Assistant Guard	MISS TAYLOR.
Executive Committee	MISS FALLEY. MISS ROSE. MISS LOOMIS.

A CONUNDRUM for the next class in Nineteenth Century History: What relation was Sir Arthur Wellesley to the Duke of Wellington?

WANTED.— An organ pumper not too energetic in his work.

LOST. — The library paper-cutter.

BUSINESS NOTICES.— Teachers will "take in washing at all hours," if you have any hanging out of your window, or in view any place, and you happen to be out of your room and a teacher calls in the meantime.

THE members of the dress-cutting class are now prepared to fill any orders they are fortunate enough to receive.

WASHING done at reduced rates and in the most approved manner at NO. 48. All clothes dried in the sun. Patronage solicitated.

ONE LEAF.

(Continued.)

I WAS fairly bristling with importance as I crept silently to my downy couch, sharing deeply in the evident interest of every member of the Faculty in the welfare of the girls. I hope they will all make their mark in the world, and should have great confidence that they will, but for one circumstance, which I will relate.

Not long since I made an extended journey over the Manor, and being weary after a difficult passage through the trunk-room, I found, upon

descending one flight, a cosey little apartment furnished with numberless tiny cupboards and redolent with the fresh odors of clean clothes. Entering here to repose a while, I think that I must have fallen asleep, for I suddenly became aware of people in the room, and heard voices. As soon as I was sufficiently awake, I recognized tones of complaint in varied repetition, all to the effect that the marks were not plain — that there were no marks — that the marks were washed out entirely, and a final despairing, — "Well, I suppose there is no hope that they will ever make a mark that will be lasting." I asked no explanations, but came away discouraged, and wondering why it was.

But I am digressing (I read these words once in a book); I intended only to relate a few incidents in our every-day life, in my simple way.

One little affair regarding myself I must mention, because it amused me very much and will show to the young the importance of a liberal education and good-breeding. Feeling socially inclined one evening, I invited my aristocratic friend Mrs. Titmouse and her daughter Brownie to dine with me on some "perfectly magnificent" cake and cheese. I was as neat as possible. I had been before the mirror, and had taken a sprinkle of violet perfume from the bottle on the dresser. I bowed low to receive my friends, and began to converse in my best English, endeavoring to do credit to my superior instruction. Among other things, I remarked that I thought it was "a howling shame" that my cousins Floss and Toss should have been turned out of their cosey nest, just completed, of *duchesse* lace, in the drawer next to mine. Mrs. Titmouse raised her eyebrows, and showed other signs of surprise. Again, in reference to an elderly gentleman whose locks had become thinned by time, I said he looked as if he had been "snatched bald-headed."

Upon this Mrs. T. glanced at her daughter and changed the subject. I confess I was a trifle uncomfortable, but continued with fluency to discuss other topics; for I was confident that, whatever might be my deficiences in other respects, my language was not only correct but elegant; for had I not thoroughly familiarized myself with all the choicest expressions used by the young ladies of Hibred Manor? And I pitied my guests for being, apparently, unacquainted with the best forms of speech. I showed my good-breeding, however, in politeness to them. At length Mrs. T. said in a voice that might have belonged to "Susan's Escort," so devoid of cultivation was it, that, although she recognized my attainments, and was much impressed by my conversation, she was still undecided about sending her dear Brownie to the Manor. She wished her to retain her unaffected simplicity of manner and speech. My feelings were beyond description. Was it possible, I thought, in wondering amazement, that any creature could be indifferent to the advantages of a school where one can learn everything in books, from A, B, C to the capstone of knowledge — the Tariff Reform, cooking, sewing, swimming, drilling with swords and guns, gymnasium practice with no end of evolutions; where elegant lunches and high teas are served; where Faculty, clubs, publishing societies, and every other kind of society hold meetings in due form; where concerts are given; where the "swellest" masquerade parties are gotten up, in "stunning" costumes that are "perfectly killing"; where Saturday evening revels are announced by sweet girlish laughter, while ghostly forms are seen gliding along the halls; where piano, guitar, banjo, mandolin, and violin vie with each other in harmony and discord; and a music more charming than all other — the melody from happy hearts — falls on the ear?

My rambling talk is finished. Should it seem irregular and incomplete, dear reader, please remember that it is only a leaf nibbled from real life.

L. L. R.

A NIGHT ON THE RIGI.

Our party started up the Rigi one bright Saturday afternoon in one of the little mountain cars resembling one of our street-cars, excepting that the former are built on an incline and have cog-wheels.

After about an hour's ascent, which was really up the mountain side, the Hotel Rigi Kulm appeared above on the plateau, and as the air was growing chilly, it was a welcome sight; although a seemingly endless flight of steps was yet to be climbed, for the hotel is situated on the very summit of the mountain.

Wishing to wake in time to see the sun rise, the party retired early, but, in what seemed about an hour, they were awakened by the ringing of a bell outside their doors and a voice informing them that it was four o'clock, and time to get up. They were inclined not to obey the summons, as nothing but white mist was visible from the window, but their eyes were no sooner closed than a yodel was heard under their window, which was sent back from the surrounding mountains, and this sound repeated by a dozen or so mountains, and accompanied by the tinkling of numerous sheep-bells, decided our travellers to sally forth. Accordingly, wrapped in furs, they soon appeared on the rocky plateau back of the hotel, and found a crowd already assembled. They would have made the fortune for an artist sketching for a comic paper. Two elderly ladies apppeared with their hair still in curl-papers surmounted by their bonnets; they were otherwise a mass of shawls. One stout Englishman had thrust his feet into his slippers, wrapped himself in a dressing-gown, and had adorned his head with a large white silk handkerchief, the corners floating out behind. The crowd looked as though they had gathered on an alarm of fire; and, to cap the climax, one traveller, disregarding the printed notices in the rooms, had wound himself up in the bed-blanket, and sat shivering on one of the rocks. Many of the mountaineers now appeared dressed in red and green gala costumes, for it was to be a *fête* day, and by and by a dull red streak showed itself through the mist, only to disappear again, however, behind the thick fog, and many of the watchers, sleepy and disheartened, returned to the hotel to warm their red noses and fingers.

Not so our English friend; he said he had given up his sleep to see the sun rise, and he meant to see her, if she did n't rise again for a week. After most of the party had surrendered to the cold, the sun consented to come out of the clouds, and then the scene was well worth the waiting. Before us blazed the sun, coloring the clouds red, yellow, orange, and violet; to the right, Mt. Pilatus raised its snow-capped summit, surrounded by other white peaks, seeming to float in a sea of rose-colored clouds behind; down the mountain side thousands of feet below us lay the Swiss lakes imbeded in the green carpet, and blue as the sky above; before and on the farther side were white clouds edged and lined with gold; while stretching way around and almost on a level with us, was the belt of white mountain peaks.

In the afternoon the party started down the mountain toward Lucerne, crossing the lake on a little pleasure steamer, with the band playing, and flags flying, and, looking up at the glistening white mountain tops, they promised themselves to return some day, and once more watch nature lift the white veil from one of her most beautiful pictures.

A STORY OF APRIL-FOOL'S-DAY.

She was a seminary girl, and she had gone home to spend the Easter holidays. Vacation began that year about the end of March, and included April-Fool's-Day. Of course she enjoyed herself as all girls do who go home for the holidays; but we have nothing here to say about that; our story has to do only with the first day of April.

Yes, it was spring-time; but the trees were not budding, nor the birds singing, nor the lambs gamboling, as they are supposed to do in every well-ordered spring. It was the advent of a New England spring, for Marion Staunton's home was "near Harvard," as the girls said enviously, that is, not far from Boston. On the first day of April the wind was howling and the snow flying, as if May-day were months ahead. By nine o'clock you could have counted at least ten of the twenty-four kinds of weather, which, Mark Twain says, can be felt any day in Boston.

There are picturesque old mansions in New England outside of story-books, and Marion lived in one. It was like those that Hawthorne loved to describe, or the one in Longfellow's poem —

> "A little way back from the village street
> Stands an old-fashioned country-seat" —

Marion awoke on the morning of the first of April from dreams of beautiful warm spring weather to a snow-storm and — tonsilitis. Of course there was no more company or dissipation to be thought of. After breakfast she finished reading "Vanity Fair," and two articles entitled, "Why more Women do not Marry," and, "Why Women Marry." By eleven o'clock she had be-

come cynical and tired of life — the world, society. Men — heartless, brutal creatures! Women — vain, shallow! Love — a dream! She decided to adopt a profession, or go and care for the lepers. She was eighteen, and during her life had met three Harvard men (?), ditto from Yale, and the youths of the neighborhood. Such was her profound knowledge of mankind.

Of course there was a wonderful old garret over the house, and as Marion had not visited it since she was a child, where she played on rainy days, she decided to spend the rest of the morning there. I may find some love-letters, she thought; but what a mockery they are, after so many years! Who knows what hate the sweet words disguised, and whether there ever has been any true love? I shall, in the future, burn every letter I receive. But, my dear Marion, you must not talk about receiving love-letters, you who are going to become a lawyer, an orator, or a social reformer; you who are to stand alone, without the aid of man — proud of your solitude! Still, although the world had lost its interest to her, she spent an hour in smiling over letters penned by hands long since turned to dust. At last, at the bottom of a small chest, she came across the inevitable "mysterious package," sealed tightly, and she hesitated to open it without permission. I will carry it downstairs to grandfather, she thought, and have him open it, and then tell me a story, as he used to long ago. Grandfather was sitting before the open fire in the library, with a "North American Review" in his hand, reading, with a smile upon his dear old face, the article entitled Why More Women Do Not Marry.

"My dear," he said as she entered the room, "you look tired and gloomy; come here and tell me all about it."

"Grandfather"! she exclaimed, "you are reading that article? O grandfather! you can tell me, is true love a dream? do all women marry now for homes, for titles, position, and money? Are there any noble men and women?"

"My child," said grandfather, "listen, and I will tell you a story, and a true one.

"It was about this time of the year, long, long ago, when I was a very young and a very mischievous little boy. My sister, your great-aunt, whom you do not remember, as she died when you were very young, was then a beautiful girl of eighteen. She had come home for the Easter holidays, just as you have done. In the neighborhood were two young men, a Harvard student of the sophomore class, and a young German artist. They both were, or fancied themselves, in love with her. I think — I know, that even then she cared more for the artist, but I think she imagined, as many girls do now, that if she were ever married it would be to a college-bred man. I did not like the Harvard man for many reasons, but my chief objection was the way in which he dressed. He did not wear blazers, and sashes, and white trousers, and all the other things that they do now, but — well, he dressed in the height of the style of that day. Eye-glasses had been invented, but were only worn when necessary, and canes were carried by the old and lame. But there was a peculiarity in his walk which resembled that of the species at the present time. And he was very cynical and *blasé*. He was an authority upon all subjects, and once casually mentioned that he admired and believed in Voltaire; and there was no philosophy which he did not seem to understand. All this excited my sister's admiration. He was no doubt brilliant and learned, and I secretly hoped to be like him some day.

"He professed a lofty contempt for the customs of April-Fool's Day, and so I decided to play a joke upon him in some way. I had several schemes, but did not decide upon any until the day before. That day my sister had lost a handkerchief, and in the evening when both of the young men called, she told them of her loss, and of course they eagerly offered to hunt for it, each hoping that he would be the one to find it. The next morning I arose early, and, taking one of my own handkerchiefs, a small hemstitched one with a crimson dot in each corner and the family name in the middle, I started out along the path in the neighboring woods where she had lost her handkerchief. I wet it and rubbed a little mud on it, to make it look as if it had been lying out all night, and then put it down near a fallen tree, where it could be easily seen; then I hid myself, and awaited the appearance of Charles Crawley, the Harvard student, for I rightly guessed that he would rise early in search of it. Had Ludwig Offenbach have come first, I intended to come out and

pick it up myself. I had not long to wait, for very soon I heard footsteps, and along came Charles. He was looking eagerly around, as if in search of something, as he was, of course. At last he spied it, and muttered, 'Ha! it looks like a piece of last year's snow, but — '; and he stooped, and picked it up daintily, between his thumb and forefinger. 'Crimson dots: poor taste for a girl, by Jove! can't be hers — but here's the name, and it must be!' And so he shook it out, folded it carefully, put it into an envelope which he took from of his pocket, and placed it carefully in the side of his waistcoat next his heart, of course.

"When he was out of sight, I started from my hiding-place, but heard approaching footsteps and retreated. This time is was Ludwig Offenbach. He held something white in his hands and was murmuring something about '*Mein Liebling*,' and pressing it to his lips, although it had lain all night in the mud and rain. He had found her handkerchief; but each thought himself the happy possessor. Finally he folded it tenderly, and no envelope was used to protect his pocket from the mud upon it; of course he too placed it next his heart.

"I anticipated fun when they both called again that evening, and chuckled inwardly when my sister asked if any one had found her handkerchief. But to my surprise, although they looked conscious, neither said anything upon the subject, and in a few days the matter was forgotten.

. . . . . .

"Two years passed by, and the Easter holidays had come again. My sister was at home, and the two young men called upon her as before.

"Charles Crawley had graduated, and openly I disliked him more than ever, but I secretly admired him. My sister's admiration was unbounded, and she showed it, almost ignoring poor Ludwig. The time came for us to separate again. Charles went to law school, and Ludwig to the West, to paint, as he said, the beautiful scenery among the Rocky Mountains; but I do not think he would have gone had he not thought that my sister loved his rival. Time passed. My sister graduated and came home. Charles Crawley finished his course in law, and yet we heard nothing from our artist. In the meantime my sister had learned too late that she had cared much for Ludwig; she had almost forgotten Charles. One evening two small packages and two letters came for her. The first one she opened was from Charles Crawley. The package contained a handkerchief,—the one I had hidden. She read the letter aloud, laughing, but puzzled, until I explained. He told her that he had found it, and had carried it in his pocket for years, and supposed that it would amuse her very much, as it did him at the present time. He mentioned his engagement to a Miss Clark, and closed with good wishes for her future. She laughed heartily, and then picked up the other letter and package. The package contained another handkerchief, which, strange to say, had a crimson dot in each corner, like the other one. The letter was from a friend of Ludwig Offenbach, who had gone West with him. It contained a cutting from a newspaper, telling of the death of a promising young artist, shot through the heart by the Indians, while painting; adding that it was a reckless thing to do, to paint in such a dangerous locality, but that the young man did not seem to care, and had heeded no warnings. There was a short note, saying that a handkerchief had been found in one of the pockets of his coat, next to his heart, and that when dying he had said, 'Tell her I did not mean to keep it so long — send it to her — tell her — I loved her.' The blood had oozed through the four corners of the handkerchief, and strangely enough, had made four little crimson dots. If you will open that package in your hand you will see the two handkerchiefs, and, strange to say, they appear exactly alike, yet how different their history and that of their bearers! My sister never married. She could not adopt a profession, or do one of the many things which women do now in such cases. She did not become famous. She lived a noble, useful life, unheard of by the world, but loved and reverenced by many.

"Ah! if the lives of some whom the world calls 'old maids' were known, many a sad story would be revealed, and there would be more reasons "Why Women Do Not Marry." But, my dear, I have forgotten a necessary moral to my story, or perhaps I do not need to add — beware of Harvard men, especially those in the cynical stage!"

PERSONALS.

Miss Elizabeth Hosford married, on the 8th of April, 1891, Mr. Edward Wheeler Paine. The marriage was at St. John's Church, Clinton, Iowa. "Tib" was at Lasell from '81 to '83.

Mrs. Frances S. Wood was married, March 19, 1891, to Mr. Archibald J. Sampson, at Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Sampson is the father of our late pupil Lucy, who by this marriage gains a step-mother.

Miss Mary Osborn Beach was married on the 31st of March, at Toledo, Ohio, to Mr. T. F. Schneider. The young married people will live in Washington, on Q Street. Mary was at Lasell in '87 and '88. She has been teaching gymnastics in Washington very successfully.

Miss Edith Hax, of St. Joseph, Mo., is to be married, April 22, to Mr. Ernest Charles Hartwig. Edith was at Lasell from '86 to '89. It is rumored that Ada Marsh is to be a bridesmaid and Annie McDonald a maid of honor.

Dr. Champlin took dinner at Lasell last week, and was very welcome.

Miss Ida Clark is visiting Auburndale and has given us a call. Of old pupils who have been here recently, there are Mary Packard and Nellie Packard Draper, with her husband, Lizzie Burnham, Lucy Harvey, Annie Phillips, Georgia Lamme and brother, Arline Northam, Lucy Pennell Sanborn, and Emma Cutter Baxter.

We understand that Georgia Lamme will go abroad again this summer, join her sister Fannie, and spend the summer in travel, as last year, under chaperonage of Miss Susan Morgan.

ON THE ARABIAN SEA.

"Last night" (this morning, rather), as I lay on my pillow" (what a funny position! and what a pillow! The thing seems very ludicrous to me, but you girls sing it, so it must be right. So, then, "Lay on, Macduff.") — last night (this A. M., 4.30, it was, to be exact), as I lay on my bunk, the gentle tapping of wings that had had no rest for 100,000,000 miles ("the truth before all things," as Katie says; and I must confess I don't know exactly the number of miles, so I call on Miss Packard to correct those figures) made my eyelids lift, and the rays from the four stars of the Southern Cross sent that rare picture to my slowly waking brain. It is n't a great constellation, nor withal a very handsome cross; "an excuse for a cross," the chief officer called it yesterday, and did n't see why folks made such a fuss about it, "for my paht"; but it is a rare sight for us of the northern half of the planet, and rarity gives value. In form, it stands alone in the heavens, and to me it has a simple majesty all its own among the myriads of the sky. I mention it now to emphasize one of the good old proverbs: "Put not your trust in princes"; nor yet in captains. On our voyage from Madras to Calcutta I asked the captain of the old rattletrap of a boat, on to which we had been coaxed by a promise of reaching Calcutta a day sooner, whereas we drew up to the dock in the sacred, dirty Hooghly, greatly gratified to see the other and better boat, which left Madras a day after ours, all moored, and empty of passengers, the "S. S. Sinclair," of the Clan Line, whose whole gear shook and rattled so that we were in constant fear of a break-down, but, like Old Dick, she managed to hold together as long as they kept her moving. The captain of this boat it was who woke up one morning expecting to be in the mouth of the Hooghly, and found himself forty or fifty miles to the east of it! What if there had been rocks, or a lee shore? and he running so out of course. He ought to be courtmartialled for this mistake, if not for the other. This cost us a day's time and insured him this free advertisement. Well, as I said, it was this captain I asked how much longer we should be able to see the Southern Cross. He said, "You can't see it any more: it is n't to be seen as far north as this." Then several of his neighbors at table and he smiled benignly on my astounding astronomical ignorance, much to the discomfiture of Belle and John.

After dinner, the mate took me aside and said, "Don't say anything to the old man about it, but if you 'll come on the bridge about three or four o'clock to-morrow morning I 'll show you the Cross." I went, and saw it bright and full, and have enjoyed it many times since; which goes to prove that even captains don't always know. Beware, then, how you trust Miss Carpenter or Miss Cham-

berlayne, the Lasell captains! or Lewis, who is also captain; or Miss Blaisdell, who is also captain; but me you may fully trust, for I am only mate.

If I am away from the craft much longer I shall be glad to be dubbed even bo's'n. Well, as I was saying, the Southern Cross is shaped like the kites I used to fly, like this ∴, and those four stars are all there is of it. Sometimes it stands, sometimes it lies on its side, but it is always distinct and decided, and is more like a cross than Orion's belt is like a belt, or Job's coffin like a coffin.

It is Feb. 9, and we called it very cold last night, when we had to sleep under a spread; ordinarily the sheet alone is too much. They tell us that on the Red Sea we shall melt. I doubt it. Who has stood the nights on "The China" can stand anything. Those nights were — were — *very* hot.

India is behind us, — a wonderful land, — of strange contradictions: a land of exquisite art and lowest barbarism; of most beautiful carving and most cruel carnage; whose leaders could murder their own mothers, but bury them in the most graceful tombs the world has ever seen; put out the eyes of brothers and fathers, but call on — Mohammed to bless the deed in the most magnificent temples: a land whose gods are the most numerous of any land, but whose influence on their worshippers has been only evil; a land many times conquered, but never yet wholly subdued; a land whose resources are very rich, but whose people are very poor. The pictures in Memory's cabinet are the most enchanting, and also the most dismal, which any land has yet painted.

We ran into rather heavy weather at once on leaving Bombay, and most of the party retired. Mrs. B. was the first woman at table, which is a miracle. We are on another P. & O. boat, which would n't be so if any other boat had sailed to suit our plan. Woe to the unhappy travellers who fall into the hands of the P. & O. Co. at Bombay! Other agents of the line had treated us very well, but the Bombay agent spoiled the record. By the red-tape with which he surrounds himself, you might think him (or be sure he thought himself) the "Great Mogul." And after you get audience, there is nothing in his manner that indicates a civilized training. It would be too severe on India to say that he must have been "raised" there. The P. & O. Co. has almost a monopoly at Bombay, and uses its opportunity unmercifully. The French line runs to Aden via Kurrachee, and only bi-weekly. The German sends a boat hence only monthly, I believe; so the price from Bombay to anywhere is several times greater than it should be or would be it there were "free-trade." Intending travellers will do well to fit their itinerary to one of the excellent boats of merchant lines, which give as good cabins, better board, and much more civility *for almost one third the outrageous prices of the P. & O.* Something of the same old fashioned formality is insisted on in their service at table. Each course is offered to every passenger, and, no matter how little inclined he may be, he must sit out the whole in order to get anything. Bells to the left, bells to the right, bells before, bells after, ring the waiters in and out and about. I counted twenty-four bell signals at one meal. How much more sensible is the Cunard fashion. whereby any passenger can get anything he may fancy at any time and go. Half-sea-sick passengers bless that plan and curse this. Con.; "What is drearier than the desert?" — "Table d'hôte." "What is more dreary than table d'hôte?" "Dinner on a P. & O. steamer." There is more red-tape than food; and it is better "kept" than are some of the meats. If some of the form were observed in their own movements their patrons would be better served. One man told me his baggage had not had so rough usage all the way from London via United States to India as on the P. & O. from Bombay, and I can attest their carelessness as an eye-witness. Again, we were bidden to embark at 12 M. I kept the appointment only at very great inconvenience and by great hurrying. The boat sailed at 2.45! No public carriers the world round have treated us so shabbily in many ways. But enough of this. I should not have said what I have, — and I might have said more and fallen short of the truth, — except to give friendly warning to my readers to beware the P. & O.

Later, — in the canal, — we were changed at Aden into a boat from Australia, larger and newer

than the other, but no better. We had no chance to land. Very sorry, though there is not much to see at Aden, which is a sort of second Gibraltar. Natives came alongside to sell pretty grass baskets and antelope horns. Question is, Where around Aden do they get the grass? The books say, "Not a spear grows on the barren rock." Early the next A. M. we were off the island of Perim. A wreck of a P. & O. ship lay half out of water near it. I was told this company had lost two good boats here within a short time by carelessness. The Red Sea is a beautiful blue. The Blue Danube, White Nile, Blue Nile, and Yellow Sea, are alike innocent of any real claim to a name based on a tint of the water that makes them. I have n't seen the Black Sea yet.

The Red Sea trip was not a hot one, as predicted, but uncomfortably cold most of the time. It is an odd year for weather,—"Never knew the like," many say. "I have seen seven persons die from heat during one trip at this season," one of our passengers said. We have heard the same story all along.

One thing we like on this boat: a boy calls us to meals with a bugle. He plays well, and it is very pleasant. Look out for a bugle next year, instead of the gong! C. C. B.

EXCHANGES.

On reading an article published in the "Brunonian," the subject of which was "The Library movement at Wellesley," we became interested in the question which is being agitated in regard to the opening of college libraries on Sunday.

The argument in favor of opening the library to the students is that that is the one day of the week when the large majority of students have leisure time to spend in outside reading.

That our library contains so many rare books which it may never again be our happy fortune to meet, and it seems hard indeed to know that they are on the shelves all the week long and we cannot enjoy them.

In opposition, some one says it might tempt the girls to study for the recitations of the coming week. In regard to this argument, we will say the girls must decide for themselves. Williams College, as is well known, has found it expedient to open the reading-rooms to the students on Sunday, and no serious harm has resulted therefrom.

The library at Wellesley College has more than 36,000 volumes; Harvard University has 365,000: Yale, 200,000; Cornell, 150,000; Columbia, 90,000; Syracuse, 75,000; Dartmouth, 68,500; Lehigh, 67,000; Brown, 66,000; Princeton, 65,000; Bowdoin, 84,000; University of Virginia, 40,000.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF LASELL SEMINARY.

Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius. Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius 878. AN8
Arnold, Matthew. Poetical Works 821. AR6
Ball, Walter W. Rouse. A Short Account of History of Mathematics 510. B21
Becker, Prof. Charicles. Private Life of Ancient Greeks 938. B35
Childs, Jas. Francis. English and Scotch Ballads. 4 vols. 821. C43
Cook, F. C. (Canon of Exeter). The Bible Commentary, — Genesis, Deuteronomy . 222. C77
Cruttwell, Chas. Thomas. A History of Roman Literature. 879. C87
Currie Joseph. Works of Horace, with English Notes 871. C95
Custer, Elizabeth B. Boots and Saddles . . . 917. C95
" " Following the Guidon . 917. C95*a*
Clough, Arthur Hugh. Poems 821. C62
Davidson, Rev. A. B. Cambridge Bible-Book of Job. 823. D28
De Quincey, Thomas. (Ed. David Masson.) Collected Writings. 14 vols. 824. D34
Edwards, Amelia B. A Thousand Miles up the Nile 916. Ed9
Ellicott, C. J. (Bishop). The Handy Commentary — Genesis 222. El6
Festetito, Kate Neely. The Old Academy . . 813. F42
Fiske, John. Myths and Myth Makers . . . 291. F54
Felton, C. C. Ancient and Modern Greece . . 938. F34
Geikie, James. The Great Ice Age 550. G26
Goodyear, Wm. Henry. History of Art . . . 709. G63
Gow, James. A Companion to School Classics. 402. G72
Hamerton, P. G. Thoughts on Art 700 H17
Harrison Jane G. and Verrall, Margaret de G. Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens 722. H24
Howells, William D. Venetian Life 914. H83
Henry, Victor. Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin 415. H38
Jowett, B. Dialogues of Plato. 4 vols. . . . 888. J83

Lamb, Mary and Charles. (Ed. W. J. Rolfe), Tales from Shakespeare Comedies . . . 822. L16
Liddell, Henry George. Scott, Robert. Greek-English Lexicon 483. L62
Lessing, G. E. Dramatic Works, Tragedies (Bohn) 832. L56
Lowell, Jas. Russell. Fireside Travels . . . 913. L95
Mariette-Bey, Auguste. Monuments of Upper Egypt 722. M11
Mahaffy, J. P. Greek Life and Thought . . . 938. 3*a*
" " The Greek World Under Roman Sway 938. 3*b*
Marlowe, Christopher. Best Plays of the Old Dramatists 822. M34

(*To be Continued.*)

SHE stands alone by the water-tank,
And fills her pitcher and drinks,
While from the chamber yonder,
Comes the clatter of tiddledy-winks.

Away she turns with a tired air, —
"Simply disgusting," she thinks;
"Don't they know it's quite *passé*,
That horrid old tiddledy-winks?"

Ah yes, the players all know it,
But strong as golden links
Are the tender, womanly feelings
Which bind them to tiddledy-winks.

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"LASELL" is always "up with the times" in pleasures as well as other things, and one of her latest, is the organization of a photography club, which has been named the "Hawkodaki Camera Club." Perhaps an article from the by-laws will convey the best idea of its objects, — "The objects of the club are to excite a deeper interest in photography, to gain a wider knowledge of its processes, and for the mutual benefit of its members."

As yet, the members of the club have done very little field work, but have had some very interesting papers and discussions on some of the processes of photography.

Some kind friend (Mr. Shepherd, we understand) has offered two money prizes for the best work done. It is needless to say that this even increases the interest in the very enjoyable work of the members of the club.

THE time-worn proverb that procrastination is the thief of time has so often been repeated to us that it has lost much of its original force of meaning. There is a natural tendency to put things off, and this tendency often leads to serious results both to ourselves and to our friends. Whenever an irksome duty presents itself, we appease our conscience by saying that it can be done as well to-morrow as to-day. This is not true; for what we leave undone to-day seems even more disagreeable when to-morrow comes. Besides the unpleasant and often embarrassing circumstances into which the habit of procrastination leads us, we also lose much mentally. Who has not heard of the essay due Friday morning which was written late Thursday night? Doubtless all have heard of such things; but let each take care that he is

not the one who does it. Since the habit of procrastination is one that grows upon us, we ought to make it one of our highest aims in life to do immediately the duty which lies nearest.

WHAT a hard time some of us have had this spring with our demi-trains. We cannot understand why anything which at home was considered "quite too swell for anything" should be regarded here with evident disfavor.

The train has so many advantages that it seems too bad to be obliged to cut off the pride and joy of our youthful days in the flower of its existence. It does sweep up the dirt in the streets so successfully, and affords such excellent opportunities for tripping up any unwary traveller who is reckless enough to think of approaching the wearer with any degree of safety. In a photograph, too, it looks so graceful spread out in ravishing folds, and really gives the owner quite a *distingué* and grown-up air.

Why is it then that we are compelled to take our scissors in hand and ruthlessly demolish the much admired (by us) demi-train?

We have tried every way to keep it. When aware that certain criticizing eyes were upon us, or when called out for inspection before going to Boston to shop, we have even gone through the agony of the old-time "Grecian bend," — but, alas, in vain.

The lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," by Rev. Charles Parkhurst, the well-known editor of *Zion's Herald*, are now over. They were given on six successive school-days, beginning May 2, so are finished much sooner than in former years, when it was the custom to have one lecture a week. On passing the chapel window, it was interesting to glance in at the seniors, and a few other privileged ones, who were taking notes as fast as their hands could make their pencils go; and when they came out, how enthusiastic they were in discussing the "fine" lecture! Not a few have been heard to remark that they have learned more about the Bible from these few lectures than they ever knew before, and how delightful it would be if the whole school might enjoy such a course. Although it is hard to take so full notes when one would fain be listening and enjoying every word, yet probably the most good will be derived from this method, as the writing of abstracts from the notes, necessitating careful perusal of references, will help to fix the lectures in each one's mind. All are truly sorry that the lectures are over, for they have been one of the most enjoyable of the senior studies. The titles of the lectures were, "Historic Evidences of Christianity in Place, Monument, and Art," "The Book: Its History and Characteristics," "Prophecy and Fulfilment," "Christ so Unique that He is Divine," "Christianity and Its Results," "Woman and Christianity."

WHERE is the mysterious spring, upon the pressure of which come the green grass and trees, the flowers and birds, and with them the hand-organ, with its soul-stirring "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," the spring poem, full of gambolling lambs and whispering zephyrs, and the lightly turning thoughts of young men? And those lightly turning thoughts often lead some of them to explore this "loveliest village of the plain," for the warm weather is so tempting for out-of-door exercise, especially that which consists in waving arms, hats, or handkerchiefs.

Poor young Spring! No wonder she weeps so often, for either people do not appreciate her as they use to, or else they do not dare to express their appreciation. What would the funny papers do without their annual joke upon the spring poet and his poem? Who nowadays would dare to make a rhyme at this season, even of two words, such as bee and tree, for fear of being suspected of similar evil intentions? And a New England spring, when it has really come! when Nature has stopped tantalizing us by her trick of sticking a few buds and frail flowers in the cap of Winter, brushing the snow from his ragged coat, and trying to transform his worn old face by the magic light of her wonderful sunsets. Poor old man! We welcomed him heartily and loved him long; but he clung so to life! Long after we thought him dead, and had shed our tears and written our "Farewell Ode to Winter," he began to moan again among the trees and to show what was left of his once luxuriant white hair and beard. But now —

"When the green gits back in the trees, —
Well, work is the least of my idees,
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees."

Many years from now, dear girls, we shall be sitting in our window at twilight. It will be spring, and the world will be fresh and young again. But we,—ah yes! there will be gray hairs, and lines upon our foreheads. We shall sit in our window at twilight; the robins will be singing, and a soft, sweet fragrance will float in through the window; and the wonderful power of association will carry us back in spirit to our school-days so long ago. We shall seem to hear and see as then the merry voices and flitting forms of the girls playing their evening game of tennis, and from a neighboring room will seem to come the faint twanging of a banjo. We shall seem to distinguish in the fading light the dim outlines of the dear old bookcase, the pictured faces of our friends upon the wall, the screen behind which we used to hide, those mysterious signs and curious trophies in which we delighted then. And the room will grow darker and darker. Soon we shall seem to hear the faint echo of girlish voices answering to their names as the mail is read; then the dear old chapel bell, and the sound of a hymn; and our cheeks will be wet with falling tears; for then those days, those happy school-days, will be gone. and we shall never meet again until —

"The bells of the school-room of glory
Shall ring for us all in the skies."

Charles Dudley Warner's "Backlog Studies" is a very entertaining little volume, and reminds one somewhat, in the pointed remarks and fresh and colloquial style, of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

It is arranged in eleven "Studies," and tells of a New England husband and wife, with their visitors and neighbors, sitting in front of an old-fashioned wood fire. The seven people who gather about this fire are so bright, intelligent, refined, and good-natured that one longs to know them better; for, after reading the "Studies," "The Fire Tender," "The Mistress," "The Young Lady Staying with Us," "Herbert Mandeville," "The Parson," and "Our Next-Door Neighbor" seem like very pleasant and interesting acquaintances, with whom one has come in contact once and cannot hope to meet again.

Mr. Warner has much to say in behalf of an open wood fire. He admits that there may be morality and a considerable degree of happiness with furnaces, grates, and blowers, but states calmly that of course the family is gone, as an institution, though there are still attempts to bring up families around a register. He is of the opinion that the life of a family which "indulges in the hypocrisy of gathering about a gas-log" must necessarily be insincere.

The talk of those who gather about Mr. Warner's fireplace is at once witty, diverting, and instructive. A little romance, more hinted at than told, is woven into the background, and detracts not in the least from the entertaining qualities of the book.

"Backlog Studies" is a book which, again like the "Autocrat," one can pick up at any time, and always find some bright idea, clearly and charmingly put, which one seems not to have seen before, and which furnishes food for thought or a basis for observation.

REFORMS.

This is an age of reforms. All wrongs, it is assumed, will be righted by reforms; but the majority of the human race seem to prefer going on in the old way, even if it is far from right, rather than be disturbed and rooted out of it, and so forced to seek a new course.

So the advocates of reforms are often looked upon with scorn by their quieter neighbors, and the term "crank" is applied to them.

Each one of these cranks assumes that he has a mission, and to him the bringing about of the desired change, promptly, and without delay, is of the utmost importance.

In his desire to effect the end, he seldom considers the cost or discomfort that may result to others.

As an illustration. Our neighbor Stevens had for several consecutive nights been sadly reminded that his neighbors were the owners of robust, healthy representatives of the feline family.

These charming animals used a large snow pile in his back-yard as a musical conservatory in

which to train their superior vocal organs. They would first sing in unison, then, perhaps one would run up the chromatic scale skilfully and airily while another was diligently singing a sort of five-finger exercise, the crescendo and diminuendo of which were really very remarkable.

Now Mr. Stevens was not of a musical turn of mind, and, we fear, did not appreciate the brilliant efforts of his would-be entertainers, and with fierce ambition he resolved upon reform, without regard to the feelings and wishes of the owners of these pets, — for they were the subjects of admiration and love in the best families, his neighbors.

The next night, still bent on reform, at the first suggestion of a renewal of the concert, in cold blood, on the pure-white snow, he shoots down these harmless pussies. Scarcely can the consternation this caused in the various families be described.

Mr. Stevens had a son, Charles, whose ideas of reform ran in an entirely different direction from those of his father, and he resolved to reform "the old gent."

So, as the next night approaches he takes the frozen, lifeless remains of the victims of his father's reform, places them in a naturally musical position, and then announces from the corner of the house a renewal of the *soirée* of the night before; whereupon out comes his father, and, with bloodthirsty intent, discharges his gun at the cats, burying them in a storm of shot and snow.

This proceeding the young man continued for several nights, until his father, at last weary of reform, gave up the contest, to learn the next morning that he had been expending his ammunition and energy upon the frozen bodies of his dead victims of the night before.

Thus it often occurs in life that the reformer knows not when to stop, and by his senseless energy honestly acquires the reputation of a brainless crank.

TIME SHALL SHOW.

Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp so e'er thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown thou very soon canst see;
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering, know
The print of every work, time without fail shall show.

Ruckert.

LASELL ALPHABET.

A is for Anderson,
Airy and small,
Cut out for a bookworm? —
No, not at all.

B is for Brookmire,
Milliner *à la mode*,
Who down in the guests' room
Makes her abode.

C is for Crawford,
The golden-haired maid,
Who, taking in washings,
A fortune has made.

D for Donallan,
Who has just been
For a ten-weeks' sojourn
To her home in Lynn.

E is for Edgerton,
Winsome and fair,
Who carries so sweetly
The old Southern air.

F is for Falley,
Our studious one,
Who scorns and looks down
On all boarding-school fun.

G is for Gardner;
Of the sophs she is head,
Who studies so hard
It 's queer she 's not dead.

H for the Hartwells,
Abbie and Flow,
Who are always together
Wherever they go.

I, — but there is none:
Now what shall we do?
Invent one we could not:
It wouldn't be true.

J is for Jackson,
From Oskosh she blows,
But where the place is,
Well, — nobody knows.

K for the Knowles,
Our far Western maids,
Who are good little girls,
And never wear stays.

L is for Lord,
Of room 35, —
Sleeping all day
Is what keeps her alive.

M is for Means, —
Engaged, so they say;
What sort of a fellow?
Well, rather *blasé*.

N is for Nickerson;
In French she 's so bright,
We pull down the curtain
To keep out the light.

O is for Overman,
Who comes from the South,
Who sings to high C,
And don't open her mouth.

P is for Peabody,
Senior president, tall;
She 's a simple little school-girl,
But she knows it all.

Q did n't come,
For some reason unknown;
She 's probably basking
In a warmer zone.

R is for Rice,
Who works every day,
A-taking of pictures,
And raking in pay.

S is for Shelly,
With her cute little curls,
A reverend senior
And a pride of the girls.

T is for Tulleys —
What about her, you ask?
Why, she never was known
To shirk a hard task.

U, — what a nuisance!
Again there is none;
You may think this easy,
But indeed it 's no fun.

V is for Vilas,
The only one here;
She's always so good
She has nothing to fear.

W, is the Whitneys,
With the Woodberry too —
Say three 's a crowd,
In this case, not true.

X, Y, Z,
Had very poor taste
In not coming here
School pleasures to taste.

Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv., 27.

She began to show her love for pictured faces at an early age. When but a child she would lovingly pat the faces in her picture-books, and soon she began to copy them, or draw them "out of her head," as she said. And they were not like the faces which all children draw,— triangles, with two dots for the eyes, a smaller triangle for the nose, and a horizontal line for the mouth,— there was expression and symmetry in them. But her drawings were always faces, alone. She never drew more than the neck and shoulders of the body. All predicted for her the future of a successful artist.

As the story-books say, "Her parents died when she was very young, and left her a fortune." This was indeed the sad truth. But the fortune was the saddest part of it. And she would never have realized this had she been what people call "a strange girl." Perhaps if money had not made her independent she might have become "a successful artist." But still there was always one strange thing about her talent. As when a child, she never drew or attempted to draw anything more than a face. These she drew and painted for her own pleasure and that of her friends. But she soon grew tired of this, and one day she laid aside her pencil and brush, never to use them again. She had discovered that she possessed talent, not genius. The discovery was bitter, but sometimes a great hope filled her heart; for one day the thought came to her that perhaps in the other world, in the life for which this life is only a preparation, that the something lacking would be given to her; that she would then possess the artistic power to fit the artistic imagination, which, for some reason, was withheld from her here.

Her love for pictured faces continued, and her house was filled with the work of many famous artists; and she was constantly adding to the collection.

But why was the fact of the possession of a fortune so sad? Because she was young, beautiful, and impulsive. For three years she had been wondering what she would do with her money. She had not the enormous fortune of Angela in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and so she could not found a "Palace of Delight" in her

native city—New York. People called her "a strange girl," because she did not care for what most girls do who live in New York, and have youth, beauty, and money. She lived with the proverbial aunt in a beautiful home in that city. Of course she had "everything that money could buy," except genius and contentment; and she thought that she might possess the latter could she but know "what to do with her money." Like Angela, she avoided most forms of modern charity, but she longed to "do something," as she did. The heavy burden and responsibility of wealth was becoming almost more than she could bear.

One day she heard a sad tale of the life and death of a struggling young artist. She began to think. She would use her money to help those who were in a worse condition than she; who had genius, perhaps, and no money, while she had money, and no genius; and so life became more beautiful to her every day.

One day she was visiting a little picture store in an obscure part of the city. She often went to such places and asked the names of the artists of some of the pictures. In this way she learned many sad histories, and aided many a despairing man or woman. But to-day she could obtain no information from the picture dealer. He was a Yankee, and had "set up the store" to earn money by hard bargains, feeling no interest in those who brought work to him further than the hope that their "picters would sell well." The collection was unusually bad. She often bought work in which she could see no genius, thinking of herself. But to-day she could find nothing that interested her, and was about to go out, when a small portrait hanging in a dark corner near the door attracted her attention. It was the face of a man, a young man. It was a wonderful face, — dark hair, noble forehead, straight nose, strong chin. But the wonder lay in the expression of the eyes and mouth. It was the picture of a soul.

She turned immediately to the picture dealer and asked the name and studio of the artist. "He knew nothing," he said; "a little boy had brought it to him a few days ago"; and that was all that she could learn. She paid a large sum to the exacting Yankee, and carried the picture home, hanging it in her own room. "Aunt" she said, "I have a strange feeling that it is not a creature of an artist's brain, but an artist's portrait of himself. There is nothing earthly or material in the face, except the wistful look of longing in the eyes. And yet he is not longing for genius, for I see it there. Perhaps he wanted help, and wants it now. O that I could find him and give him aid"! But all search was in vain She even advertised, but received no answer. And day by day the soul in the pictured face crept into her heart, until it became a part of her own soul.

. . . . . .

In a dreary little room on the top story of a house sat a young artist. The house was a tenement, and the dreary little room was the living-room and studio of the artist.

In the country it was spring-time, and the robins were singing, and the trees were green again, but here the only signs of spring were the warm air and the blue sky, and a frail little plant in the window; for the young artist had once lived in the country, where the spring-time came. He had been a healthy boy, the son of a New England farmer; but God had given him a wonderful talent for reproducing nature, animate and inaninate, in colors almost like her own. His father felt at first a natural disappointment when his son began to show his love for nature in a different way from that which he had expected, and for which he had hoped; but the mother saw a more glorious future for her son, and at last the father consented to his going to the city to take the needed lessons; so he left his home and came to New York, a strong, healthy boy of nineteen, with a pure young heart full of the hope and faith of youth. After years of hard work he learned enough to begin to paint pictures to sell. His great ambition was to earn money to repay his faithful parents, and then that he might go abroad to study, to fulfil his dreams.

Little by little his bright hopes faded: the picture dealers could not sell his work; they said it was too idealistic. Perhaps it was. And yet he worked on and on; he lost the sturdy health of his boyhood, and the spiritual and physical became unevenly balanced, — as often happens when too little food is taken, and that not of the right kind, and with it not much fresh air and exercise.

The frail flower and a patch of blue sky between he house-tops were his only bits of nature, but his mind was full of beautiful visions. With the failure of his health his wordly ambitions faded. He ceased to care for praise or blame of that kind. The disappointment had been bitter at first, but now a great hope filled his heart; for one day the thought came to him that perhaps in the other world, in the life for which this life is only the preparation, that the something lacking would be given to him; that he would then possess the opportunity for further study, which, for some reason, was denied him here, and his dreams would be more than realized.

One day he painted a picture of *himself*, of his soul. He was too weak to leave his room, and sent it by a little boy to the picture dealer in the neighborhood. He hoped to receive a sum for its sale large enough to sustain his life for the short time necessary to finish a picture at which he was at work. But no money came, and soon it would have been too late. The poor material body was no longer of any use to the man within it.

. . . . . .

In the country it was spring-time, and the robins were singing, and the trees were green again, but in the city the warm air and the blue sky were the only signs of spring; and a drooping plant in the window of a poor artist's studio. A ray of sunlight had crept in and shone upon a still figure in a chair in the middle of the room, and upon an unfinished picture on the easel before it. It was an exquisite landscape of "green hills far away". Thither the soul of the artist had gone.

. . . . . .

A young girl was walking with her aunt in a quarter of the city inhabited by poor artists. She saw a crowd around the door of a tenement house. They drew nearer. She heard a little boy whisper to his companion, "They say he killed hisself — let's go in." Unconsciously they followed the crowd, — the crowd, which cares little for life, and not much for Death, unless, perhaps, when he comes in an unusual manner. They went upstairs into a small room on the top story. It was, as she could see, the studio of a poor artist. In the window there was a faded plant, and above a patch of blue sky. On a chair before an easel sat a still figure; around it stood a doctor, two policemen, and a coroner. They drew nearer, — the face was that of her beloved picture.

The following poem was written by Mr. E. Bradshaw, of Newtonville, shortly after our evening with the members of Charles Ward Post 62, and their friends, of Newtonville, Mass. Although not originally intended for publication, Mr. Bradshaw has kindly consented to let us have it for our paper.

POEM.

Dedicated to the Lasell Battalion on their storming and capturing Post 62, G. A. R., April 16, 1891.

AT midnight in his candied tent
The poet dreaméd of the hour
When Lasell girls in uniform
Should storm the vet'ran's bower.

In dreams he saw them marching in,
Those Lasell maidens fair,
Like pretty lambs all in a flock
Under a Shepherd's care.

And then the dreamer heard the voice
Of Sweetland loud and shrill,
Giving his orders to the boys
In words that made them thrill.

And this was what the commander said:

Ho, vets! Put on your uniforms,
And scour your arms up well;
For "62" is being stormed
By maidens from Lasell.

And when those maidens add the sword
To batteries of their charms,
Rheumatic vets, forgetting years,
Should once more "fly to arms."

And as the patriot Winklereid
To heart clasped Austrian spears,
So should the vets of "62"
This corps of Lasell dears.

. . . . . .

(*Slow music.*)

An hour passed on — the poet woke —
That bright dream was the last;
He woke to hear his good wife shriek
"You've had the nightmare," so to speak —

"Wake up, my darling! O wake up!
Ah, dreamer dream no more,
"For you've been moaning 'Sweet Lasell'
Between each horrid snore."

LOCALS.

THE first of a series of musicales by Mr. Hill's pupils was a most enjoyable event of April 20. Miss Thresher, Miss Palmer, and artists from Boston took part.

MISS CLARKE has delivered two lectures before the school since our last issue, — one on Christopher Marlowe, April 13, and one on Shelley, May 4.

A CALM and collected girl was accosted in the hall by an excited and anxious one. "Whom shall I ask for permission to go to the florist's?" demanded the latter: "Miss Fräulein's in charge, but I cannot find her."

MR. G. F. GRATWICKE, captain and quartermaster of the 4th Devonshire Volunteers, and editor of the *Devon and Exeter Daily Gazette*, Exeter, England, visited Lasell on May 1, and attended the drill, with which he expressed himself much pleased.

FLUSTERED SOPH (*in the laboratory at an unusual hour, and with intention dire*). — Mr. Liberty, are you at rich?

MR. MOODY conducted four meetings at the Congregational church, April 16 and 17, which were attended by the students of the Seminary. He led chapel on the evening of April 17.

THE second of the musicales given by Mr. Hill's pupils, assisted by Boston artists, was held in the gymnasium, May 4. Miss Silloway, on account of illness, was unable to appear. Miss Creswell played well.

ONE of the students who took the examination in home sanitation is endowed with great ingenuity. In the question, "What are two of nature's chief sanitary agents?" she read "agonies" for "agents." Putting her fertile brain to work, she evolved the answer, "A leaking cesspool and a badly-constructed cellar."

WE had two treats Saturday evening, May 9. One was the auction in the chapel, and the other a band and Mr. Emerson, the impersonator, in the gymnasium. We are not sure as to which Mr. Shepherd enjoyed the most, but we are rather of the opinion that we preferred the entertainment in the gymnasium.

A NUMBER of the students enjoyed the Plymouth excursion on Monday, May 11. The excursion is an exceedingly interesting one.

QUITE a number of the girls went to West Newton Monday evening, May 11, to hear a lecture delivered by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a pleasure which all of them will always remember.

WE trust that our neighbors are never dismayed at the occasional forbidding aspect of the front of the Seminary. It is, in reality, forbidding only to "idiots."

WE regret that no letter has come from Prof. Bragdon for this number of the LEAVES. We do not feel that he has forgotten us, but think thaf he must be very busy finishing up his trip, so that he may be with us within a few weeks.

ON the evening of May 2d, the Seniors and Juniors had the pleasure of attending a reception given by the Faculty to a select company of friends. After being graciously received by Miss Chamberlayne, Miss Tappan, and Miss Cushman, the company spent the time in conversation in the parlors, or in promenading the halls. During the evening, refreshments were served in the dining-room. The time seemed literally on wings, and all too soon did the hour for departure come.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

AT this late date it would be entirely superfluous to give the *résumé* of a story already so familiar to the intelligent reading world as is "All Sorts and Conditions of men."

Let us, then, turn at once to the consideration of its underlying thought and purpose.

Goethe says that every man is a citizen of his age as well as of his country. This being admitted, the questions with which Besant deals must of necessity touch us all very nearly, for they concern not the welfare of one city alone, nor yet of one country or people, but the most vital interests of the whole century.

The East End of London is not an isolated case of human necessity, seized upon with Oliver Twist avidity by some modern *littérateur* as the foundation for a new departure in the line of realistic novels, it is, rather, the exponent of a social

state which exists in varying degrees the wide world over, and whose *raison d'être* is to be found in the hardy materialism which has crept into a certain class of society through the strenuous conditions imposed upon modern life. To be sure, materialism is not confined to one class alone, it is the attitude of many in every rank and condition of life; but among the cultured it wears a vastly different aspect from that under which it appears on Stepney Green.

With the former, it is merely an intellectual credo, voluntarily assumed, and sitting rather well upon the refined society philosopher, to whom it gives the air of one who has cracked the nut of the world with his milk-teeth, thus gaining for him the gaping reverence of all inferior beings; with the latter, however, it is an instinctive principle, enforced by the pressure of circumstances; and these vulgar disciples more than atone for their inability to give their belief verbal form by a deadly earnest expression of it in every-day practice.

Besant describes with great force the low ebb of life to which this almost unknown sea of humanity has been reduced, and then goes on to show the causes which have combined to produce this effect.

The great forgotten world of East London stretches away in mile upon mile of mean, dreary streets, walled up on both sides by equally mean, dreary houses. No grace of art or nature relieves these thoroughfares, no show of luxury or wealth rolls through them, to steal for a moment from the dazzled vision of their inhabitants the grim realities of life. There is absolutely nothing to break the gray sameness of the picture. Even the sharp etching of vice and crime is lacking, for this district is hopelessly respectable. The only hint of outside loveliness permitted them is the parallelogram of blue sky between the chimney-pots; and even this redeeming touch loses half its beauty in appearing to have been inserted there from some utilitarian desire to fill the only vacant space within sight.

The two million inhabitants of this great "joyless city" are precisely what we should expect as the outcome of such conditions; not paupers living in wretchedness and squalor, but a fairly well-to-do, healthy, indiscriminate mass of humanity, to whom "Life is nothing for ever and ever but work in the week, with as much beer and tobacco as the money will run to, and loafing on Sunday, with more beer and tobacco." Individuality is lost, and men become mere machines, one set, when worn-out yielding its place to another without question or remark.

Of pleasure they are utterly ignorant, and their capability of enjoyment is reduced to a sense of mere tepid amusement and curiosity, which, as Besant tells us, is equally excited by a member of the Magna Charta Association, a leader of the Salvation Army, or a cheap-jack.

Doubtless they are moved to some degree by the emotions common to all the race, —hope, love, and fear; but all capacity for keen emotion must, sooner or later, deaden into a state which George Eliot calls Bovine insensibility.

And then comes death, — not solemnly or graciously, but with rude peremptoriness; elbowing out existence, and with rough efficacy knitting up the poor, little stunted apology for a life into a kind of earthly completeness under some such epitaph as that quoted by Besant:—

> "Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
> Spitalfield's weaver, and that is all."
>
> "Vacant heart and hand and eye
> Easy live and quiet die"

is a piquant, philosophical saw, which slips glibly over the lips of many a man of the world, who has had the opportunity to live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities, and who has wearied of existence from mere satiety; but this same saying acquires an infinite pathos when imposed upon humanity as a law of necessity.

One cannot but mourn over the awful waste of material, over the ignorant, contented indifference with which these people renounce all claim to the common heritage of delight, which has been acquired and handed down to our age by the patient toil of old earth's many centuries.

"*Cui bono?*" we cry sadly, and marvel not —

> "That the whole world's life should seem,
> To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
> From which the real and restful is out-sifted."

Besant, however, does not stop at aimless commiseration, but instead applies all his powers to the task of raising these people to a higher

plane of living. He would have public schools established, and a Palace of Delight founded, whither the younger generation might come for instruction in all kinds of arts and accomplishments, above all the art and accomplishment of happiness. This idea of education in pleasure may appear a little strange at first, but, as one of our modern thinkers observes, "Enjoyment is not our common daily portion : it is something we must seek courageously and intelligently." Especially is this true of these children of toil, who have not learned to make the "steady, undeviating sadness" of life serve as a background for those swift, momentary realizations of delight, as real as they are evanescent ; who cannot look back and count over the joys of the past like the beads of a rosary. To these comes the benefactress whose philanthropy makes a Palace of Delight possible, and says, "Life is full, crammed full, overflowing, with all kinds of delights. It is a mistake to suppose that only rich people can enjoy these things. They may buy them, but everybody may create them : they cost nothing. You shall learn music, and forthwith all the world will be transformed for you ; you shall learn to paint, to carve, to model, to design, and the day shall be too short to contain the happiness you will get out of it. You shall learn to dance, and know the rapture of the waltz ; you shall learn the great art of acting, and give each other the pleasure which rich men buy ; you shall even learn the great art of writing, and learn the magic of a charmed phrase. All these things which make the life of rich people happy shall be yours, and they shall cost you nothing. What the heart of man can desire shall be yours, and for nothing. I will give you a house to shelter you and rooms in which to play ; you have only to find the rest. Enter in, my friends ; forget the squalid past : here are great halls and lovely corridors — they are yours ; fill them with sweet echoes of dropping music ; let the walls be covered with your works of art ; let the girls laugh and the boys be happy within these walls. I give you the shell, the empty carcass : fill it with the Spirit of Content and Happiness."

This in brief is the plan which Besant urges upon us so forcefully.

"The gladness of a spirit is an index of its power." With happiness comes mental and moral vigor, which with such a motive power could not fail to raise from the depths of its low existence the population of East London, to take its proper place and do its proper work in the world.

. . . . . .

That the great experiment has been tried, and without success, is a matter for regret, not despair.

The failure of such an effort in this age of enlightenment and philanthrophy makes not the times but time itself and eternity seem out of joint, —

> "Yet I doubt not thro' the ages
> One increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widen'd
> With the process of the suns."

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

"Old Mac" is the name by which he was known all over the territory, but it was not his real name, nobody pretended to remember that, — very likely he had almost forgotten it himself.

He was one of the oldest of the "old timers," came West in the fifties, I believe, a tall, lank fellow, always wearing shabby clothes, with a face though thin and homely, yet so kind and lovable, with such a merry twinkle in his pale-blue eyes, that he had many friends in spite of his faults, some of which were grave ones.

I can see him plainly as he used to sit in my father's office and talk for hours. He always sat with his chair tilted back, one long leg flung over the other in a hap-hazard manner ; while his head, which rested against the wall, was encircled with a cloud of smoke. In time a brown spot appeared on that wall. His iron-gray hair always stood up straight, for he was continually running his long fingers through it as he talked.

Though I knew my father had pressing work, and wished "Old Mac" was anywhere but in his office, yet he was so jolly and kind that my father would laugh in spite of himself. It never occurred to "Old Mac" that he was not wanted, and though he received broad hints, he would still sit on and tell his adventures. And such adventures ! We children had heard many before from our fathers and other "old timers," but never such

thrilling ones as "Old Mac" told. There were escapes from the Indians, stage-coach accidents, mountain slides, mountain storms, wonderful lost mines, highwaymen, and bears. Oh how we children enjoyed them! especially the bear stories; but somehow my father would always laugh, and say, "Ho, Mac! that is the biggest one yet"; and "Old Mac" would laugh, too, his hearty ringing laugh.

But we liked best to hear these stories while crowded around the door of his log-cabin, the only log-cabin left in the town. He always sat there summer evenings, whittling and smoking. He would lay knife and pipe aside, however, if the children came, and, taking three or even four of the littlest on his knees, while the others gathered around, would relate his wonderful tales.

Ah, how we children loved him! How obliging and kind he always was! If the girls wanted a playhouse, he would build it for them, under the hottest sun. If the boys wanted to go fishing up Silver Bow River in Deer canyon, and their mothers were afraid for them to go alone, "Old Mac" was always delighted to be their companion. Though always swamped in debts, yet he fed the little ones with candy, until their mothers were seriously alarmed. What would little Widow Kenyon have done without him? Every morning he cut her kindlings and drew her water.

Dear "Old Mac"! so shiftless and so generous. He worked only by fits and starts; he was constantly borrowing money from his friends; his pockets overflowed with bills; yet he would give his last dollar to the first needy person he met.

His worst fault was drinking. About every nine months he would take long sprees, when he would beg from his friends without a particle of shame. But after a time he would sober up, and would be the same "Old Mac," — lazy, yet kind and generous.

PERSONALS.

Married in Denver, Col., April 15, Mr. Edson Keith, Jr., of Chicago, to Miss Nettie Keener, of Denver. Nettie was at Lasell from '87 through '89.

Edith Hax that was, Mrs. Hartwig, that is, made flying calls at Lasell with her husband on the 6th and 8th of May, to see Marie McDonald.

Martha L. Prentice writes from her home, in LeRoy, New York, to ask for the Lasell Leaves which fails to reach her, and which she misses greatly. She has been in California, where she joined Millie Parker Lewis, who was spending the winter there for the health of her mother. In Southern California she met Bertie Oswald and Alice Head. She finds Lasell girls everywhere, she thinks.

"Mollie" Coe is just home from Europe, and has spent an hour or two with her Lasell friends. She has had a charming winter in Florence, or rather two miles outside. Perched on a hill near Fiesole, above — sometimes — the fog of the late winter, is a pleasant villa, where Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge and she kept house together, going to Florence every day, walking or by the tram-way. Miss Mary is wonderfully well, and looks it. She may go back in the fall with her sister Jennie, and perhaps be in Rome.

Miss Caroline Ebersole was married Tuesday evening, May 19, at her home, Avondale, Cincinnatti, to Mr. Edwin Lincoln Martin. Carrie was graduated from Lasell in the class of '85.

Through Miss Coe, we learn that Mr. Goodridge, once a valued teacher at Lasell, is engaged in literary work, and may perhaps not go back to his editorial work in the South.

Another item gained from the same source, regards our friend and former pupil, Jennie Ninde. She went to Vienna simply to study music, and settled down with her companion for six months of steady labor. But unhappily at the very outset she practised with such vigor and for so many hours a day that her arms became paralyzed and unfit for any service. A similar trouble came to her eyes, so that she has been and is to a great degree an invalid, though much better. It must have been a great disappointment, and she has our hearty sympathy.

We learn with great regret that Maude Lutes is in very poor health. It was mainly the result of the "la grippe."

Gertrude White is about to sail for Europe, to spend the summer in travel. She announces her engagement to a young man in Colorado Springs, her home. Congratulations and best wishes. Gertrude was at Lasell in '87 and '88.

Nellie Bubb and Rachel Allen, also Ada Langley and Nell Heffelfinger, lunched at the school recently.

Of other "old girls" who have been here lately are Maude Mathews, Anita Paine, Lois Soule, Mabel Cogswell, Gertrude White, Mamie Fisher, Amelia Davis, Maggie Waterhouse, Flora May Greenough, and Mamie Noyes.

Miss Lilla Richardson seems to be very happy, to live at home and find her work near by. She enjoys teaching boys.

Miss Le Huray is keeping house for her father at their home in Summit, New Jersey. Her mother is with her missionary sister in South America.

Annie Gage intends to go abroad the last of this month with the De Potter party, on the Red Star Line. A particular friend of Florence Bailey's goes with her.

Kittie Ellis, with her family, has been at Hotel Berkeley, in Boston, all winter. Why have we not seen her at Lasell?

It is said also that Josie Wallace is visiting in this neighborhood. Why doesn't she show herself here?

Mary Packard, who was graduated in '89 from Lasell, and has since been studying at the Emerson College of Oratory, in Boston, received her degree from that institution, May 1. Miss Packard has also been teaching some large classes in South Boston while pursuing her studies.

We are much pained to learn that Mary Cole, of the class of '88, has lost her mother, who died May 4. Mrs. Cole occasionally visited Lasell during her daughter's stay here, always making a very favorable impression on all who saw her. The family have our hearty sympathy in this great sorrow.

Laura Hutton, who was at Lasell in '88 and '89, has been extremely ill for nearly three months. The illness began with "la grippe" and ran into slow fever, of the nature of typhoid. She is slowly recovering, we are glad to hear. Her home is in Richmond, Ind.

Our dear schoolmate, Mary E. Hagar, is still at her home in Malden, too ill to return. At last reports she was a little better, and hopes to rejoin us at no very late day.

EXCHANGES.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

It was glorious midwinter,
On an eve not long ago,
That I stood at my study window
And gazed out o'er the snow.

The fields were wrapt in splendor,
For the snow had an icy glare,
And countless little crystals
Were sparkling everywhere.

But brighter than all other brightness
Of that midwinter night,
Pursuing her course through the heavens,
Shone the moon with her silvery light.

And this is the lesson she taught me,
As I stood at my casement there, —
That in this great world about us
There are bright lights everywhere.

There are men whose noble lives
Shine as stars amid the blue,
To brighten the pathway of others
Who are striving to be true.

And this is the lesson from Nature
That she taught that winter night,
Encouraging us to go forward
Strong to battle for the right.

The Bates Student.

We have been much interested in an article which appears in the April "Haverfordian," entitled "Some Phases of Contemporary Poetry." We can agree with the author, that this is not a poetic age, but we are not ready to admit that the poetry of to-day "seems a weak and perverted sound compared to the song of the Elizabethan period." While Alfred Tennyson is still living, and Robert Browning dead one year, such a statement is a little venturesome.

Mrs. J. B. Lippincott has given $10,000 to the University of Pennsylvania to found an alcove of recent American and English literature in the library, in memory of her husband.

The *Beacon*, of Boston University, is to be issued fortnightly, instead of monthly. There will be eight editors, chosen from the two upper classes.

The faculty of Boston University has voted to allow work on the college paper, the *University Beacon*, to count as hours in the course, allowing

four hours per week to the managing editor and two hours per week to each of his assistants. — *Ex.*

THE Bates "Student" tells us that the College of Mexico is the oldest in America, exceeding the age of Harvard by fifty years.

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE has just started a new paper, entitled *The Mt. Holyoke.*

IT is estimated that the number of colleges in the United States is increasing at the rate of fifteen per year. — *Ex.*

THE Italian Government has ordered the study of English to be added to the course of all its colleges. — *Ex.*

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SERENADE.

Morning is streaking the clouds in the east,
Painting her canvas with purple and red;
Stars of the orient night-watch have ceased,
Vanishing quietly, noiseless their tread.
Wake from thy dreaming, my fairy, and hear
Strains of sweet music saluting thine ear.

Hear the winds rustle the leaves of the trees,
Hear the birds hymning their matins of praise;
Wake from thy slumbers of indolent ease,
This is the fairest, the brightest of days.
List to the message my heart brings to thee,
Queen of the morning, come listen to me.

Sweeter than nightingale throat ever sang,
Softer than zephyrs breathe forth in the grove,
Deeper and clearer than chimes ever rang,
Best of them all is the song of true love.
Rise then, ere echoes may languish and cease,
Give me, sweet maiden, thine answer of peace.

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Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Don't over-eat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." — *Ex.*

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JUNE, 1891.

LASELL LEAVES

VOLUME XVI.—No. 9.

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Press of Alfred Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin St., Boston.

IT came at last—the close of school. How short the time seems to us now since that morning nine months ago, when we gathered in the dining-hall for the first time, —a dreary and tearful company! Why, we thought then that we might as well look forward to seeing the Angel Gabriel and the Resurrection Day, as the 18th of June, and yet the longed-for time arrived. Did we feel that unmitigated bliss we anticipated? On the contrary, strange though it seems, this end of the year bade fair to be almost as moist as the other.

In spite of our long grumbling, not one of us left without a pang of regret the rooms that were home to us for so long, or the teachers whose patience we so often and sorely tried, or the girls who were our constant companions in the fun and work of the year.

Some are coming back, and glad they are of it; some are not coming back, and glad they are too; but whichever the case may be, we know that all carried away with them many a happy memory of Lasell and of the friends who comforted in "blue" times, rejoiced over good bits of fortune, or supported us when we hovered in fear and trepidation before that awful office door. After all, it was a good year, a year we shall always love to look back upon. We cannot know where or when we shall see each other again, but

> "Love will dream and faith will trust
> That somewhere, somehow, meet we must."

IT was on the morning of June 1, — devotions were just over, and we were awaiting Miss Chamberlayne's appearance with her usual "Monday morning manner." What could have called for greater applause and cries of joy, what could have been more delightful, than was Prof. Bragdon's appearance at the rear door of the chapel?

He was not expected until about the 16th, but, as we all say, "it was just like him to surprise us." We were glad to see him and his family looking so well. We think it would have been amusing could we have seen them making their way from Riverside station up to the house occasionally hiding behind bushes to avoid passers-by. Mr. Shepherd's family had the first surprise, then came ours.

We fear Prof. Bragdon does not realize how glad we were to have him back. We missed him; but much praise is due Miss Chamberlayne for her excellent management of affairs during his absence. We think no one could have done better. The girls who were new last September, whom Prof. Bragdon was with less than two weeks at the opening of the year, wondered if he would remember them and their names; to their delight (and no doubt his also), he did.

The close of the year being so near, we were deprived of Professor's long talks, the absence of which, he says he understands, was to our advantage during the year. He wonders what we did with so much time,— thinks we must have done all of our studying and then have had time on our hands.

He brought with him a great many things of interest, which he soon exhibited for our enjoyment.

ANOTHER revolution of our old earth, and with it another June with its roses and Commencements, which somehow seem to be almost inseparably connected, has come to us. At this time of the year important-looking envelopes of various sizes, and bearing the Commencement programmes of high school, seminary, and college, begin to make their appearance.

Interesting, indeed, to many of us are these documents, but perhaps especially so to the one who reads between the lines; for what deep hints these missives carry with them!

Here is one of dainty white card, fancy edged, and bearing upon its face, in raised letters, and with leaves and garlands gracefully twined around it, the date '91. Even the most casual observer will see that this class, about to be launched upon a long-suffering but nevertheless admiring community, is composed principally of the gentler sex.

Another shows a quiet stream of water. Under the trees floats a canopied boat, in which is seated a youth attired in summer costume, and sharing the parasol which protects his fair companion from the sun. Around them are lilies waiting to be picked. This one is full to overflowing with sentiment, and comes from a well-known academy for *young* men.

Another with skulls and cross-bones and queer instruments, and an abundance of Greek letters and Latin phrases, bears all too plainly the impress of the medical school. And all through the supply may be traced, in one way or another, the character and nature of the classes.

Proceeding a little further with our inspection, and perusing the subjects for discussion, there breaks from our lips a sigh so piteous and profound it seems to shatter all our bulk and end our being.

Here is one dear little girl, who, although she has never travelled, nor read much outside of her text-books, will discourse to a crowded house of her elders on the "Future of India."

Another displays her views on the "Immortality of the Soul." Still others hold forth on the "Theatre," "Fashion," or the "Progress of Scientific Knowledge among the Africans"; while one particularly brilliant, with no experience, no practical knowledge of the world in which we live, tells us "How to Succeed."

Here and there a thoughtful student, with, no doubt, sensible parents and teachers, treats in an intelligent manner a subject suited to his or her years and experience; but this is the exception rather than the rule.

There is a screw loose somewhere when we permit a deep-sounding oration to pass for real knowledge; and that is what school-boards and teachers generally are doing. Is there not room for improvement in this direction?

AN old-fashioned father not long since addressed his daughters, two girls in their teens, as "My spinster daughters," greatly to the amusement of them and their young friends. While they knew that he was accurate, they realized that the term in these latter days has come to be applied only to the unmarried woman who has passed a certain magic number of mile-stones on the road of life.

But in the days when school-girls could not be invited to visit a cotton or woollen manufactory, simply because there was no such thing, all girls, all maidens in their teens, probably more than older ones, were called "spinsters."

In those days there was no talk of "careers" for women. The idea of becoming a stenographer or a book-keeper, or a doctor or a lawyer, or a college professor, never entered the flaxen head of the decorous and thrifty maiden. *She* was going to be married, of course. She looked toward that destiny just as confidently as we do, only she did not think of concealing the fact, and she was not ridiculed for it. Every one else expected her to marry, and toward that end, and that alone, her education looked. If your great-great-grandmother could come back and enter into conversation with you, and hear you say that you cannot make anything but angel's food and chocolate creams, and cannot darn your own stockings so that the uninitiated could not find the darn, she would probably be overwhelmed with horror, and tell you sadly that no honest young man will ever seek you for his wife. And then when you toss your head and tell her that indeed any man who is looking for a housekeeper may keep away from you, she may ask you, if she be not too much shocked and bewildered, if you yourself are not on the lookout for a house provider.

The maiden of the olden times did not go to school so long as we do. She received her accomplishments and extras from her mother's skilful teaching. She learned to bake and to brew, to cook and to sew, to make soap, doubtless, and, above all, to spin. When she had some time to spare, she did not go to the piano, or to the violin, or the banjo, she seated herself at an instrument which probably made sweeter music both to her own ears and to every one's else, her spinning-wheel, or her loom. And all through her maidenhood she spun, and laid by in chests her goodly store of shining linen; against her marriage. This was her preparation for her womanly, matronly life; and the larger the store of linen, the firmer and handsomer the cloth, the more highly was the maiden esteemed.

And we, are not we girls spinsters too? We are making every day the preparation for our lives as women, whatever those lives may have in store for us.

And what sleazy, rough, uneven cloth so many of us are weaving! What can we hope to accomplish with such fabric? it is not beautiful to the eye; it will tear and give way at every strain, and will show small endurance under the wear of every-day life. And yet we go on day after day, never stopping to examine the cloth already completed, nor inquiring how to spin and weave better, and not doing nearly so well as we know. If we look back over what we have done we find here and there a place where the fabric is firm, white, and even. Sometimes these places are of a goodly length, and sometimes very short; but it always seems as though the part which immediately follows the improvement is more drawn and twisted and full of knots than ever, as if to make an average.

Why is all this, I wonder? Why do we spin so carelessly? Each one thinks always, always, "By and by, when I get home — when I get back to school — I will spin better. I must not keep on so; the cloth looks bad, it really does; I must soon begin to be more careful."

And so the days go on, and mechanically, indifferently we listen to the hum of the wheel, and push aside all urgings, from without and within, to more careful, thoughtful work, and think vaguely that that cloth we are going to weave by and by, at some more convenient day, will overshadow these rolls that lie behind us. And the wheel hums on.

ATHENS.

If some Athenian hungering for earthly immortality were to devise and bequeath to his beautiful but dust-ridden city a legacy for sprinkling its streets he would be held in more grateful remembrance than by any addition, no matter how handsome or costly, to its already large collection of marble monuments. Modern Athens is a charming city and a most splendid setting for the antique gems which it so perfectly guards from spoliation and decay, but for the nostrils and lungs of its own citizens, and the many strangers who form no small portion of its census and furnish no mean revenue to its thrifty hotels and

shops, it seems to have little care; for its streets are very dusty and its breezes very industrious. If this were true at the time of our visit, when copious spring showers had just coaxed every plant and tree to its best blossom and foliage, what must it be when the long, dry season leaves its classic dust to do its worst? Baedeker says "it is specially recommended, instead of the prosaic railway from Piræus to the Metropolis, to take carriages and drive the same old highway of armies and heroes"; so, of course, we took the "specially recommended" carriages, and were very sorry for it. In a continuous cloud of dust we drove to Athens, blind to everything but our great discomfort, and entered with only a hazy glimpse of the Acropolis, which we could have much better seen from the comfortable and clean railway carriages. Athens has fine carriages and good horses, and their price is not excessive, except to Marathon. In this respect it is a notable contrast to Constantinople. It has also the best hotel we found anywhere, the D' Angleterre. I judge the Grande Bretagne to be about as good; the Des Etrangers is not so good.

We missed good Dr. Long, of Robert College, who was so kindly efficient in helping us to see the city of the Sultan, and his good wife and daughter, who made us so welcome in their beautiful home on the Bosphorus. And we missed the best United States consul we have found on our travels, Mr. Z. T. Sweeney, of Wisconsin. But a good guide made our seeing of Athens, Mycenæ, Argos, Corinth, Nanphio, Tiryns, Maranthon, Megara, and Eleusis very easy and thorough. This guide is Chas. Papadopoulos, and we commend him heartily. As guide in Constantinople, Geo. T. Williams did us good service. For intending travellers, we will state that our "landing" at Piræus, with conveyance to Athens, cost us, under a guide from Hôtel des Etrangers, nine persons, sixty francs, while embarking under my own arrangements cost thirteen francs, and was better done. A similar disparity was experienced at Constantinople. Such is the difference between doing a thing of that kind yourself and through an agent, — knowledge is riches as well as power.

The best view of Athens and its environs is from Lycabettus, a sharp peak, thrust up a thousand feet from the Attic plain, just at the north edge of the city. At one's feet is the well-built modern city, the great white palace of King George in the centre, the magnificent fifteen columns of the ruined temple of the Olympian Zeus at the left, the grassy hollow of the Stadion a little more to the left beyond the dry bed of Ilissus, the sharp rock of the Parthenon-crowned Acropolis beyond the palace, the round rock of Mars' Hill at its right, the prison of Socrates, the Bema of Demosthenes and the Hill of the Nymphs still more to the right, the well-preserved ruin of the Temple of Theseus still more to the right, while peeping up here and there from the modern houses are the Lantern of Diogenes, the Arch of Hadrian, the Tower of the Winds, the Stoa of Hadrian, the four slender columns of the old Market-Gate, and other relics of earlier times. On the extreme right, one sees the olive-trees of the Academy of Plato and the flat hill of the Kolonos Hippios.

(*To be continued.*)

COMMENCEMENT 1891.

COMMENCEMENT week opened Thursday evening, June 11, with the Commencement concert, which is thought to have been one of our best recitals of the year. We regretted that many who seemed to so thoroughly enjoy our other recitals of the year should have missed this particular one, at which the following programme was rendered: —

PART FIRST.

CHORUS. { *a.* Spinning Song . . . . . *Wagner*
{ *b.* Serenade . . . . . *Beschnitt*
Soloist, MISS L. WHITNEY, ORPHEAN CLUB.

PIANO-FORTE. { *a.* Des Abends . . . . . *Schumann*
{ *b.* Grillen . . . . . *Schumann*
MISS THRESHER.

SONG. Eye hath not seen . . . . . *Gaul*
MISS CRAWFORD.

PIANO-FORTE. Mazurka Fantastique . . . *Hills*
MISS PALMER.

VOCAL QUARTETTE. Serenade . . . . *Schubert*
MISSES OVERMAN, TULLEYS, PFAU, GALE.

PIANO-FORTE AND VIOLIN. Sonate. Two movements . . . . . *Grieg*
MISS SARGEANT AND MR. NOWELL.

CHORUS. Daylight is departing . . . . . *Raff*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

PART SECOND.

SONG. The Image of the Rose . . . . . *Reichardt*
MISS GALE AND AMPHION QUARTETTE.

PIANO-FORTE. { *a.* Toccata . . . . . *Chaminade*
{ *b.* Au Matin . . . . . *Godard*
MISS SILLOWAY.

SONG. Ave Maria . . . . . *Gounod*
MISS PEABODY.
(Accompanied by Organ, Violin, and Pianoforte.)

PIANO-FORTE QUARTETTE. Hungarian Festival.
Overture . . . . . *Kèler Bèla*
MISSES SARGEANT, THRESHER, PALMER, CRESWELL.

CHORUS. Approach of Spring . . . . . *Gade*
ORPHEAN CLUB.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On account of illness, the Rev. George A. Gordon, of the New Old South, was unable to deliver the baccalaureate sermon. The place was very ably filled by President Warren, of Boston University.

The text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," was from 1 Tim. i. 15. The speaker spoke of a wonderful Bible teacher, who forced conclusions upon no one, but gradually brought them to accept the great truths. This large class consisted of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

The passage above quoted was to be studied, so the leader appointed a journalist, a judge, an ex-governor, an elderly man, and a matron, to present papers on the subject on five successive Sundays; for it was necessary to find what was meant by "Christ coming into the world to save sinners." Each writer presented to the expectant listeners an entirely different view of the subject, but all seemed to be most impressed by the great love of Christ brought out so forcibly by the matron. At the close of the last paper, the leader broke the impressive silence by expressing his belief in all of the views. President Warren then revealed the meaning of the parable, for such it was, to the Senior class. The teacher represented the Holy Spirit, and the class the Church. His last words to the graduates expressed his desire that they might grasp the world's great truths, and, through them, help to make the world better.

CLASS DAY.

The Class Day exercises were held in the gymnasium Monday evening, June 15. The room was crowded with invited guests, friends of the Seniors and members of the school.

The decorations this year, the work of the Juniors, were especially beautiful. The platform was arranged in drawing-room effect with rugs and flowers. Above hung a hoop of smilax in which were suspended the figures '91 in sweet-peas, the class flower. The balcony and other parts of the gymnasium were gracefully draped with material of the class colors, — moss-green and old rose. The class picture on the platform was very attractive.

Promptly at 7.45 the fourteen Seniors in cap and gown marched in; their class banner, with the class motto, "To thine own self be true," was borne aloft before them by two Juniors; each Senior carried a round fan of sweet-peas. On a very unique programme we found the following order, which was given in a most pleasing manner: —

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

QUARTETTE. *Kowalski.*
Misses Sargeant, Shellabarger, Thresher, Johnson.
PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. Miss Nan S. Peabody.
ADDRESS BY HONORARY MEMBER. W. J. Rolfe.
PIANO-FORTE. *Erik Meyer-Helmund.* Miss Nellie Johnson.
CLASS HISTORY. Miss Susan C. Richards.
GUITAR. *Worrall.* Miss Maude C. Snyder.
PROPHECY. Miss Sara B. Harvey.
CLASS RHYMES. Miss Nettie F. Woodbury.
PIANO-FORTE. *Raff.* Miss Helen H. Thresher.
RECITATION. "An Idyl of the Period." Parts I. and II. *Baker.*
Miss Marie Shellabarger.
VOCAL SOLO. *Selected.* Miss Nan S. Peabody.
CHARGE TO '92. Miss Lucy H. Roberts.
CLASS SONG. Played by Miss Sargeant.

LAWN EXERCISES.

ORATION. "Planting of the Tree." Miss Jessie A. Benton.
ELEGY. "Burning of the Books." Miss Susanne S. Baker.
EFFIGY. Miss Sarah M. Winsor.

Every number is worthy of comment, had we more space.

Owing to Mr. Rolfe's inability to be present, a carefully prepared letter by him was ably read by the president of the class, Miss Peabody. Mr. Rolfe dwelt much on the class motto, "To thine own self be true." At the close of the indoor exercises the class song was sung, the music and words of which were by Miss Lucy E. Sargeant.

Then all adjourned to the lawn to witness the very interesting exercises there. During the informal promenade which followed, strains of music from the orchestra on the piazza inspired us

In conclusion, we corroborate the statement of one whose words of wisdom are always held in

our highest esteem, that this was the most delightful Class Day we have had.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

TUESDAY evening came, as many Tuesday evenings have come, but even now and then there comes a day in our existence which stands out above every other, and from it is marked the time forever.

On the evening of the 16th of June strains of music called again to a Senior reception, but to the girls of '91 it was *the Senior reception*, and marked an era in their several lives.

The topic of the evening was most certainly weather, but it seemed impossible to think long of anything else, and was, therefore, a legitimate theme. The heat as the long parlors filled to overflowing was intense, and the piazzas were the favorite spots, unless one excepts the lemonade stands in the hall. Fourteen Seniors received with Principal and Mrs. Bragdon, in their dreamy gowns. All bravely stood their ground and smiled graciously upon all until the last one had striven to find refreshments in the dining-room and the last faint footfall had died away.

Though the guests were so many, they all found a welcome, and the general verdict of entertainer and entertained was flattering in the extreme to the success of the reception.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

ALTHOUGH we cannot say, as of last year, that the day was beautiful, yet in spite of the ominous-looking clouds which the strong wind seemed to drive before it, a great number of friends thronged the Congregational Church. We were proud of our fourteen Seniors as they walked up the aisle and took their seats, and we could not but feel sad that their faces would not be among those to greet us on our return next year. The order of exercises was: —

MUSIC. PRAYER. MUSIC.
COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, MERRILL E. GATES, PH. D., LL. D., L.H. D.
MUSIC.
GOOD-BY FOR THE CLASS, EFFIE MAUDE PRICKETT.
MUSIC.
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.
BENEDICTION.

The address by Dr. Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst College, took the form of a paper on the life of Sidney Lanier. It was intensely interesting from beginning to end, making strong all the beautiful traits of his character as revealed in his daily life and writings. Some exquisite bits were selected from his works and read in a manner showing the highest appreciation of them, and also a letter from Sidney Lanier to his wife, — a letter delicate and pleasing in its every detail. Truly, we can say that this address was one of the pleasantest parts of this very pleasant Commencement.

The "Good-by" for the class was well prepared, and delivered by Miss Prickett in a clear, sweet voice. She dwelt upon

> "To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man, —
> Farewell."

After kindly addressing Principal Bragdon and Miss Carpenter, then Miss Chamberlayne and our teachers, came the schoolmates and classmates. To the latter she expressed a hope that it should not be good-by, but that sad, sweet, hopeful word, *aufwiedersehen*.

The prizes were then awarded for the best loaves of bread, the first going to Miss Medsker, and the second to Miss Baker, followed by the presentation of diplomas. Besides those given to the fourteen graduates of the regular school course, four were given for graduation in music, — to Miss Gale and Miss Peabody for vocal music, Miss Sargeant and Miss Thresher in piano-forte.

The friends then crowded around the flower-laden graduates to congratulate them.

On going out from the church, a shower greeted us, preventing the serving of lunch on the lawn. However, it was prepared in the dining-hall, and the guests were summoned there by our old friend, the gong.

At 2.30 the Alumnæ held their business meeting, and at 3.30 they were addressed by Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson. At five o'clock the banquet followed in the gymnasium, and we know it must have been very pleasant, although we cannot speak from experience, never having been an alumna.

The afternoon was passed very delightfully by

the guests in examining Mr. Bragdon's curios, which were on exhibition in the gymnasium. It is a very interesting collection.

In spite of the unfavorable weather, every one seemed to have a good time, and the day was a very pleasant ending to this model Commencement week.

CLASS RHYME.

BY MISS NETTIE F. WOODBURY.

Of all the learned maidens that compose our Senior class,
The one who strikes my fancy, the very first, alas!
Is a maiden from Chicago, whom the god of Love ensnared
When she was for his awful dart entirely unprepared.
But ever since the fatal day the accident took place,
She 's diligently practised on contortions of the face,
Till now she boasts most proudly, not of the way she dances,
But of the awful power embodied in her glances.
One awful glance of anger on him accused of guilt,
The poor offending mortal has naught to do but wilt.
That' s SARA.

Before I go much further there 's something I must say,—
If you want to see a funny sight just call around this way
Some evening when we 're swimming and watch a Senior grave,
To see her frantic efforts to keep above the wave.
She likes to know what 's going on, and in her zeal to hear,
She lets her lower jaw drop ten inches there, or near;
But another theory 's been advanced, which sets this matter right,
She really cannot close her mouth, she curls her hair so tight.
That 's LUCY.

Of the earth's most giddy creatures, with a giggle all her own,
Our patriarch with her cuckoo smile most surely stands alone.
She is a loving, social soul, but when she 's to us talking
She calls us by our surnames in a manner truly shocking.
She 's tried among her classmates the seeds of good to sow,
And on the temperance question her words most surely flow;
But soon she 'll leave this barren field, and hopes to make her home
On the shining sands of heathen strands, where the cannibals do roam.
That 's JESSIE.

You have heard of pious maidens, with their quiet, saintly ways,
Whose meek and sweet demeanor is everybody's praise.
We have a maiden in our class, she 's these virtues hard to find,
But alas! when once you know her, she 's just the other kind.
She persists in wearing demies, which is here an awful crime,
And every Sunday morning she spends most of her time
In pinning up her garment, till, with a Grecian bend,
She prances by the teachers, — the rest they upstairs send.
That 's MAUDE.

It really seems most touching that our class should be afflicted
With *two* such base deceivers as I have just depicted;
But we have another classmate whose virtues are the same,
But alas, just like the other, they 're only so in name.
The strangest thing about her is, she really thinks it fit
In chapel, when the others rise, that she alone should sit;
And she 's such a sense of humor that she marks a joke with "J,"
So she 'll be sure to see it if she rereads the book some day.
That 's EFFIE.

Sometimes while walking through the halls, you hear an awful groan, —
It is enough to freeze your blood and turn you into stone,
Should you then but approach the door, although with fear you 're mute,
You 'll find the smallest of the wasps trying to elocute.
But oh, the strangest thing of all, it seems so very queer,
That the very same young maiden in two phases should appear:
She comes down in the morning with six hairs tied with a bow,
But when evening comes, she 's thick black locks — do you know why it 's so? That 's MARIE.

Sometimes one member of our class—she 's very, very small —
Becomes so very obstinate she won't recite at all;
But when she is n't in this mood it is a funny sight
To watch her preparations to give the answers right;
She looks directly into space with a funny little frown,
And then for three full minutes she playeth with her gown,
Then suddenly she looketh up, droopeth her mouth down low,
And with a vacant smile she says, "I do not think I know." That 's DAISY.

Quite often in our four-years course divertisements have come,
Such as Junior entertainments (on this subject I am dumb);
But whatever has arisen, she 'll say in greatest glee
This thing would not have turned out well had it not been for me;
Or if a man comes to this place, a circumstance most rare,
This enterprising maiden most surely will be there,
And while the other students with jealousy are green,
She sweetly smiling babbles on, and leads him off the scene. That 's LU.

Behold our pride, our model, of what a girl should be,
She mixes up a loaf of bread as if 't were A B C,
And although it comes out freckled, and considerably depressed,
Yet she will surely get the prize, for it far excels the rest.
Then she speaks the purest English, she even rivals me —
Just ask her where her home is, "It 's down in Tennessee."
But she blushes so terrifically if any one at her looks,
That we had to put her near the fire to superintend the books. That 's SUSIE.

Another of our classmates strides with such sylphlike grace
That among us clumsy mortals she seems quite out of place;
She 's such a contrary creature that I 've really heard them say
That on sword-drill exhibitions she 'll go the other way.
And another thing about her,— she 's so careful of her health
That while her roommate 's sleeping she ambles out by stealth,
And promenades the sidewalk in sunshine and in rain,
To watch her namesake hurry by to take the Boston train.
That 's SUSANNE.

But speaking of politeness, I know you 'll not believe it,
But then you must consider from what source you receive it;
We have an officer in the drill who 's really so polite
That she always says, "Beg pardon" when an order is not right.
Whene'er she 's saying something you have a constant fear,
Because her voice 's so soft and low that something you 'll not hear.
She also takes her morning walk, for fear that she 'll be ill,—
I thought at first I 'd tell his name, but I hardly think I *Will.* That 's NAN.

Most all of us take German, it is our chief delight,
But one on conversation is up clear out of sight.
On almost every school-day this question greets the ear,
"Was hatten sie für gestern?" (the meaning is quite clear);
And then in recitations 't is really most sublime
To watch her shrewd manœuvres for the sake of gaining time,
When asked a sudden question, and 't is really quite an art
To say in tones most fetching, "I learned the other part."
That 's HELEN.

We 've had most varied characters presented to our view,
But the bashful ones have been left out, and of this class we have two;
But I 'll not describe this maiden, nor will I give her age,
For you surely will discover her on looking round the stage.
But there 's one thing I have noticed, throughout our course of years,
That this maid is not so modest nor so mild as she appears,
For every Sunday morning when into church we file,
A blonde young man precedes her while going up the aisle.
That 's NELLIE.

Of all these reverend Seniors there still remains one more,
And she 's the other bashful one of whom I spoke before;
She 's always full of trouble, her duties never done,
Still she persists in going out and joining in the fun;
But now a fear possesses her, it drives her nearly wild,
That on the morrow she will be a lone, forsaken child,
Lest all the angry Seniors against her should conspire,
And send her off to Coventry to mitigate their ire.
That 's ME.

S. D. BANQUET.

ON Saturday evening, June 6, occurred one of the prettiest events of the school-year; this was the S. D. Banquet to the class of '91. In the beautifully decorated reception-room Miss Millikin, the president, with the Misses Merrill, Burr, and Hamilton, received the Seniors and other guests of the evening. After a musical programme, consisting of vocal solos by Miss Pfau and Miss Whitney, a banjo duet by the Misses Rowe, and an instrumental solo by Miss Hamilton, the company adjourned to the dining-hall, where a feast for the eyes as well as the body had been prepared. The tables looked beautiful indeed, being arranged in the form of a cross, with a large candelabra ornamenting the centre of each arm. A long centrepiece of moss-green silk bestrewn with pink sweet-peas, thereby giving the class colors and the class flower, added much to the graceful appearance of the scene. At the plate of each Senior was a handsome bunch of roses. After the bountiful spread had been thoroughly enjoyed, much of the wit and knowledge of the school was displayed in toasts. Miss Millikin gave the president's address in a few well-chosen words, to which Miss Peabody responded in behalf of the Senior class. Miss Maude Whitney presided as toast-mistress, and upon her witty introductions toasts were delivered as follows:—

THE LASELLIA CLUB . . . . . *Miss Richards*
THE LASELL GIRL . . . . . *Miss Rowe*
CALLERS . . . . . *Miss Roberts*
GRINDS ("This life is one damned horrid grind.") *Miss Harvey.*

All then adjourned to the club-room to enjoy Miss Sargeant's piano solo. Miss Packard, an old member of the S. D. Society, delivered "The Romance of a Rose," in a most charming manner, and in response to an encore she gave "In the usual way," in her usual way. After half an hour's informal conversation the guests departed, each agreeing that she had spent a most delightful evening.

TO DEATH.

THOU art, at last, the ruler of us all;
All hearts in weariness must bow to thee;
E'en the God's fair, meek head on Calvary,
Touched by thy breath, upon His breast did fall,
While new life swept the ages of mankind
To come. Yet, shuddering, men turn from thy face
In helpless fear, till clasped in thy embrace,
The rest they vainly sought, and could not find,
Is theirs, and they, half fearful as a child
Within a stranger's arms, look in thine eyes,
To read there promises of Paradise,
And, smiling as a child does when beguiled
By the kind face, they whisper on thy breast
That thou, late wooer and last friend, art best!

SEALED ORDERS.

A SHIP was lying at anchor in the harbor, and the breeze idly played about the rigging, as if it had no other purpose than to wave a pennon, and was not soon to waft this craft into unknown waters.

Its crew had the appearance of those who, after great bustle in preparation, now, with everything in readiness, are awaiting the command to push off.

On the pier were the usual number of sorrowful ones, bidding their friends good-by with tearful eyes. A group at one side attracts our attention, and we see the wife, trying to be cheerful but failing utterly, the old mother, with her trembling voice, who was soon to lose the support of her old age, and, towering above them, the son and husband, a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose dress showed him to be the captain. In his arms is a little boy, who is delighted with the great ship, and seems unconscious of the grave fact that his father is to sail away in that beautiful white bird, perhaps never to return. "May we not write to you?" the mother says. "No," he tenderly replies; "but I shall send you back word by the first ship we meet." How anxiously will they watch and wait for that word! They could not send him any message, for he does not know whither he is bound, for his vessel is to sail under sealed orders.

The crowd standing about the pier gaze with awe and admiration at the ship and crew, whose brave spirits raise no question if the unknown voyage be of deadly peril, and they watch the vessel as if spellbound until she has proudly sailed out of sight.

On a bright June morning, as the birds were singing their morning hymn of praise, a little babe first opened his eyes on this queer world, and broke the first seal of his existence.

The father and mother, as in fables old, hoped that the good fairies would bring many sealed packages which, as they are opened, one by one, in time of need, may scatter blessings on his life. The days fly by, each one bringing with it some new lesson, until childhood is passed and the youth begins to plan and dream of the future, which to him is an unknown voyage, and as he leaves the secure harbor of his father's house, his sealed orders are the inspirations and opportunities sent from above. If he is true in pursuing them, though the way may seem dark and wild, the unseen Captain will guide his ship safely to its desired haven.

When this fair youth started out, many were the willing hands stretched out to direct him in the right way, but toward the setting of the sun, these friendly sails one by one passed out of sight, and he was left to make the last port alone.

The sea of life is covered with these white sails, and on this sea all are sailing under sealed orders; and yet no one wonders or looks with awe as these sturdy ships go by. Some ride steadily onward, and serve as a guide to others who are tossed about by conflicting passions; some are the life-boats helping the wrecked and stranded; while others, absorbed in their own pleasure, ride proudly on, thinking only of the present and forgetting the breakers ahead.

Like our fair youth, we do not value enough the good counsel of those whose journey is nearly ended, as we gayly dance over the waves, tossed about hither and thither by many ambitions and temptations, and seem to take pleasure in seeing how near we can come to the rocks without being dashed to pieces in their rough arms or drawn into the whirlpool at their feet.

As the captain sent back word to his dear ones by each vessel he met, so we hail one another as we speed along; but with us each new day breaks another sealed order, and we sometimes have to change our course. When the final seal is broken, may our message be that we are at last moored in still waters!

LASELLIA CLUB BANQUET.

THE annual supper given by the Lasellia Club to the Seniors took place on the evening of June 12.

The guests assembled in the club-room, where a most delightful evening was spent in music, conversation, and recitations.

At the appointed hour, the club-room doors were opened, revealing the tables, tastefully decorated with smilax and sweet-peas, the class flower of '91. A large mound of the flowers formed the centrepiece on the Senior table, and the figures 1891 were arranged around it in green.

Among the guests were many old girls, whom the club is always glad to welcome.

The president's, Miss Gardner's, address of welcome followed the banquet, after which came the toasts, Miss Platt gracefully filling the position of toast-mistress. The toast, "The Seniors," was responded to by Miss Woodbury, who disclosed to wondering listeners accomplishments of the class hitherto unappreciated by non-members. Miss Gale spoke entertainingly of "Old Girls," and Mr. Rich replied to the toast "Our Faculty."

It was made known that many mighty secrets of the school were well known to him, but how he discovered the facts will forever remain a mystery. The "S. D. Society" was responded to by Miss Snyder, who gave many incidents in the history of the society, while Miss Lamson sung in verse the praises of the "Lasellia Club."

PERSONALS.

MABEL HUTCHINSON and family are at West Newton for the summer. Mabel is teaching violin now.

ANNIE ALEXANDER has recently visited us. She has been abroad some two or more years, making a trip that included Russia, Norway, and Turkey.

SOME Lasell people have been making charming visits in Andover, at the homes of Mrs. Noyes and Mrs. Otis. The latter spent a night recently at Lasell, bringing the eldest of her two bright little boys. Carroll and Carl Bragdon were photographed together by some of the girls. A jolly pair of cherubs.

WE hear that Annie Gwinnell is in Europe for a trip of six months.

WE hear of the marriage of Lucy McBrier, but she has not told us her new name.

MISS LE HURAY sends us an amusing account of a burglary in her father's house. Happily the thief was caught and the property returned.

WE had a pleasant surprise in a flying visit from Prof. and Mrs. Cassedy in May. They had come North for teachers for their wonderfully prosperous school at Norfolk. The pupils who knew Prof. and Mrs. Cassedy assembled in the parlor and gave them cordial greeting. The photograph of Miller has since been received, now a handsome little fellow of about four years.

OUR late teacher, Miss Mary B. Cutler, sends the Commencement week programme of Gates College, at Neligh, Nebraska, where she is teaching. It has an attractive appearance.

JOSEPHINE BOGART has been attending Commencement at Vassar, but was prevented by circumstances from coming on further to Lasell. She visited Mai Sutton on her way and found Maude Oliver there. Maude and Mai both have been learning housekeeping experimentally. Josephine is now in good health, and thinks if the right position could be found she would like to become a teacher.

SPEAKING of Mai Sutton, we must mention the brilliant wedding of her brother, Dr. Henry C. Sutton, lately married to Miss Ruth H. Flandran, also of Rome, New York, where their future home will be. Mai was bridesmaid, and Maude Oliver and Josephine Bogart were present. The bridal tour was to California.

THE story of the home-coming of Mr. Bragdon and family, the great and joyful surprise, etc., is told at length elsewhere. Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe arrived with them in Boston, and went at once to her old home, in Norristown, Penn.

WE learn that Hattie Van Cise Youngs and her husband, after a pleasant wedding trip in Florida, are now in their New Jersey home. He is fair and boyish-looking, and to see him with his pretty bride in a small dog-cart trotting about town is described as a "dainty sight."

LIZZIE FROST, after ten years' absence, made a call at Lasell with Carrie Kendig Kellogg and Annie Kendig Peirce.

THE health of her mother having improved, Minnie Sherwood was able to come to Lasell at Commencement, arriving in time for the baccalaureate address, a welcome guest, finding Gertrude Reynolds here a little earlier in her coming.

THE reception of the bridegroom and bride, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Schneider (Mary Beach), at their home, 1749 Q Street, Washington, is described as being very elegant, and attended by hundreds of friends and acquaintances.

MISS GRACE ANDERSON married Mr. Frederick Charles Hawley, Thursday, the 25th of June, at her home, in Taylorville, Ill. Miss Grace is an older sister of Julia Anderson, a pupil of Lasell at present. The home of these young people will be at St. Louis in future.

MR. CURTIS GUILD was one of the guests at our late afternoon reception. Some of the pupils made his acquaintance and found him very entertaining.

MRS. MORTIMER D. HYDE (Bertie Steel) has another son, born quite recently. She was at Lasell from September, '78, to June, '80.

MISS BESSIE E. SAYFORD, of Newton, Mass., was married, June 17, to Mr. William F. Bacon, of the same town. Her bridesmaid was Mamie Binford; and some Lasell people who attended the reception can testify to the attractive prettiness of the whole affair; bride and bridesmaid, the pretty house dressed in flowers, the music, guests, refreshments, — everything was elegant. Bessie was at Lasell in '86 and '87.

ALICE LINSCOTT HALL intended to be at Lasell at or before the Commencement Exercises, but as her husband and herself will sail for Germany from New York, they will not come so far east as Boston. They sail in a German steamer, June 27. The family are to be in Göttingen.

OF former pupils who were at Lasell either at Commencement or earlier, there were Nan Brown, Rosa Best, Nina Burr, Daisy Hanmer, Miss Chapin, Gertrude Reynolds, Ada Marsh, Annie McDonald, M. Sherwood, Bertha Hammond, Mary Coe, Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, with her husband, Sallie Head, Lizzie Burnham, F. Greenough, C. Foster, Mrs. Mabel B. Tibbetts, Rena Day, Mrs. Annie Winslow, with her husband, Lizzie Mann, Helena Pfau, Amelia Davis, Mrs. Mabel Lee Ward, Mrs. Lasell, Mrs. Billings, Miss Bancroft, Mrs. Dodds, Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Gilman, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Lucy Curtis, Mrs. Coffin, Miss Warren, Miss Jessie Macmillan, Mrs. Hussey, and the Misses Annie and Josephine Wallace, Miss Lizzie Whipple, Miss Myrtie Sinsabaugh, Miss Lillie Eddy, Miss Grace Huntington, and Miss Mary Packard, also Misses Grace Skinner, Priscilla Parmenter, Elizabeth Towle, Theresa Hollander, Alice Lane, Rachel Stearns, Mary Fisher, Mamie Binford, Mamie Noyes, and Emma Gass, Mrs. Grace F. Pennell and husband, and Miss Pennell, Miss Maloon, Sue Brown, and Virginia Johnson Milbank.

A NUMBER of the pupils were so happy as to have their relatives and friends about them at Commencement. This was especially true of members of the Senior class. Capt. Peabody came, with his wife and son, also Mr. Alexander Stewart, of St. Louis. Capt. Peabody's son-in-law, who has so kindly given a scholarship to Lasell, in memory of his lost Emily, a graduate of this school. Effie Prickett's parents were here, Mr. Sargeant and his family, Mrs. Harvey, and Mrs. Gammon, Miss Harvey's grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Shellabarger, Miss Sue Richards's father. The parents of other pupils were present, as Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Schlim, Mr. and Mrs. Morse, Mr. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Busell, and others who live near and are able to come often.

DR. AND MRS. MERRITT BRAGDON arrived in Boston, by the "Scythia," Cunard Line, Sunday, June 21, from their trip with Principal C. C. Bragdon round the world. They took dear little Carl away the next morning on their homeward journey.

The Weekly Journalist, of which Mr. J. F. Benyon is editor and proprietor, is a new publication, devoted to the interests of newspaper, printing, and advertising men. It is a bright paper, with an attractive typographical appearance. It has sixteen pages full of good matter; it ought to be useful, and a success, too, as we trust it will. Mr. Benyon is a brother of Major Geo. Benyon, drill master at Lasell.

DEATHS.

We learn that Miss Laura Whitman Lasell, of New York, daughter of the late Prof. Edward Lasell, died on the 3d of June, at Whitinsville, Mass. Prof. Lasell was the founder of this school.

Dear Maude Lutes faded rapidly, till she passed from earth on the 6th of June. The news threw a tinge of sadness over all the pleasures that the season brings. Many loved her and all sorrowed over the early death of their sweet associate and friend.

Agnes McGill, a young woman who has held for years the position of table waiter in the dining-room of Lasell, and has won the sincere regard of all who knew her by her modest worth and obliging disposition, fell into ill health and died a few weeks ago. Many hearts were saddened by this news.

THE FATAL LEAP.

An alligator, born down South,
Desired to have some fame;
An education broad wished he,
So to La ell he came.

A house of glass was given him,
Right near the chapel door;
And that he might not homesick grow,
A turtle came to adore.

They lived in peace for several years,
When suddenly one time,
The alligator, without fears,
Committed a great crime.

He lost his temper in a quarrel,
At least so it is said,
And, without minding the results,
Bit off the turtle's head.

He lived alone then in his cage,
But how he missed his mate!
In fact, he grew so sad and thin,
His life resolved to take.

One day, when he was on the porch,
Enjoying the bright sun,
It suddenly occurred to him
That now his time had come;

So, walking to the awful brink,
He turned and gave a sigh,
Then jumped upon the ground below,
And soon we saw him die.

A moral there is in this tale,
A moral good and true, —
"Don't fall in love, for it 's no fun,
It 's sure to make you blue."

LOCALS.

A lecture was given in the chapel by Miss Webster, May 14, on Voice, Manner, and Dress, in their relation to each other.

The reception given by the Faculty to meet the Sophomore and Freshman classes was held May 20. The many guests who were received by Miss Shinn and Miss Ransom seemed to enjoy the evening as much as did the young ladies.

Old Girl (*to new girl*). — Last year Miss Chamberlayne gave lectures on etiquette, and read to us from Tennyson on the subject.

Miss Chamberlayne and Miss Carpenter received the special students and their friends on the afternoon of May 23, in the parlors. All present appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

We had our annual fish dinner May 29. It was excellent, as the devastated appearance of the tables after the meal testified, and our memory books are enriched by a very pretty menu.

The Missionary Society held a strawberry festival in the gymnasium and lecture-room May 30; an enjoyable musical programme was rendered, and Miss Spyker recited for us. An exhibition of some of the work done in the studio was a feature of the evening; it was much admired, especially Miss Adams's china, — a fish set, an ice-cream set, and a rose jar.

The Missionary Society of the school has done very excellent work. Lucy E. Sargeant, the efficient president, as well as the other officers, has been enthusiastic in furnishing entertainments that have been so attractive as to induce all the girls to attend, and netted a good profit for the society.

The allegory, Columbia, written by one of our own "old girls," Alice House, of Cincinnati, was well rendered by good representatives of the different countries.

Miss Clara Cushman, of Pekin, China, was a delight to the pupils, as was proved by about one hundred and fifty dollars subscribed for her work. The "Penny Gatherer" cards have done well, and from the youngest gleaner, Carl Bragdon, to the oldest, have been an incentive to save the pennies for those who have less than we.

Mrs. Miyama was much enjoyed as a native Japanese who knew and told so much better than we usually hear the real life among her own people, and she will long be remembered, as she returns soon to her own land and work.

Several others have spoken and been enjoyed by the girls, and though they are not greatly enthusiastic to become *members*, have generously helped the society raise funds.

Since we hear that Julia Lasell, whom we have supported as a scholar in Bareilly, India, is married, we have named another Caroline (as namesake for Miss Carpenter and Mr. Bragdon, Carolus, together).

Also, we have sent fifty dollars for a scholarship in Japan, under Miss Vail's work, and were much pleased to hear through Mr. Bragdon while in Tokio about the beneficiary whom he met, as well as to receive lately a most interesting letter from the young man himself. And we have been happy to be able to remember our school-mate, Miss Barnum, now at work in Harpoot, Turkey, with a little gift, and altogether feel the society may be very glad to have sent two hundred and fifty dollars this year into different parts of this good work.

At one of the last meetings, it was a pleasure to have presented life-membership certificates to Lucy E. Sargeant and Edith I. Gale, our presidents, still among us.

The officers for next year elected are: —

Sadie Burrill, *President.*
Mabel Falley, *Vice-President.*
Lizzie Davis, *Recording Secretary.*
Mrs. Shepherd, *Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary.*
Miss Packard, Nellie Richards, Anna Staley, *Executive Committee.*

M. B. S.

Mr. Bragdon brought joy to the hearts of those girls spending only one year at Lasell, by his unexpected early return.

The excursions to Newport, Cambridge, and Hunnewell's gardens were enjoyed this spring as much as they usually are.

The Seniors made a very imposing and pleasing appearance in their caps and gowns their last week of school.

The girls of Company B presented their captain with a present which pleased her greatly.

Thursday evening, June 4, from seven to nine, we had a very novel exhibition of the work of the mathematical classes in recitation-room No. 6, from which all the benches were removed and rugs laid on the floor, and the globes and instruments used by the trigonometry classes arranged nicely around the room, and flowers placed on the tables.

Near the door stood a little table on which were little souvenirs cut in different geometrical shapes, with quotations from different authors upon mathematical subjects, the blackboards with examples or figures from algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and astronomy classes, which were very neatly done. On one table there were the books of the original demonstrations by the geometry class and the books with examples done by the preparatory algebra.

On another table there were the figures of the geometry class carefully made of pasteboard.

Another table was devoted to the work of the trigonometry class, which was mostly formulas.

In one corner of the room stood the telescope for the astronomy class, and in the opposite corner the weights and measures of the metric system.

The room looked very pleasant and cheerful, and we were convinced that mathematics could be made very interesting, instead of the bore so many girls think it.

"What meant the boating on the Charles,
Those hours of recreation?"
"Why, don't you know?" the maid replied,
"'T was the Senior's last vacation."

"What was the cause of those long drives,
Those morning walks in quest
Of something, but I know not what?"
"The Seniors were taking a rest."

A DELIGHTFUL evening with Lizzie Frost, Carrie Kendig Kellogg, and Annie Kendig Peirce at the pleasant home of Annie emphasized our home-coming and the agreeable fact that we were once more among the dear old girls. Lizzie has been making the girls a little visit. She reports the Wadhams girls, from whose home she came, and to which she returned, alas! without waiting for Commencement, as well and prospering. Also Sophie White, whom she recently saw. The girls report Lasell's good friend, Dr. Kendig, as fully in love with his Brooklyn church, where he has made his usual mark. They say Lil Potter is well again, and pushing her lectures and classes in Chicago, or they pushing her. Of Fannie Baker and Bertie Steel, Lizzie gave good news. It was a treat to pass a social hour with these of the Old Guard of Lasell. Annie sets a good table.

C. C. B.

THE officers and a few privates of the battalion attended the annual drill at Mechanics Hall, Boston, May 16, of the corps of cadets of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

WE wonder if "G. B. O. Queen" misses the Lasell girls?

THE last of a series of musicals by Mr. Hills's pupils was given May 18. It was Miss Lucy E. Sargeant's Commencement concert. She played very well, and was assisted by Mr. Hills, and Mr. Geo. J. Parker, tenor, Mr. Willis Nowell, violinist, Mr. Ernest Ruppell, cellist, of Boston.

A FEW ACCOMPLISHMENTS LEARNED AT LASELL.

To listen to lectures with great repose of manner.

To smile even when we do not see the joke.

To throw skilfully one-cent pieces to the hand-organ man with the bear.

To consume no unnecessary force in gymnastic work.

To slay June bugs.

ANY member of the shorthand class is now ready for rapid dictation and *verbatim* reporting, having had the year's instruction under Mr. S. G. Greenwood, of Boston.

THE pictures of the school, the clubs, and the battalion were taken, and they are all excellent.

WANTED, by the B division of Junior English, a report for the lack of report on May 29 and June 5.

MISS RANSOM gave two exhibitions of the skill which her pupils have attained in swimming,— one for the family, June 10, and one for invited guests, June 13.

A SAMPLE of the remarks at the German table: "Es ist nur ein inch in diameter."

A TENNIS tournament was held on the Seminary grounds on the morning of June 15. Miss Lamson, Miss Hane, and Miss Means constituted the committee of arrangements, and Mr. John Bragdon was umpire. There were seven entries, all for singles: Miss Burr, Miss Hathaway, Miss Taft, Miss Coon, Miss Eddy, Miss Morse, and Miss Hogg. Miss Burr won the championship and the prize, which latter, a handsome silver cup, was presented in chapel by Mr. Bragdon, in his own entertaining manner.

THE Lasell Quartette went to Nonantum, June 8, to sing at the annual meeting of the Newton Union Christian Endeavor Society. One of them remarked with unwonted levity that they acted as insertion in the exercises, and that the ruffle was put on when they drove home in the moonlight.

THE officers of the Publishing Association for the opening of the coming year are as follows: Business manager, Flora Gardner; editor-in-chief, Nellie Richards; associate editors, Mabel Lord, Jessie Vilas, Mabel Falley; local editor, Alma Hubbard; exchange editor, Helen Medsker; subscription agent, Mollie Taylor; president, Julia Wolfe; secretary, Edna Dice.

ON June 13 the officers and several privates of our battalion attended the ninth annual drill of the N. H. S. Battalion, given on the school grounds, Newtonville.

THE Hawkodaki Club prospered beyond all hopes, and has been a source of pleasure and benefit to all its members. The prize exhibition of photographs was given in the teachers' parlor, June 13. Many photographs were exhibited, but only those taken after the organization of the

club could compete for the prizes, which were given by Mr. Shepherd.

The prize offered for the best picture produced entirely by the exhibitor — for general excellence in composition, exposure, development, printing, toning, and mounting — was awarded to Miss Carrie Van Sickle. Special mention was made by the judges of a flash-light group taken by Miss Van Sickle.

Miss Bertie Burr received the prize given for the best picture of which the exposure only was made by the exhibitor.

Honorable mention was made of a picture taken by Miss Platt, and also of one by Miss Hathaway.

Ten girls received certificates in cooking this year.

Misses Busell, Goodell, S. Englehart, and Creswell received certificates in book-keeping.

Our closing drill was on Friday, May 29, 3 P. M. It was decided by vote not to have company competitive drill. Company A was drilled under the command of Miss Peabody, and Company B under Miss Millikin, after which came the interesting individual competitive drill, in charge of the captains, followed by the sword drill, which proved to be highly entertaining to our guests. This was under the command of Major Benyon.

The companies appeared well at dress parade, at the close of which prizes were awarded as follows: for the individual competitive drill — first prize to Private Blanche Busell — second prize to First Sergeant Maude Whitney. These prizes were silver medals. A souvenir spoon was presented by Miss Ransom to Miss Nellie M. Taft for showing the greatest gains in the gymnasium work during the year.

We had competent judges, and, regardless of the rain, a number of visitors.

Major George H. Benyon, 5th Infantry M.V. M., Boston, our drill-master, made our year's work in drill pleasant and successful.

'91's class yell is Rah! rah! ninety-one! L-a-s-e-l-l ninety-one! rah! rah! boom! la! ha! ha! ninety-one! Rah, rah, ninety-one, being on middle C, and the rest running up and down the scale of C.

On June 2, while enjoying the fresh air and sun, our alligator fell off the side piazza, and died within a few hours.

EXCHANGES.

An exchange which appeared in the April number of Lasell Leaves, referring to the opening of college libraries on Sunday, was thought by some to refer to the Lasell library. Such is not the case, as we had no reference whatever to this library. The extract was taken from an article on that subject which appeared in a Wellesley paper, and the reference is to the Wellesley library.

Dr. Seeley, recently president of Amherst, declares that at the present rate of progress the women of this country will, at the end of the present century, be better educated than men. — *Ex.*

For the first time, the University of Leipsic will this season admit women to the privileges.

Out of the thirty-three hundred students, there will be six women, four of whom are Americans.

The May *Haverfordian* is an especially good number. An article in it on Sir Thomas More is written by one who writes understandingly of the character he is treating and the age to which it belongs. The *Haverfordian* is one of the most acceptable papers we receive.

THE LAPSE OF YEARS.

'T is sweet, sadly sweet, on the long lapse of years
To muse at still eve, — on life's smiles and its tears,
To live o'er again each oft forgot scene,
And to think too how checkered life's pathway hath been;
It is sweet to remember the gay, sportive joy
That gladdened our hearts ere it caught earth's alloy;
When the rich perfumed flowers that scented the grove
First taught our young hearts nature's beauties to love;
When from the bright heavens, at noon and at even
We caught the first glimpses of God and of heaven;
And when we first merged on life's turmoil and strife,
And we shared in those cares with which it is rife;
How dim seemed above us those bright, sunny skies,
Which erst beamed on our hearts, and gladdened our eyes!
And to think on those loved ones, now aye from us torn,
Whose friendships long lost oft make the heart mourn;
Whose hearts were our sanctuary, and whose love it seemed given
To cheer us on earth and direct us to heaven.
They are gone; but their memory yet is most dear,
And we hallow it oft with affection's still tear.
But soon ruthless Time shall hurry us too
From all that we love, and that now meets our view;
Still, though earth claims its own, and our bodies must die,
Yet our spirits must live, — these, death shall defy;
And the many bright spots in fond memory's waste,
And the blessings of those whose kind friendships we taste —
These from the heart's tablet may ne'er be effaced!

WILL, NOT LUCK.

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, can hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing: will alone is great;
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well-born soul must win what it deserves,—
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim. Why, even Death stands still,
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

Ex.

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE.

THOUGHTS: the children of earth's deathless sages—
That thro' the strife and turmoil of the ages
Have boldly borne the brunt of Life's fierce fray,
Or soothed the heat and burden of the day.

Words: the armor in which Thought must fight,
The weapons piercing Error, flashing light;
Or else the pure white robes of joy and peace
In which high thoughts give sorrow some surcease.

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